The Saturday Evening
POST
October 8, 1955 – 15¢

OCT 4 '55

THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH

I WENT TO WORK AT 47
By a Professor's Wife

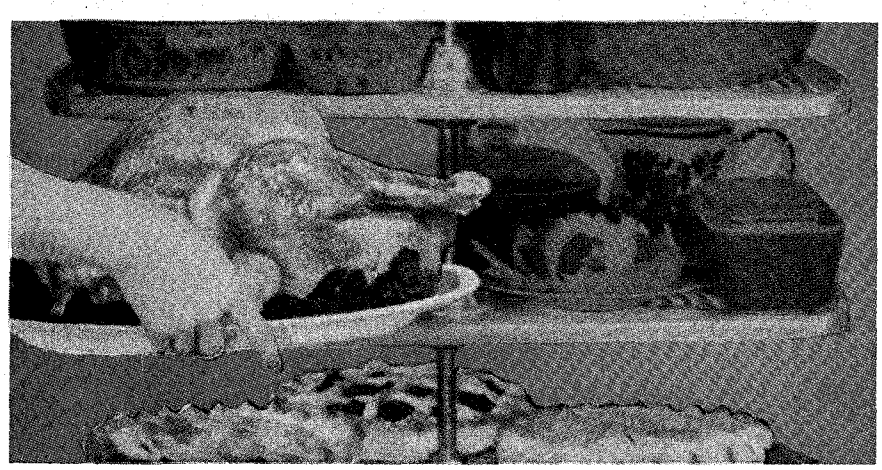
GILLMAN of the L.A. RAMS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

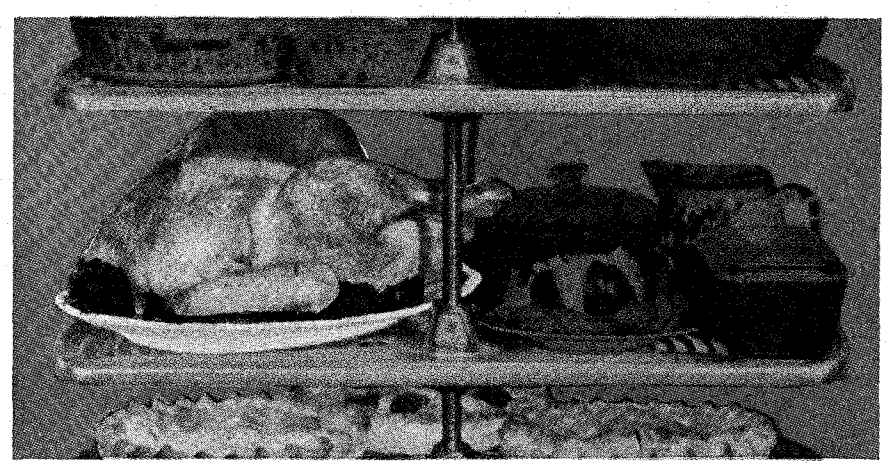
New G-E Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips!

Shelf turns just like a "Lazy Susan." With G-E Revolving Shelves, there are no hard-to-reach corners. A simple turn of the wrist puts all food in full view because the back area turns to the front. For instance, when you want to get at a jar from the rear, you don't have to reach like this. Instead . . .

Simply turn the shelf, and the jar rides to the front, right at your fingertips. You *see* what you want at first glance. You *pick* what you want without overturning other foods. And it's *so easy* to turn the shelf, too. G-E Revolving Shelves turn smoothly and silently, on nylon bearings.



Revolving Shelves are adjustable—up or down! These wonderful, new shelves eliminate the problem of squeezing large items into small space. For instance, when storing a large turkey in your refrigerator, you *don't have to remove any of the foods or rearrange the shelves.* Instead . . .



Just press a button, revolve the shelf, and presto! the turkey fits. The space between the shelves can be easily increased or decreased, as you wish. With G-E Revolving Shelves, you simply raise the shelf for larger, bulkier items; lower the shelf for small, flat ones—like pies—*without removing any of the foods.*

These sturdy shelves give you 15 per cent more shelf room!

In the comparison at right, the *red* area indicates the extra room gained with Revolving Shelves; the *blue* area indicates the space lost. These extra-large shelves give you 15 per cent more shelf area than in previous corresponding G-E Refrigerators with old-style shelves.

LARGER SHELF AREA

Furthermore, the new G-E Refrigerator-Freezer with Revolving Shelves is TWO complete appliances in ONE!

There's the true, zero-degree freezer on top, with its own separate refrigeration, its own separate door and insulation plus ice cream rack and juice can dispenser, 1 Mini-Cube® and 3 Redi-Cube® ice trays. The freezer can hold up to 89 packages of frozen foods as long as a year.

The automatic defrosting refrigerator section is also a separate appliance with all these convenience features: automatic butter conditioner, adjustable door shelves, roomy vegetable drawers, famous G-E sealed-in refrigeration system.

Now in G-E Mix-or-Match colors! Available in canary yellow, turquoise green, petal pink, cadet blue, woodtone brown and white.

Model No. LH-12M, at left. See your G-E dealer for prices and easy terms. Look him up in the classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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An important message to everyone who takes aspirin

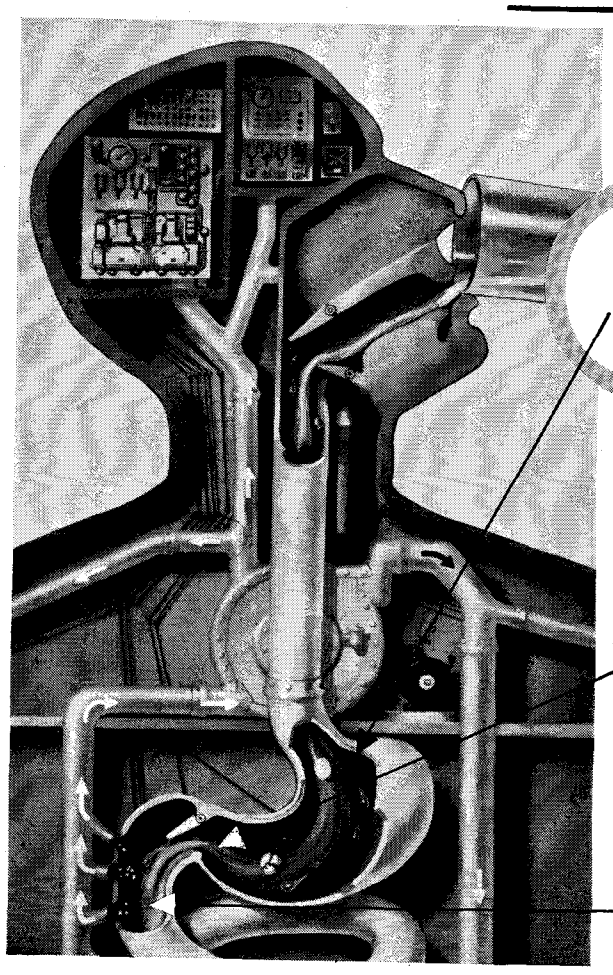
for headaches, cold miseries, muscular aches

GET FASTER PAIN RELIEF WITH

BUFFERIN®

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach!



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN.

Ask your own doctor about Bufferin's remarkable ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

8 years of continuous medical research in hospitals and clinics have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed of action. Bufferin has met the same rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

Most people take two tablets as the usual dose

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

NOTE: BUFFERIN was first made available to the medical and dental professions in October, 1948. Since then, EACH YEAR, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE have switched from aspirin to BUFFERIN for faster relief of pain without stomach upset.

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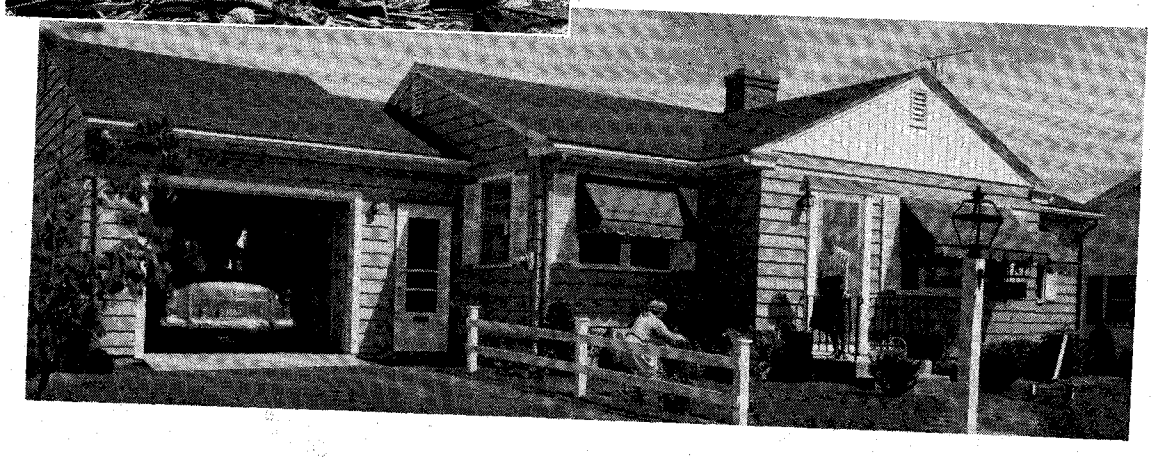
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

COULD YOUR FAMILY ESCAPE?

Stairways may be death-traps when a house catches fire. Have you figured out window exits for every member of your family? Could they get to the ground safely? You'll find valuable information in Liberty Mutual's handbook of home fire-drills, "Play for Your Life." (*For your free copy, write to Liberty Mutual, Boston, Mass.*) Check your own home against the 41 fire hazards listed in this helpful book. Your care in correcting such fire hazards can pay off in cash. By insuring careful homeowners with well-built, well-kept houses, Liberty Mutual has always returned dividends of 25% to fire insurance policyholders.

TORNADOS HIT 5 STATES! This recent headline emphasizes the importance of windstorm coverage. Top photo shows the damage done by a typical tornado in a residential section. The lower photo shows the home of a Liberty Mutual policyholder as it was restored by prompt claims service. In this community Liberty Mutual claimsmen worked day and night to pay hundreds of claims — had settled 70% within 2½ weeks.



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IN THIS ISSUE

October 8, 1955 — *Vol. 228, No. 15*

4 Short Stories

The Pursuit of Pamela . . . *Jacob Hay* 22
Secret Music . . . *James Kalshoven* 26
Phooey on Picnics . . . *William Heuman* 31
Mask of Murder . . . *Frederick Nebel* 34

10 Articles

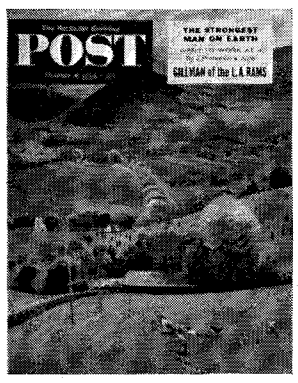
Our Prisons Need Not Fail . . . *Reed Cozart, as told to Edward W. Stagg* 17
Cities of the World: (No. 12) São Paulo . . . *Harold H. Martin* 19
Good News for Disabled Wage Earners . . . *Richard Carter* 24
Football's Man Without Mercy . . . *Earl Lawson* 27
The Face of America: Flood's Legacy . . . *Photograph by Larry Keighley* 28
The World's Newest Army (Second of two articles) . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 30
Dixiecrat in Washington . . . *Ashley Halsey, Jr.* 32
The Strongest Man on Earth . . . *Furman Bisher* 36
Too Old to Work? Not Me! . . . *Frances B. Gordon* 45
Woodchuck! It's War! . . . *Bill Wolf* 47

2 Serials

The Golden Journey (Second of eight parts) . . . *Agnes Sligh Turnbull* 38
Underworld U.S.A. (Sixth of eight parts) . . . *Joseph F. Dinneen* 43

Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 40
Verse . . . 49, 62, 76, 82, 91, 127
Keeping Posted . . . 136



THE COVER

An unusually nice football stadium, by John Clymer. Now, wouldn't you think these boys would abandon their game and just stand there drinking in the glory of the autumn world? No, you wouldn't. Could it be that 50,000 people, instead of motoring out from town to sit on these hillsides and soothe their souls with golden beauty, are behind the mountains stacked up in a gridiron bowl? Alack, could be. Well, let us stay right here, watching the moving brush of sunlight and cloud shadow change the land from orange to russet to —— At-a-boy, you young ball carrier, break loose, flit for the goal line! Watching, too, the far hills melt from violet into —— We want a touchdown! The theme seems to be that it takes split vision to watch America in the fall.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 201 — The greatest star of the screen!

Unquestionably, you've been hearing a lot about "Blackboard Jungle," a movie that has become a great popular hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we want to tell you about "Trial," a film which we believe will cause even a greater stir than "Blackboard Jungle."

★ ★ ★ ★

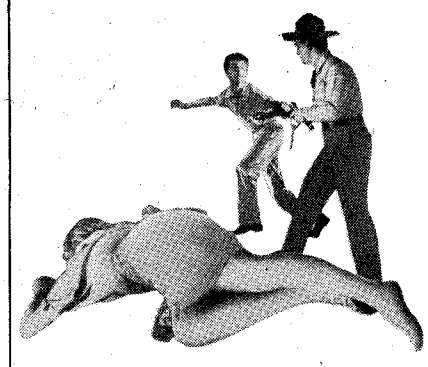
"Trial" has all the elements of success as dramatic screen entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

It deals with a theme that once would have been forbidden territory for any movie. And it tackles this theme with bare fists and utter frankness.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story is based on the Harper Prize novel by Don M. Mankiewicz.



The situations and dialog bristle with surprises and unvarnished language. We do not imply bad taste or sensationalism. It's just that you never heard a movie talk like this before.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story starts with a scream piercing the warm night air at San Juno beach.

★ ★ ★ ★

A young girl and a young boy had met on their first innocent date.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now the girl is dead! The boy in jail, with a mob thirsting for his life.

★ ★ ★ ★

Out of that situation grows a trial—and a scandal—that echoes from coast to coast. The boy becomes the pawn in a vast, brutal political plot.

★ ★ ★ ★

The young lawyer defending him becomes the dupe of a pretty secretary and her ruthless boss. The jury is in a "fix" and the judge is as much on trial as the accused boy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The prosecutor weighs the boy's life against his own career.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the mother of the accused nearly sacrifices her own son!

★ ★ ★ ★

In vivid photography, this film unfolds with throat-clutching realism.

★ ★ ★ ★

The performances rise to the high demands of the story!

★ ★ ★ ★

The star cast includes Glenn Ford of "Blackboard Jungle" fame, Dorothy McGuire, Arthur Kennedy, John Hodiak, Katy Jurado with Rafael Campos and Juano Hernandez.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit producer Charles Schnee and director Mark Robson for retaining every nuance and shock of the screenplay which was written by Mankiewicz himself. M-G-M is proud of them all!

—*Leo*

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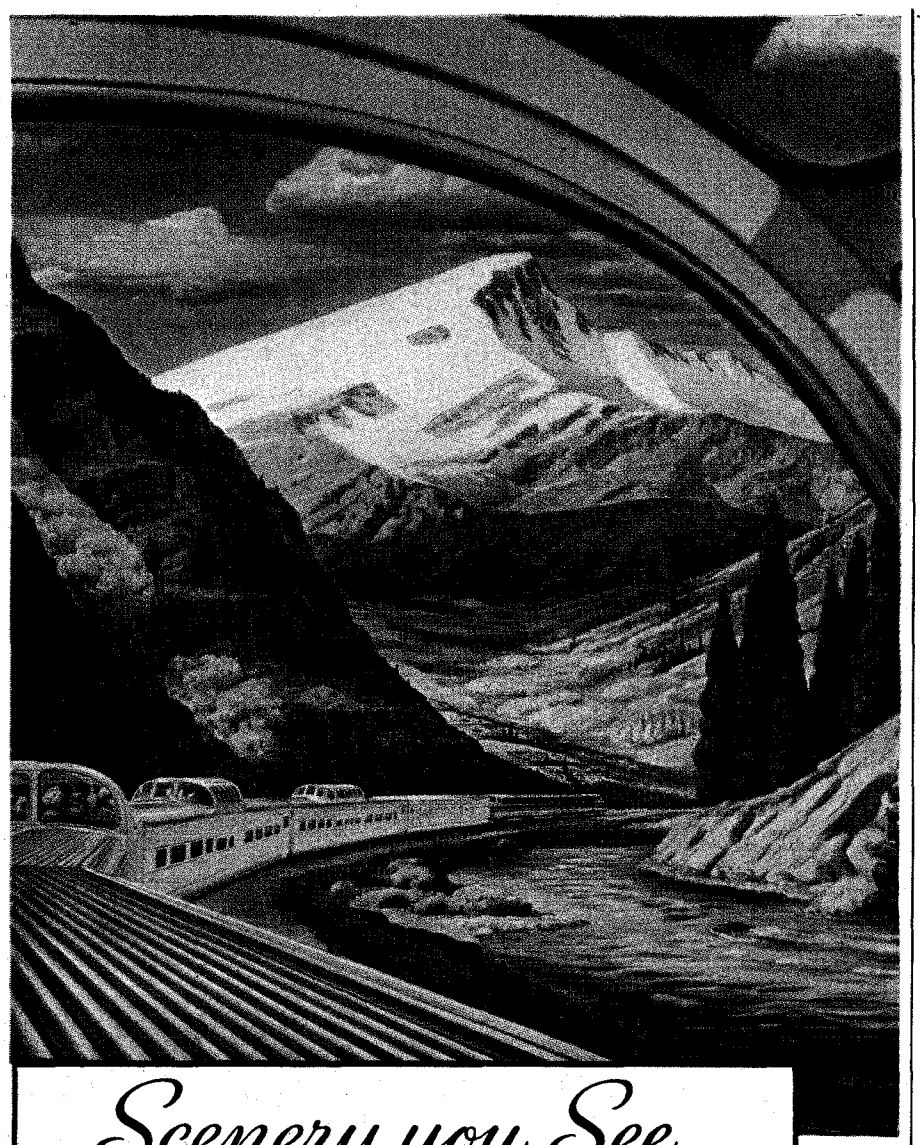

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Letters

Are Post Articles a Jinx to Athletes?

Dear Sirs:

I just read your article on young Al Kaline, of the Detroit Tigers [THE TIGERS' MILLION-DOLLAR KID, by H. C. Butler, Sept. 3] and I must say that it is a shame to put the Kiss of Death on one so young. . . . An article in the Post on a ball player generally means that before the ink dries the aforementioned phenom is laid up with a sore arm, is in a batting slump or suddenly starts throwing at the umpire. . . .

Being a Braves fan, I am begging you to do a lot of articles about various members of the Dodgers (Brooklyn or Jersey City type) next season. Please run these

articles early before they get one of those early streaks going. Also please no more articles about our pitchers. You already took care of Gene Conley this year.

My oldest son aspires to make the big leagues. I am trying to get him to take up medicine, explaining that no one ever makes the big leagues whose father was not a "Frustrated Semi-pro." And even if he should overcome this handicap, there is always that little writer from the Post to put the whammy on him.

TOD HUNTER
Brookfield, Wis.

● O.K., O.K., we get the point but, really, did our articles hurt Nellie Fox, Ted Kluszewski or Harvey Kuenn?—ED.

There's Big Money in Being Mean—Sometimes

Dear Sirs:

Re: HE GETS $150,000 A YEAR FOR BEING MEAN [by Dean Jennings, Aug. 27]. Man! How I've wasted my opportunities. For something over sixty years I've been mean, just for nothing. What a fortune I've lost.

LEVERNE HAMILTON
Thompson Falls, Mont.

Role of the U.N. a Matter of Opinion

Dear Sirs:

I could not help but be disturbed by the editorial of August 27, 1955, entitled WHY DO THEY INSIST ON OVERSELLING THE U.N.? It did not contain either facts or intelligent, well-thought-out criticism. The last paragraph is almost unbelievable. "Acting in its proper sphere, which is to provide an area for the airing of international differences, the U.N. can continue to be useful"!!! Is this what it has come to then? . . .

The United Nations is a blueprint for peace. It is a valid and workable answer to the most staggering human, economic and social problems of this world. . . . If, despite the vast advances in sciences, the human race is not ready for peace, then it is not ready for the United Nations. . . .

MRS. MARY MILLER ATWOOD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The U.N. is not now a world government under any conception of the phrase. The desirability of its becoming one is another question. . . .

As for old-fashioned diplomacy, nothing is as old-fashioned and outmoded as war. It's about time the backstairs bargainers stopped playing fast and loose with other people's lives, hopes and properties.

ROBERT CRAFTS, JR.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Seems to me like wise old Bernard M. Baruch hit the nail on the head the other day when he said, "If any nation thinks the whole world is going to jump on it, it will never fight." Is not that our problem in a nutshell? To organize the peace-loving nations of the world so that they will jump on any nation starting to fight; can't that best be done through reorganizing the U.N.? . . .

B. N. LINGEMAN, M.D.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am decidedly for the U.N. while it is kept on a discussion basis, but can never subscribe to a "One World" proposition. We have enough trouble taking care of our own country, even when we resort to diplomacy, let alone what would happen if we tried to go to war for all the world. We've had enough of that.

EDWIN S. SHORTESS
Baton Rouge, La.

Cataract Sufferers Helped by Surgery

Dear Sirs:

My heartfelt appreciation . . . for publishing Paul W. Kearney's article SURGERY RESTORED MY SIGHT [Sept. 3]. I have been trying to decide whether or not to chance an operation. This comprehensive article has enabled me to decide to take the chance. . . .

EDWARD H. PATTON
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Fifteen years ago cataracts were discovered in both my eyes, yet I am still seeing and reading all right. The author's statement that "it is not uncommon for a cataract to start and then to halt its progress" gave me hope that such may be my case. At that point in the article I said a brief prayer of thanks. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Olympia, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . performs quite a service to the eye-care professions by informing the public about cataracts. . . .

I would like to add one point of correction, however, to the story. Sometimes it is necessary for the surgeon to extract the lens from one eye when the other eye is in good condition, visually. Contrary to the mention made in the article, both eyes *can* be brought into "balance." This type of correction can only be

(Continued on Page 6)

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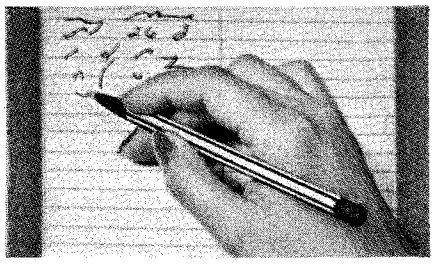

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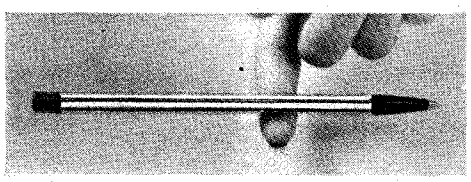

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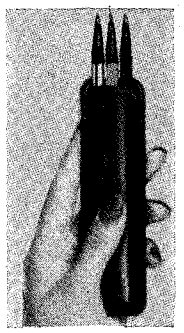

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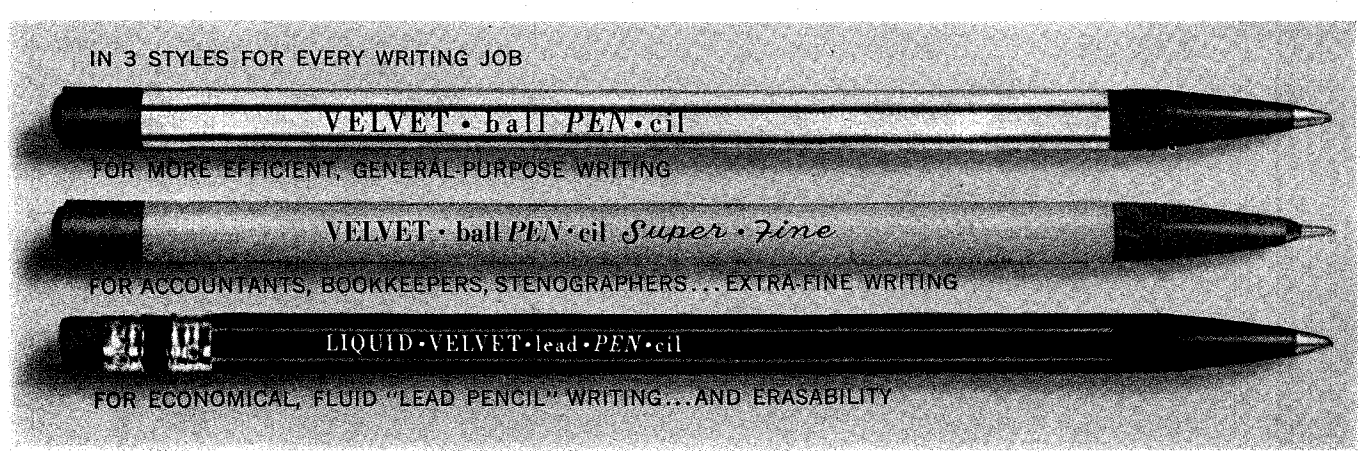
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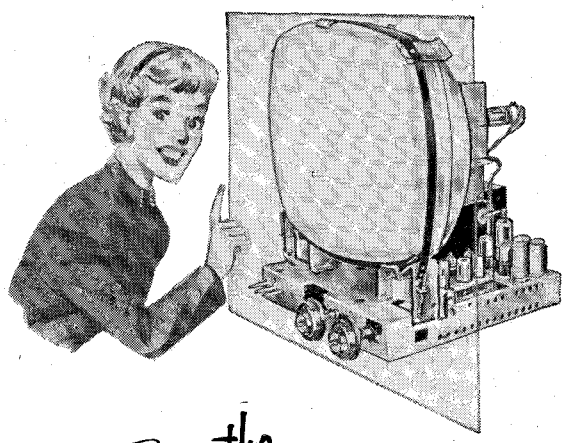

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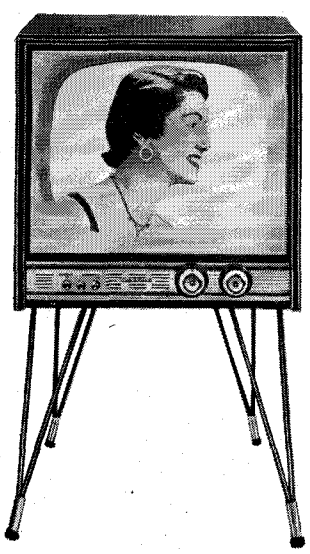
SUPER COMET CHASSIS



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- Maximum performance in both VHF and UHF reception.
- Simple UHF plug-in unit for conversion to All-Channel reception.
- Capehart Symphonic Tone.

SEE the new Capehart today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

21-inch Capehart television instruments from $169.95 to $1600.00*.

*Prices slightly higher in the South and West.
®By Polaroid Corporation.

The AMHERST (Model 3T216MD). Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System. Super Comet Chassis with 21-inch aluminized tube. Front-mounted speaker.

Capehart ITT

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

made by use of a contact lens on the operated eye. Regular spectacle lenses cannot be used as they create large unequal magnifications that result in double vision. The correction afforded by a contact lens eliminates this problem and both eyes can work as a team.

Contact lenses can also be utilized to prevent the spatial distortions and tunnel vision accompanying the use of regular cataract-spectacle lenses. The "contacts," however, correct only distance vision, and reading glasses or plano bifocals must be supplemented for near vision. . . .

EDWARD J. KIENAST, O. D.
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Paul Kearney's [article] . . . may bring more helpful information to more people than any story on eyesight ever written.

Ophthalmologists and optometrists would do well to have reprints in their offices.

ROBERT K. PARKER, O. D.
Barre, Vt.

Poor Handwriting is Tough on Everybody

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for the handwriting article [WHY OUR KIDS CAN'T WRITE, by Theodore Irwin, Sept. 10]. Having only been taught cursive writing in my school, it was with much embarrassment that I had to learn manuscript writing while student teaching in Fort Worth, Texas. They were surprised that I knew very little of correct manuscript writing, which is what was taught in the first three grades. . . .

MRS. LILLIE STEPHENS
Holland, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . As long as a person's writing is understandable, it . . . should not be criticized by anyone. No bank should force a man to write his name on a check if he prefers to print it. . . .

BRUCE HILL
Salem, Va.

● Bankers do usually require written signatures on checks, but only to protect the account holders against forgers, they say.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As your excellent article points out, there has been a swing back from the exclusive teaching of printing. . . .

But not in Briarcliff Manor. Here they still think it "progressive" to teach only printing and consider reactionary those who want their children to know the common "social-usage" handwriting. At the PTA meetings for the past two years, a note at the bottom of every printed program specified; PLEASE DO NOT ASK ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT HANDWRITING. THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL MEETING.

However, neither the school board nor the administration would grant permission for this meeting. . . . Finally, at the first vacancy on the school board, a candidate who promised an overhauling was elected. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The article states that "geniuses like Beethoven, Napoleon and Einstein had abominable handwriting" and that at least one psychographologist believes that "poor handwriting may indicate an attempt to think independently."

Though this may be true in some cases, in many cases poor handwriting simply indicates a lack of proper training. . . .

FRANK L. KING
Executive Secretary
Handwriting Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I remember in the 2nd and 3rd grades when I was taught printing that I was very disappointed when I discovered that my new-learned skill didn't enable me to decipher my parents' handwriting. Later they taught us longhand—and I *still* can't read their writing!

VIDA KENK
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If Mr. Irwin thinks the art of handwriting has deteriorated, I suggest that he look over the fifty-six signatures on the Declaration of Independence.

JAMES O. BUTLER
Willow, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . May I speak from personal experience as a post-office clerk. . . .

In post-office parlance, we are known as "Hard Men" who sort as much as four to five thousand pieces of "hards" mail daily. . . .

Quite a number of people put the "to" where the "from" should be, then there are others who make a number 3 for the letter E, as in East. . . .

Then, to add more complexities, there are those amateur artists . . . who draw rebuses etc., etc., to test the skill and knowledge of the post-office employees. . . .

IRVING DEMSKY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Read across page, then down:

17, 18–Larry Fried. • 19, 20, 21–Ivan Dmitri. • 22, 23–Robert Meyers. • 24, 25–Jacob Lofman. • 26–John Fernie. • 27–Sid Avery. • 28, 29–Larry Keighley. • 30–Eugene Kammerman. • 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Wide World, two from United Press, Wide World, International, Ollie Atkins, Paul Broady. • 34, 35–Robert Moore. • 36,37–Wide World, Ray Fisher, Wide World, International, Culver International, Culver. • 38, 39–Stanley Zuckerberg. • 43–Sam Bates. • 45–Arthur Fillmore. • 47–Frank Ross • 88–John Wells. • 106–Ivan Dmitri. • 118–U.S. Army. • 136–Ivan Dmitri, anonymous, Ernest B. Robertson, Wide World.

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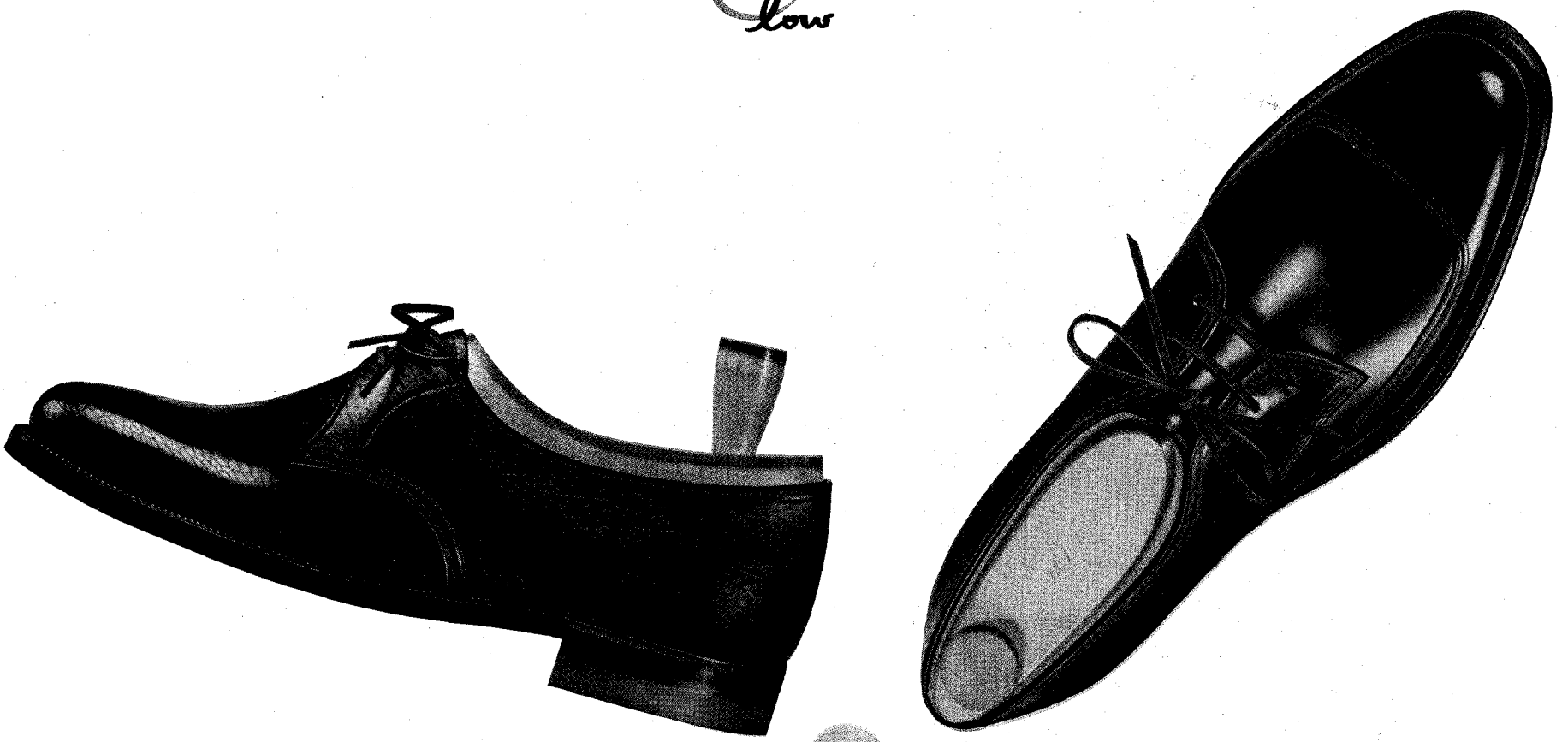
New LOW Lines . . . New SOFT Leathers! Florsheim *Soft and Low*



It's BRIGHT This Season to be in the DARK!

It's Smart
to be seen
in the
Finest!

FLORSHEIM Black LOTOPS®

top left: *The* LOTOP, S-1607; *two-eyelet plain toe blucher in black walnut calf.*
top right: *The* LOTOP, S-1615; *U-wing tip, three-eyelet blucher in black velvet calf.*
center: *The* BELVEDERE, S-1613; *wing tip three-eyelet blucher in black velvet calf.*

Most Florsheim Styles $17.95 *and higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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Now from Holland! The most

JUST HEAT AND SERVE FOR THE SPEEDIEST HOT CHOCOLATE EVER

Borden's DUTCH CHOCOLATE FLAVORED DRINK

Delicious! The very finest imported Dutch cocoa gives it the most wonderful chocolate flavor of all — Dutch chocolate.

Needs no fixing. Rich with real milk nourishment. Serve it as hot chocolate. Or cold—right out of the refrigerator.

Get Borden's Dutch Chocolate Flavored Drink at your food store or from your Borden man.

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special chocolate flavor ever!

JUST SPOON OUT AND ENJOY REAL CREAM ICE CREAM

Borden's DUTCH CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

It's new and wonderful—and now it's at your favorite store—Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream.

This is the real cream ice cream that you've always loved—with that deliciously different imported Dutch chocolate flavor.

Get Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream at the store where you see the Borden Ice Cream sign.

Enjoy imported Dutch chocolate flavor in these 2 new Borden treats

Both available to Canadians in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

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Editorials

The Profit Can be Taken Out Of Welfare Chiseling

Is the era of the welfare chiseler ending? That question springs to mind with the report on the operation of the Massachusetts lien law, a fair and effective device that has cut the number of old-age-assistance cases in that state by 14,000 in three years.

Time was when practically every hamlet in the country could produce at least one example of relief chicanery. Welfare checks were being drawn regularly by people who either owned their own homes or had other property of cash value. But every move to clean up the situation was met by a barrage of bleeding-heart propaganda which held that it would be cruel to pry into Grandpa Jones' personal life, even if grandpa was spending every Saturday afternoon at the races with his five prosperous sons.

But in 1951 the taxpayers revolted. In that year, according to a study sponsored by The Tax Foundation, eleven states passed lien laws of one sort or another. More than a dozen other states have followed suit. The results of this reform have been remarkable.

Although differing in details, all these lien laws provided for the recovery from the estate of money paid to welfare recipients. That is, while Grandpa Jones was allowed his old-age assistance without being forced to give up his home, he could not expect to pass his property on to his heirs free and clear. If the heirs wanted the old homestead, they first had to pay up an amount equal to what the state had spent on grandpa. Otherwise the state put up the property at auction and reimbursed itself.

This simple device has proved most effective. There has been a heartening increase in the number of people willing to take care of their parents during the latters' declining years. The figures released by Massachusetts Public Welfare Commissioner Patrick A. Tompkins show a reduction of 14,000 cases since January, 1952, but that does not tell the whole story. Had the lien law not been passed, there is every reason to believe that the number of old-age-assistance cases would have climbed by 20,000 or 30,000. Thus, the lien law is probably saving Bay State taxpayers two or three million dollars a year.

The figures also show that recoveries from the estates of deceased welfare recipients brought in $1,624,483 during the fiscal year ending June, 1955. This is half a million dollars more than last year, and the amount is expected to grow annually.

All this proves that it is possible to temper mercy with justice in the politically ticklish welfare field. It is a typically American gimmick for screening out the grafters without adopting pauper's-oath practices that are repugnant to Americans.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Gee! Maybe it's a real oasis.

There's a College Education in Almost Any Town Library

The Boston Chamber of Commerce has observed rather in sorrow than in anger that the Public Library, which celebrated its centennial last year, doesn't draw the customers it should. Too few people are aware of the treasures it contains for the asking.

The Boston Chamber's complaint could be echoed in practically every community across the country. There is hardly a small town in America whose library wouldn't afford any citizen a magnificent education. The typical small library contains, of course, only a small percentage of the Boston Public Library's 2,000,000 books, but it is still undoubtedly a storehouse of culture that most of us haven't bothered to look into lately.

The library holds the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece, through those who really founded that grandeur and glory, the old Latin and Grecian poets. It speaks with a dozen tongues, and even the least pretentious library needs only our presence to resound with the noble speech of old Will and Ben, the pitiless accusations of Jonathan Swift or the serene voice of Mr. Joseph Addison.

Some librarians, too little confident in the wisdom of ordinary men, may attempt to impose on the community their views of the kind of books that the customers should read. But even at that, there are hundreds of great books in every library and, if we neglect to meet them ourselves, we ought to make sure that every school child is properly introduced to the town library.

We Beat Japan, But Russia Picked The "War Criminals"

A few weeks ago General of the Army Douglas MacArthur met Japan's Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu for the first time since the Commander of the Allied Forces in the Pacific watched a nervous Japanese statesman in striped pants and a high hat limp across the deck of the Missouri and put his signature to the humiliating articles of surrender.

In his New York apartment, ten years after this dramatic event, the American general enlightened Mr. Shigemitsu as to why he was branded as a "war criminal" and imprisoned on that charge. Perhaps this was a minor skirmish, but what happened to Mr. Shigemitsu represents one of the early defeats of the West by Soviet communism.

As General MacArthur explained to Mr. Shigemitsu, who before 1941 had had a long career in the Japanese diplomatic service, he was tried as a war criminal in 1947 because a "certain power," as the general put it, insisted that Shigemitsu be tried. MacArthur objected as vigorously as he could. It has long since been known that highly placed friends of Shigemitsu in the British Foreign Office urged his release on the ground that Shigemitsu was "a true friend of England who strove hard for peace." Former U. S. Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, whose wise but too often neglected advice on Japan has been vindicated over the years, presented an affidavit to the court describing Shigemitsu as opposed to "the policies of the military and naval extremists which ultimately led to war." The late Joseph B. Keenan, American prosecutor of Japan's "war criminals," opposed the trial of Shigemitsu and has been quoted as saying that he felt "ashamed" of the conviction.

(Continued on Page 12)

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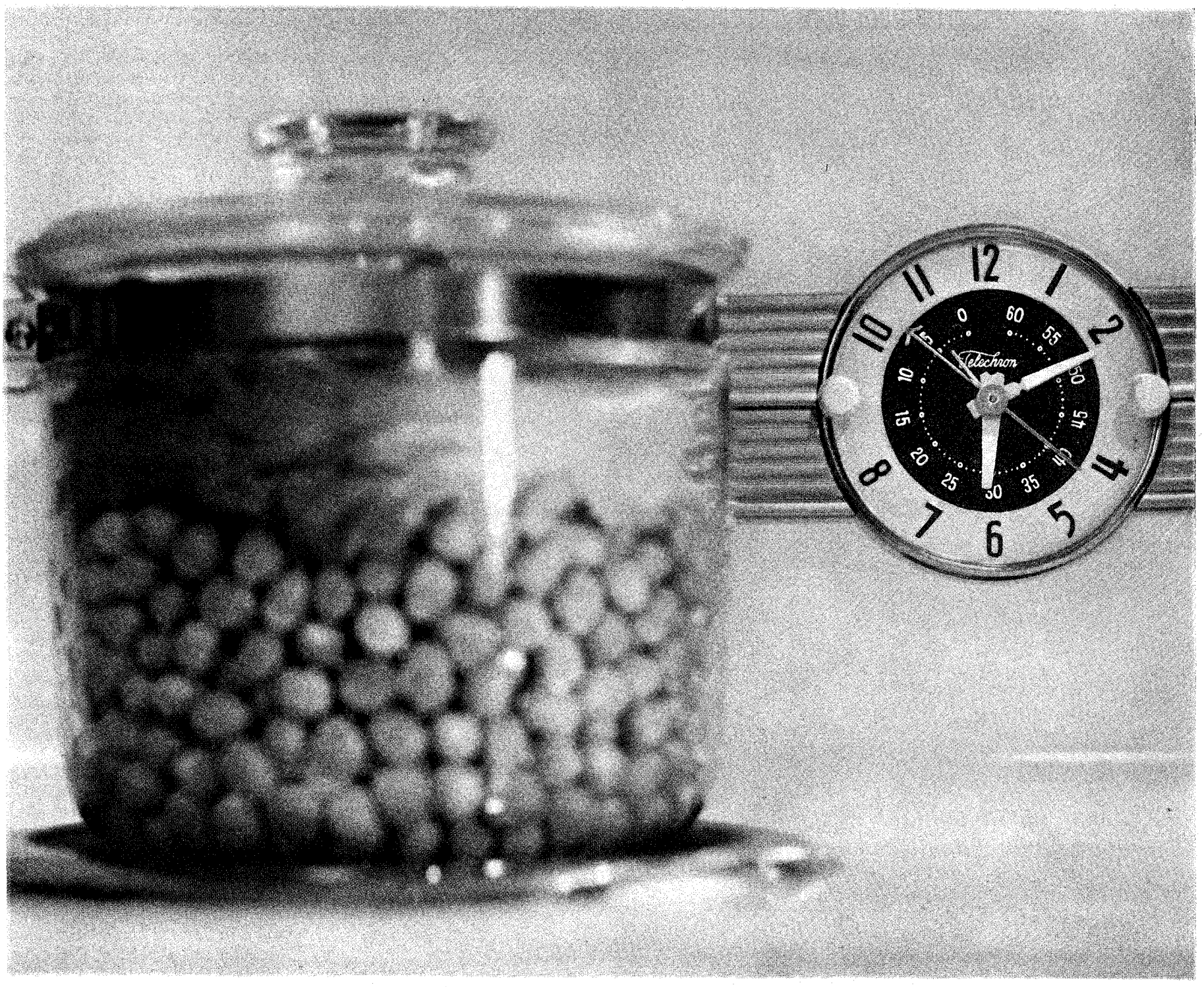
New Telechron Range Timer with an Electric Memory



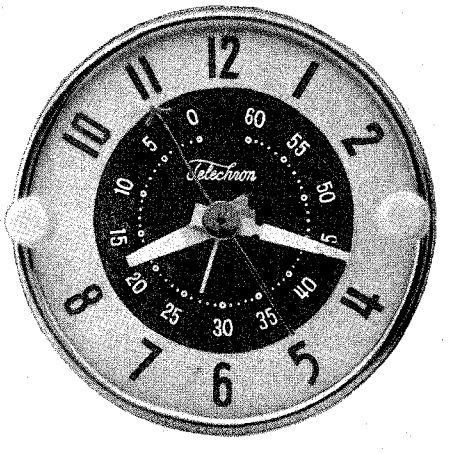
...times the cooking, then calls the cook—automatically

Easiest Way to Cook!

Why stand around the kitchen waiting for the vegetables to cook, the cake to bake, the meat to broil? Just set your Telechron range timer and join the folks in the living room. Your built-in Telechron timer will signal you—*automatically*—when the cooking time is completed.

Built for Long Life!

Telechron timers are rugged and reliable—built to last. There is nothing to "wind up" on a Telechron timer, they're all-electric. Telechron timers time meals accurately, the automatic electric way.



Set It and Forget It!

Easy as setting a clock. Sounds a continuous signal when cooking is completed.

Telechron Timers
Clock and Timer Dept.
General Electric Co.
Ashland, Mass.

Telechron timers make life easy—automatically

Look for the Telechron timer on these fine ranges

General Electric, Norge, Western Holly, Philco, Tappan, Kenmore, Odin, Welbilt, Universal, Maytag, Florence, Westinghouse (Canada), Dixie, Dortch, Globe-American

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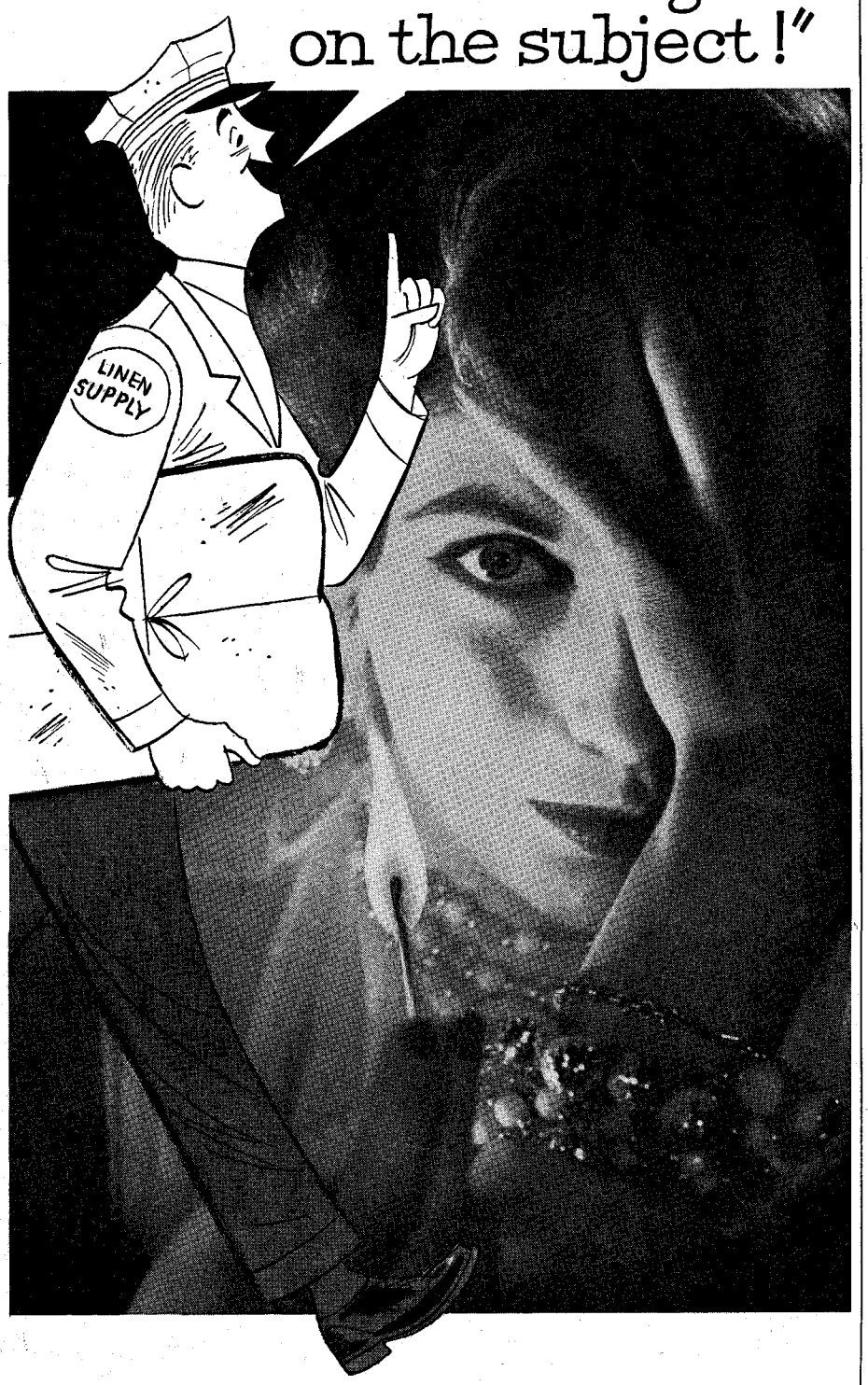
"Let's throw some light on the subject!"



Take a good look . . .

next time you're at any leading place of business or industrial establishment. See those fluffy-soft cotton towels . . . snowy-white table and bed linens . . . crisp, clean cotton uniforms and work garments? Then you've discovered a better place to work, or visit. Freshly-laundered cottons tell that someone wants you to feel good, look your best, live better!

Mr. Businessman: this is Linen Supply Service

You have no investment, no inventory, no maintenance. Everything is furnished and serviced by your linen supplier, at low cost. Dependable delivery and pick-up maintain a continuous supply of your exact linen requirements—large or small. Call your local supplier listed in the classified directory under LINEN SUPPLY or TOWEL SERVICE—or write to Linen Supply Association for free booklet.

Linen Supply

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA and National Cotton Council

22 W. MONROE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILL.

In any business . . . Linen Supply is good business

IN PLANTS *FOR NURSES* *IN LABORATORIES*

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

One would think that all this would have been enough brass to "spring" Mr. Shigemitsu or anybody else. Why, in the face of his record and connections, was he tried at all? The answer is of course that Soviet Russia, the "certain power" mentioned by General MacArthur, insisted that he be tried. His offense was that he had been friendly to the United States and Great Britain and might be expected to use his influence against the communization of Japan. It is not pleasant to recall, even ten years afterward, that the powerful United States of America, which had won the tough Pacific war almost single-handed, could be vetoed on such an issue as the fate of Mr. Shigemitsu by a country which entered the Pacific war a week before it was over. But that is how things were the last time "peaceful co-existence" with the communists was taken seriously.

The Cities Move in on Needed Farmland

Farm surpluses make news, but little attention is paid to the fact that good farmland is being lost to other uses at a rate which may have serious repercussions upon future Americans. One unofficial estimate is that more than 1,000,000 acres of farmland were lost last year to housing developments, industrial plants, highways, airports and other public and private operations. The trend is expected to continue at an even higher rate.

It is already causing concern in a number of areas. The California Agricultural Extension Service describes the loss of fertile land to nonfarm uses as "a major conservation problem" in that state. Three California counties have recently adopted zoning programs to protect their better agricultural land.

Commenting on what is happening in Southeastern Pennsylvania, Clayton M. Hoff, a leader in the Brandywine Valley Watershed Association, said: "In our own area I have viewed from the air square miles of productive farmland converted into housing developments, bringing into each square mile sufficient people that twelve square miles of land elsewhere is required to supply their needs for food, water and other wants. If we continue to permit urban expansion, utilities, industries, highways, race tracks, outdoor movie theaters and others to acquire the best farmland we shall accelerate shortages of agricultural materials."

Most of those concerned about the trend feel it is time to think about land-use planning or zoning. In this way the best land can be reserved for agriculture with urban, industrial and other nonfarm development diverted toward the less productive lands.

So far, California is the only state to do anything along this line. A zoning ordinance was prepared by the Merced County Planning Commission, with the aid of the tax and legislative committee of the County Farm Bureau. The ordinance, enacted by the county supervisors, created a special A-G, or Agricultural Greenbelt, Zone. A key clause strictly prohibits the division of property in the A-G Zone for residential purposes and bans manufacturing and commerce.

The county supervisors stated: "It is the intention of the board to preserve good soil areas from subdivision development and other land uses such as commercial and industrial growth, so that future generations may have adequate good land to grow food."

This puts the matter in the proper light. Although we are plagued with farm surpluses now, fertile land is a limited resource. As a people, we've never thought much about preparing for the future in our use of the nation's land and water resources. Maybe it's time we began.

Will Overalls Succeed Spats for Diplomats?

Since World War I all nations have immensely widened the fields from which diplomats are drawn. Successful American diplomats with backgrounds in law, finance and industry have been joined by others trained in various professions and occupations. American career diplomats have gained in stature in recent years and have been recruited from all walks of life. The old days are gone when the essential equipment of a "diplomatist" consisted primarily of a trunkful of striped pants, an Oxford accent, social position, and an independent income or a rich wife.

If we are going to depart radically from the old standards for diplomats, we might profitably give consideration to other special qualifications. Any veteran cab driver has a remarkable—and fluent—knowledge of what's going on in the world, and the average night clerk in a third-rate hotel develops an unequaled flair for sizing up dubious characters and phony stories that would make him a valuable representative in a number of foreign capitals. Headwaiters, complaint-department clerks and all kinds of salesmen are among the many ordinary Americans who have had plenty of basic training in diplomacy.

If we are definitely giving up the striped-pants set as potential diplomatic material, it might pay to give some attention to Americans who started out in working clothes.

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Having fun is good for you...

Whether it's an outdoor get-together or some other kind of fun, it helps you relax, gives you a break from the daily grind and improves your outlook for tomorrow.

Feel good so you can enjoy your fun

Sometimes you don't feel up to fun. And no wonder! It isn't easy facing all the nagging little things that come along in a day. After a rough day, you may have a headache, upset stomach or general achy-ness that slows you down. That's when you should . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

ALKA-SELTZER tablets dropped into a glass of water fizz and become a liquid way to relief. Starting with a liquid is wise because anything else you swallow has to be changed by your body into liquid form before it can help you.

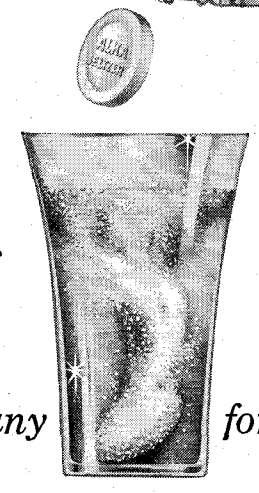
ALKA-SELTZER becomes a relief-giving liquid that's better because . . .

ACTION IN THE GLASS changes ALKA-SELTZER tablets into a liquid. This is the form your system can use most easily and naturally for relief.

ACTION IN THE GLASS supercharges ALKA-SELTZER with lively bubbles. This soothing liquid speeds relief.

ACTION IN THE GLASS makes ALKA-SELTZER easy to absorb immediately. You'll like ALKA-SELTZER for refreshing relief.

For headache, upset stomach, general achy-ness, cold discomforts—for relief that makes you feel refreshed—take ALKA-SELTZER . . . *the medicine that's so refreshing.*



Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

favorite of so many for relief that does so much

NEARLY EVERYONE does something to take care of a cold. Many people rest more than usual, eat lightly and avoid exposure. When you take ALKA-SELTZER along with whatever you do when you have a cold, you feel more comfortable—it helps you feel better while you're getting better.

Miles Laboratories, Inc. • Elkhart, Indiana

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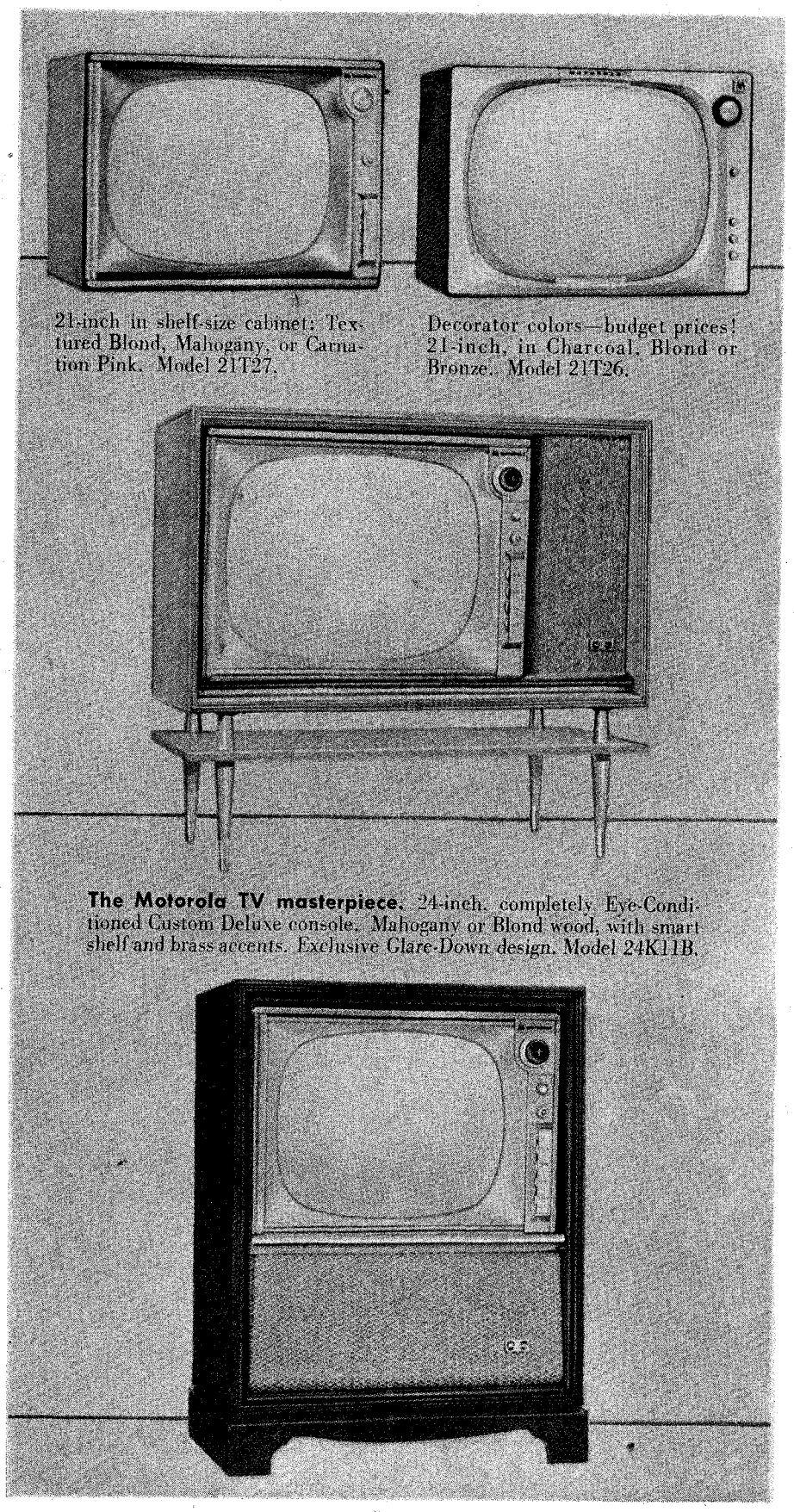
The fine new Motorola

featuring RIGHT-UP-FRONT TUNING and a



21-inch in shelf-size cabinet: Textured Blond, Mahogany, or Carnation Pink. Model 21T27.

Decorator colors—budget prices! 21-inch, in Charcoal, Blond or Bronze. Model 21T26.

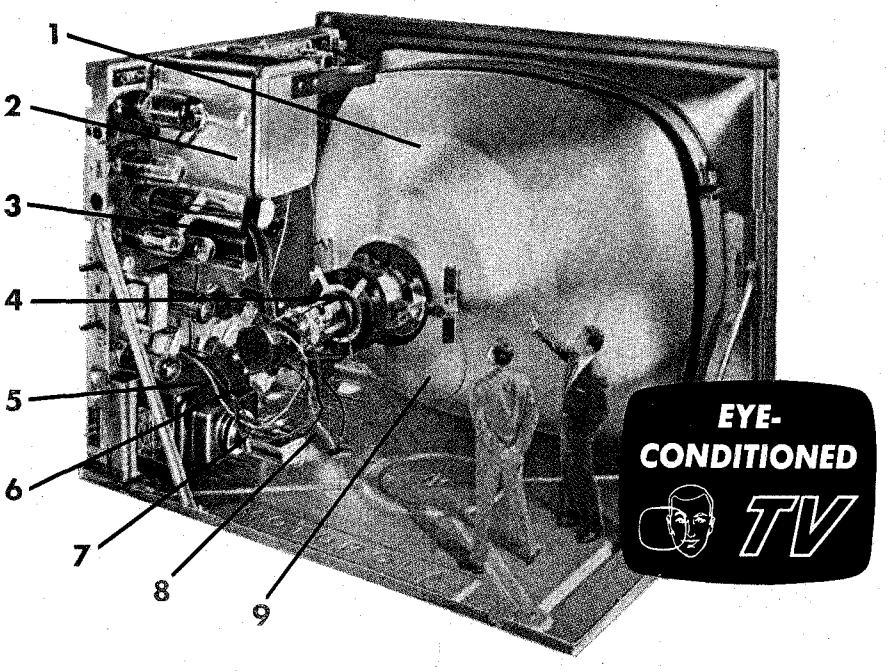
The Motorola TV masterpiece. 24-inch, completely Eye-Conditioned Custom Deluxe console. Mahogany or Blond wood, with smart shelf and brass accents. Exclusive Glare-Down design. Model 24K11B.

Custom Deluxe 21-inch console. With Right-Up-Front Tuning. Beautifully styled cabinet in Mahogany or Blond wood. Glare-Down /Sound-Up design. Pushbutton on-off switch. Model 21K42.

HERE are the two big advances in TV for '56—and only Motorola has them. Right-Up-Front Tuning gives you today's easiest tuning, by grouping all controls in the most convenient place on the set. Eye-Conditioning gives you the sharpest, clearest picture.

Both advances are made possible by Motorola's exclusive Power Panel, an entirely new kind of TV design.

The Power Panel brings together nine major improvements (many of them from Motorola's pioneering in color TV), and gives you the most advanced television you can buy—at any price. Value above all!



Power Panel with 9 improvements brings television's easiest, most comfortable viewing

1. **TV's most lifelike picture.** Motorola gives you the full range of tones that add depth to your picture.

2. **Handiest tuning in TV,** with Right-Up-Front Tuning, plus exclusive Push-button on-off switch.

3. **Full-power** transformer for maximum brightness, plus Aluminized picture tube, produce camera-clear picture.

4. **Perfect focus at all times** with Motorola's exclusive new Automatic Beam Stabilizer.

5. **No glare—no strain.** Lens-mounted Glare-Down design eliminates glare and reflections. Makes TV more comfortable than ever.

6. **No flips, no flops, no tears in picture** because of Motorola's exclusive Signal-Sealed Circuits.

7. **Perfectly tuned picture that stays that way,** because new Thermostatic Tuning automatically compensates for temperature changes in your set.

8. **No irritating streaks on screen,** because exclusive Humidity-Proof insulation shields against high-voltage interference and humidity changes.

9. **Constantly steady picture,** with Motorola's Automatic Picture Control which maintains a constant signal to give you a steady picture.

MOTOROLA® TV

FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE ELECTRONICS MANUFACTURER

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October 8, 1955

TV for '56

EYE-CONDITIONED PICTURE

andsome styling, handiest tuning, clearest picture—you get all three Motorola TV for '56. Your choice of high-styled models in rich wood ıishes and decorator colors.

Shown here—*Custom Deluxe 21-inch console,* with Right-Up-Front Tuning, fine wood finish. Mahogany or Blond. Glare-Down/Sound-Up design. Pushbutton on-off switch. Model 21K41.

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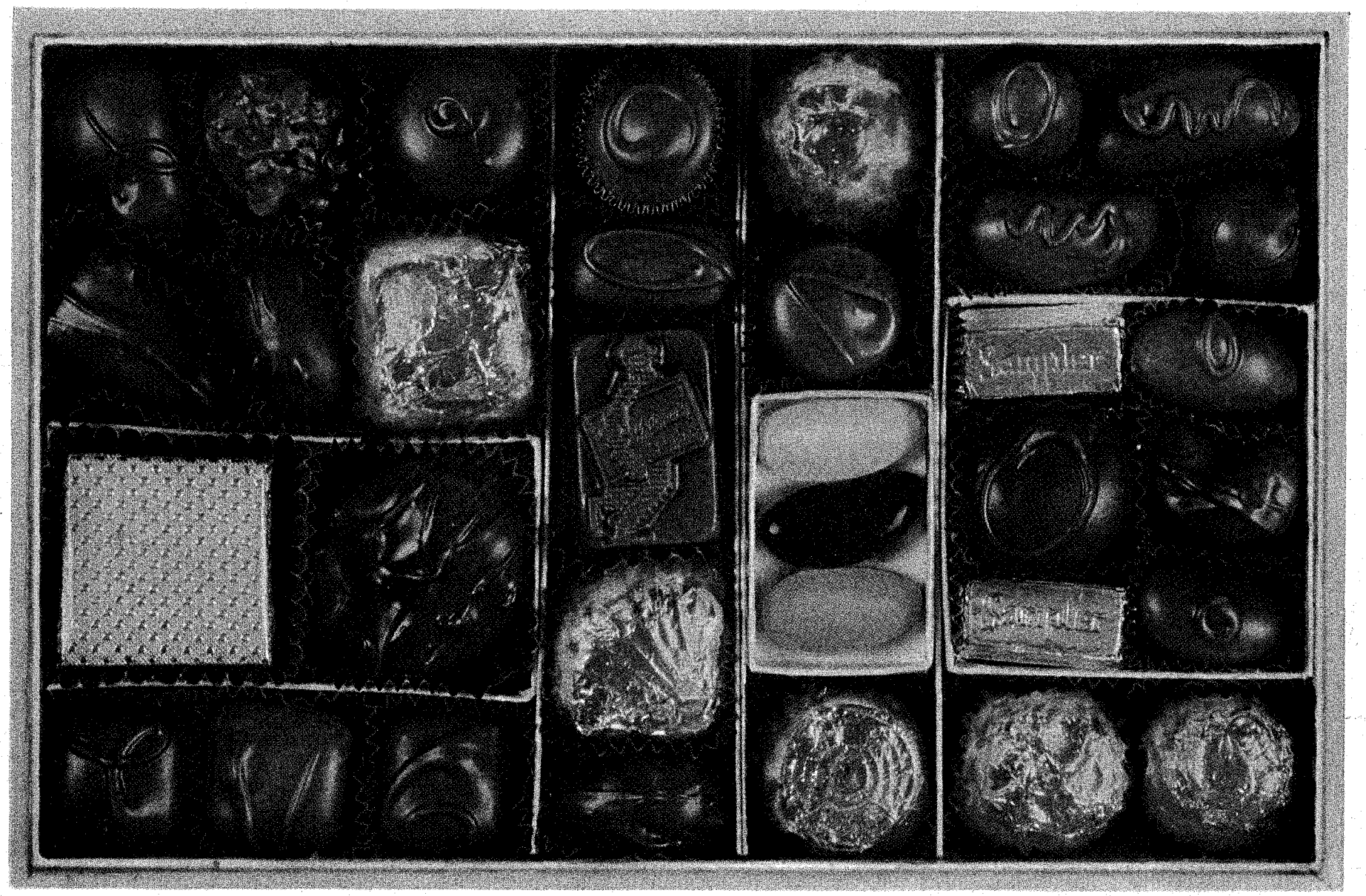
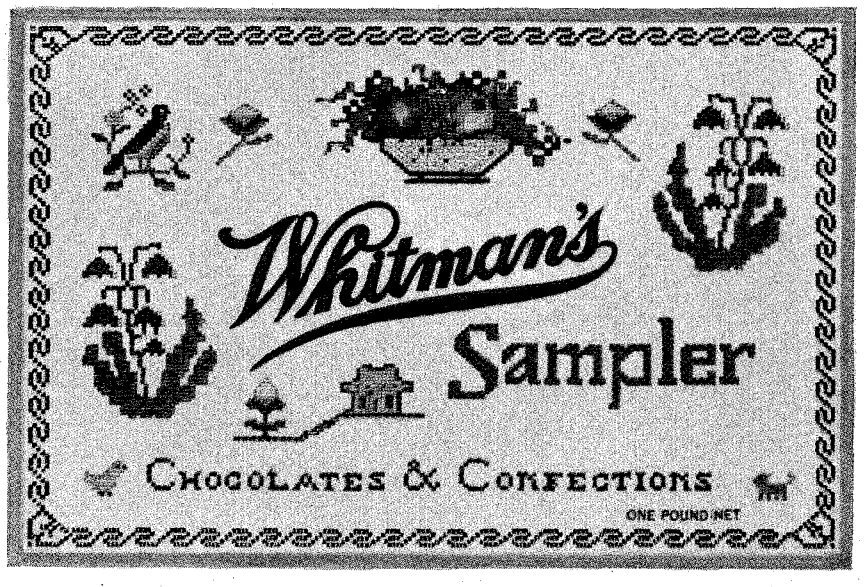


Remember someone today



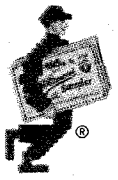
Gal at the typewriter, gal at the telephone, gal who makes your house a home—someone, somewhere, needs remembering.

Nicest thing to remember with is a box of Whitman's.

Finest chocolates you can buy (made with our own chocolate, blended from the cocoa beans of Ecuador, Trinidad, Venezuela). Wonderful present—for just two dollars!

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

One pound now only $2.00
New two pound size $4.00



a woman never forgets the man who remembers

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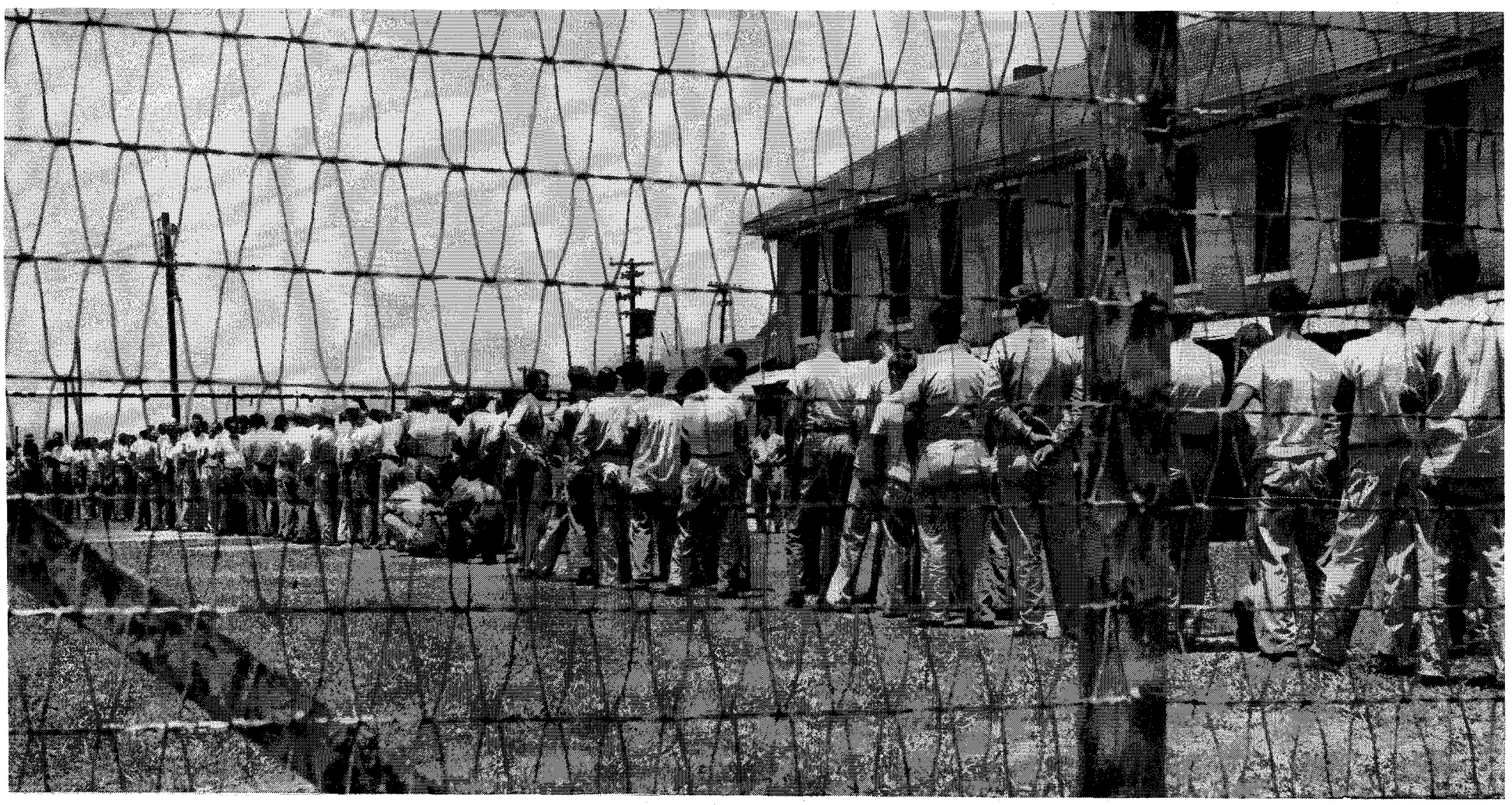
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Prisoners line up to be counted at one of the Angola, Louisiana, State Penitentiary farm camps. Trouble outbreaks ceased here after the author promised to halt brutality.



OUR PRISONS NEED NOT FAIL

Armed guards and iron bars don't rehabilitate criminals, this prison expert discovered. So he embarked on a system of trust and fair play. Result: Fewer escapes and cleaner parole records.

By **REED COZART,** as told to EDWARD W. STAGG

The author, former director of Louisiana prisons, interviews a convict.

All too frequently you come across newspaper stories headlined Ex-Convict Hunted. These stories point up an important fact which doesn't always get the attention it deserves — namely, that today's convict is tomorrow's citizen, perhaps even your neighbor. About 95 per cent of all people sent to prison are discharged and re-enter the society they offended. When one commits a new crime, it signifies a failure somewhere, probably in the prison where he served his last sentence.

Many of today's prisons are operated as they have been for generations, and with equal failure. They are instruments of punishment—which is often cruel—with more broken people turned out than are sent in.

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People in prisons react to cruelty, oppression and dictatorship just as they do elsewhere. They become deeply bitter and resentful. They take such measures as are available to them to retaliate.

Normal human beings can be made vicious when treated inhumanly.

We need to remember that prisoners are people created in the image of God, even as you and I. For the most part they have been reared in the Christian tradition, which recognizes the individuality and dignity of man, though many may not have gone to church often or had formal religious training. With little thought about the consequences, we put them in prisons operated in a manner almost certain to blight them spiritually. No wonder they emerge worse human beings than when they went in. Society has simply written these people off the human ledger. We think about prisoners only when they rebel against bad prison conditions or when the press or some specially interested group carries on a program for reform.

But our prisons need not fail. This, I believe, can be demonstrated through my experience in two very different prison situations. Most of my life has been spent in Federal service—probation and parole work, then assignment to prison work including Leavenworth and Texarkana Federal prisons. When the Federal Correctional Institution for men was established at Seagoville, Texas, in 1945, I was sent there as warden, in which capacity I served for over seven years. In June of 1952, I went to Louisiana as director of the Division of Correctional and Penal Institutions in the State Department of Institutions, with a major assignment being reform of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, usually called Angola. Both here and in Seagoville the prison population included persons sentenced for virtually every type of law violation. Although I have since returned to Federal service as pardon attorney in the Department of Justice, I expect to continue in close touch with the Louisiana situation.

Prisons will serve society as they should when they are rid of two widespread misconceptions in their operation, and when they establish positive programs of leadership to help men live at peace with their fellows. The misconceptions are that prisons should be operated as fortresses in reverse—to hold people inside—and that their purpose is the punishment of wrongdoers. We have thought that walled institutions with barred cells provided security for society, and that punishment would turn law violators into law-abiding citizens. The troubles in our prisons and the number of repeaters they turn out tell another story.

Every prison administrator knows he has a responsibility to keep prisoners in custody. In many prisons the prevention of escapes is a major preoccupation of the officials. But the glaring fact is that there is not an escapeproof prison in this country. Actually, security rests about 95 per cent on personnel and administrative philosophy.

When prisoners are pent up in idleness, a battle of wits inevitably sets in. Sooner or later, some guard makes an error—and a man is gone; for prisoners who devote most of their waking hours to plotting an escape will eventually find a weakness in their captors and a way out.

But security can be obtained in the vast majority of cases without iron bars and concrete. In nearly eight years at Seagoville, we had an average of four escapes a year out of an average daily population of 425. There is no wall or guard tower around that institution; there are no armed guards, and a highway runs by it. Prisoners know they can run away just about any time they wish. In fact, they were candidly told by me and others that the road to escape was easy. They were also told that in time they would be caught. We asked them, upon admission, to tell us frankly whether they felt they could be trusted—a very searching question, and one which might seem strange to ask of a prisoner. A few who said they could not resist temptation were transferred. We assured those who said they could be trusted that we would take them at their word—and we did.

A convict's wife cries with happiness after traveling 1000 miles to see her husband at Angola. The author encourages prisoners to maintain family ties.

There was more security at Seagoville than at many institutions operated like fortresses. Moreover, there were two great advantages. Society gained because most prisoners went straight after their discharge. And it was about a third cheaper to operate the institution on faith in people rather than through fear. While a number of prisoners do need maximum supervision, they make up only a small proportion of the number now actually getting it.

Ranking with the concept of security in prison administration is the age-old notion that the law violator must be punished. This is responsible for much of the sadism that exists in prisons. But there is a price tag attached to punishment. We must be prepared to pay the price for maintaining a staff that can watch prisoners virtually every minute. We must be prepared to withstand the anger and vengefulness of the released prisoner.

There is plenty of punishment in just living in a prison. Consider what might happen to you someday on the highway. You glance aside at the wrong time, you cause an accident, someone is killed and you are sent to prison for negligent homicide. You would enter prison a basically decent person, but you would leave normal home and family life. You would face forever the stigma of a prison sentence.

What could society gain by sending you to a prison where you were humiliated, degraded, perhaps flogged for some infraction of prison rules or subjected to some of the cruel punishments prisoners have told me of witnessing, such as being strung up by the wrists or thumbs?

You might not suffer any of these punishments. But you might be forced to live amid the degradation of sexual perversion, perhaps be physically attacked yourself. You might be regimented to the point where you would lose all sense of responsibility. You might be forced into hours of lonely idleness. If this happened to you, would you come out of prison ready to resume your previous responsibilities and live amicably in society?

I believe society must, for its own protection, if for no other reason, support prisons with programs designed to return people to their homes with a reasonably good chance for living useful, law-abiding lives.

And, quite apart from these considerations, we pay a dollars-and-cents penalty for poor prison administration. About 40 per cent of the persons now being discharged from our prisons commit new crimes. It costs about $2000 to convict and keep a prisoner the first year. It costs about $800 every year of custody after that. Each crime costs some citizen suffering or damage. At Seagoville more than 75 per cent of those discharged have gone straight. It was not only humane for us to operate as we did; it was good business for the taxpayer.

The basic element in a prison program geared to rehabilitation is trust. The discharged prisoner must have more than his normal share of self-confidence and sense of responsibility if he is to make good in society. There is no way to build a sense of responsibility in people except to trust them. And there can be no such thing as half trust of a prisoner. He'll spot it instantly and feel no further responsibility for measuring up to any high expectations. Lie to a prisoner and you lose all chance of moral leadership.

The simple fact is that the vast majority of prisoners can be trusted when they are given fair treatment. I say this despite the recent discovery of a pay-off racket at Angola, in which inmate workers in the record room altered records to permit the early release of some prisoners. A thorough investigation is now in progress. But a more accurate index of inmate trustworthiness, it seems to me, is the fact that at this penitentiary about 1400 prisoners—nearly half the prison population—now live in trusty camps. Since we created the first trusty camp at this institution about two years ago, only three men have tried to escape from them. Last spring one dilapidated frame building housing about 300 Negro trusties burned during the night. Not a man tried to escape.

Next to trust, the most important element in prison administration is fair treatment. Really this is no more than the recognition of human rights and the application of what would be sound personnel practices in business. Prisoners respond to good management and fair treatment just as anyone else does. While every prison administrator has some hard things he must tell prisoners, it is my experience that (Continued on Page 121)

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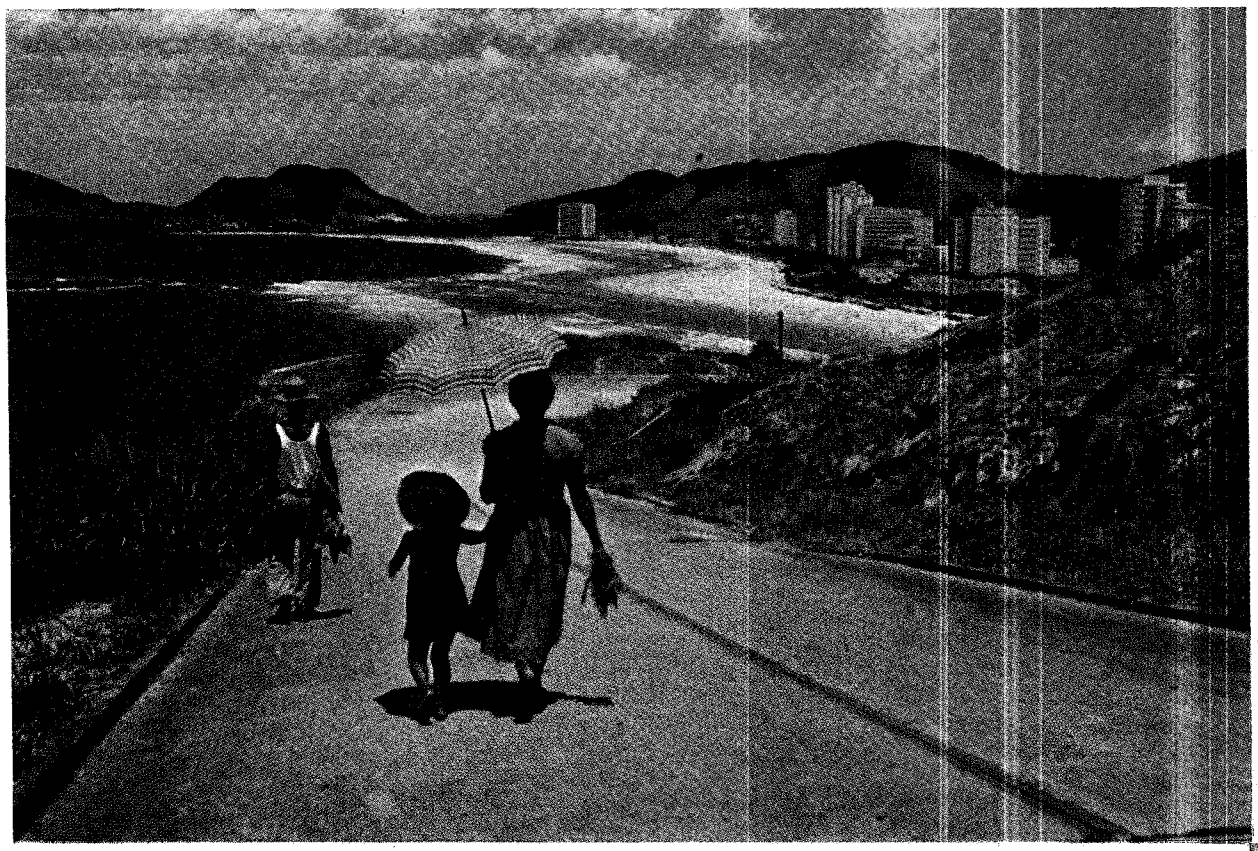
Partygoers celebrate the "Night of the Apache" during a pre-Lenten blowout at the Oasis, one of the handful of night clubs in São Paulo.



Beyond the bend in the road lies São Paulo's swank new beach resort at Guaruja.

Old church and cobblestone street in the suburbs typify São Paulo as it used to be.

Teen-agers cool their feet in the South Atlantic, at Guaruja Beach.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 12

SÃO PAULO

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

For nearly four centuries, São Paulo was just another sleepy Brazilian town. Then it was hit by one of the most spectacular booms in history—and just look at the place now!

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL.

Late in the afternoons, in the Plaza of the Holy See, in downtown São Paulo, a thin man in a shabby coat sets up a strange device on the steps of the old cathedral. On a slim pole he places a jar of water, half covered by a canopy of gold and silver paper. In the water at the bottom of the jar two fat, black, naked figurines, like little African idols, bob gently. Now and then, in the throng hurrying homeward from the tall office buildings, a passer-by fishes in his pocket and hands the man in the shabby coat a paper cruzeiro—the equivalent, roughly, of a penny and a half in American money. The soothsayer closes his eyes, raises his face to the heavens and murmurs a brief incantation in Portuguese, making vague passes over the jar with his hands. As he speaks, the little figures in the water move mysteriously upward to disappear beneath the canopy. They remain there for a second, as if in meditation, and then sink slowly again. The man then reaches beneath the canopy and hands the passer-by a piece of paper on which his fate is written. He reads it, smiles smugly and goes on his way, content.

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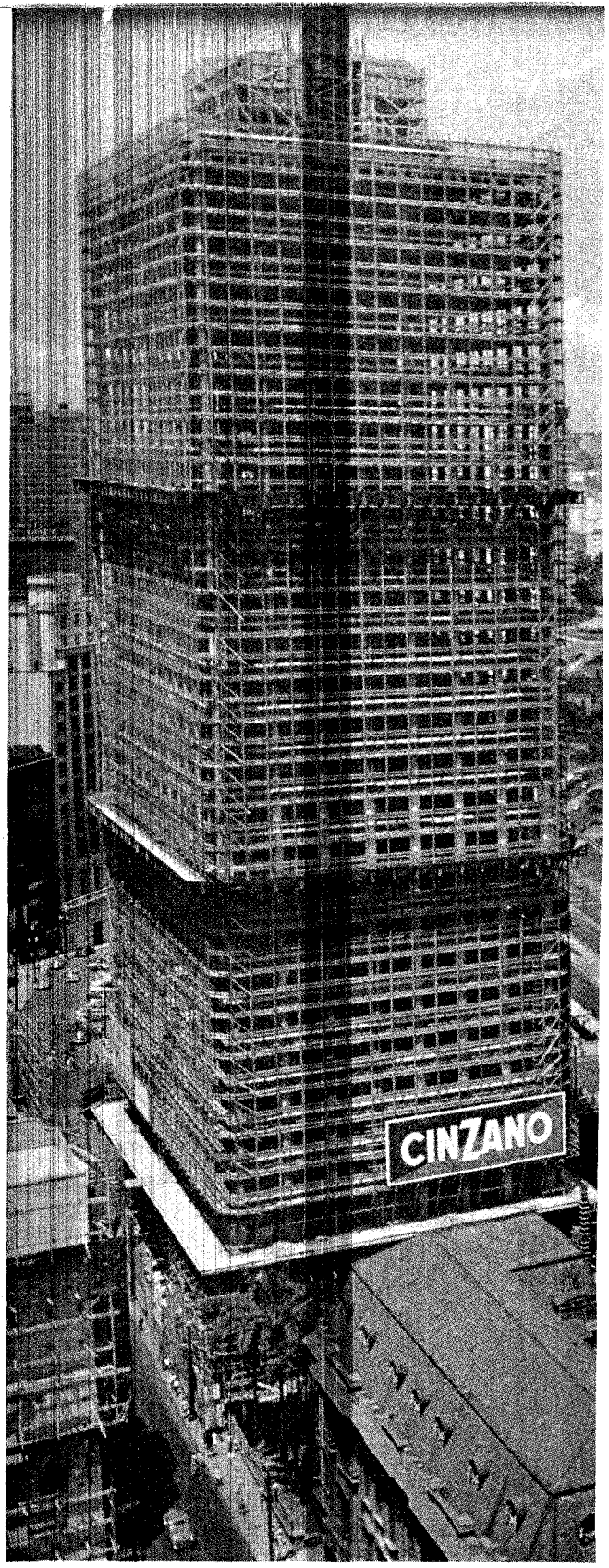
American-born Marjory Prado (red sweater), São Paulo's top society leader, entertains at her sumptuous beachhouse.

A flower stall at the *feira*, a colorful open-air market which moves from neighborhood to neighborhood, day by day.

Gay Paulistas appraise passers-by from a window overlooking a street in one of the city's brawling slums.



The writing on the paper has told him what he knows full well—that he is a Paulista, the most fortunate of men. His mustache will flourish, his love life will prosper, his enemies will be confounded, and someday—no doubt tomorrow—he will make a grand *negocião*—a big deal which will exalt him suddenly from his lowly clerkship to the ranks of the *granfinos*, the superrich who live in palaces, drive high-priced cars and drape their wives in emerald necklaces.

From the topmost stories of the tall buildings that soar above the ancient square, the *chefes* who run São Paulo can look out their office windows to read with equal confidence their own fortunes in the skies. Far off, under a blanket of clouds, lie the blue hills where coffee grows, pouring its millions of dollars into the financial blood stream of the city. Closer in, under a blanket of smoke, lie the new industrial towns where 500,000 workers labor in 20,000 mills and factories. And all around rise the skyscraping banks and office buildings of what has been, for the past ten years, the fastest-growing city in the world.

This huge expansion was slow in starting. For 350 years after a band of Jesuit missionaries built a little mud-walled village on the Plateau of Piratininga, the town they called St. Paul of the Plains dozed peacefully. Slowly evolving, century by century, into a drowsy, close-packed city of churches, schools and low, tile-roofed buildings. Fifty years ago it began to stir. In the past ten years it has exploded.

Today the city proper and its industrial satellites cover more than 700 square miles, and within its environs nearly 3,000,000 people live and work. Toward the hills, profit-hungry speculators have laid out lots in raw new subdivisions that could accommodate 20,000,000 more. And on the drawing boards of its architects and engineers are plans for homes and factories that would double its present size and wealth.

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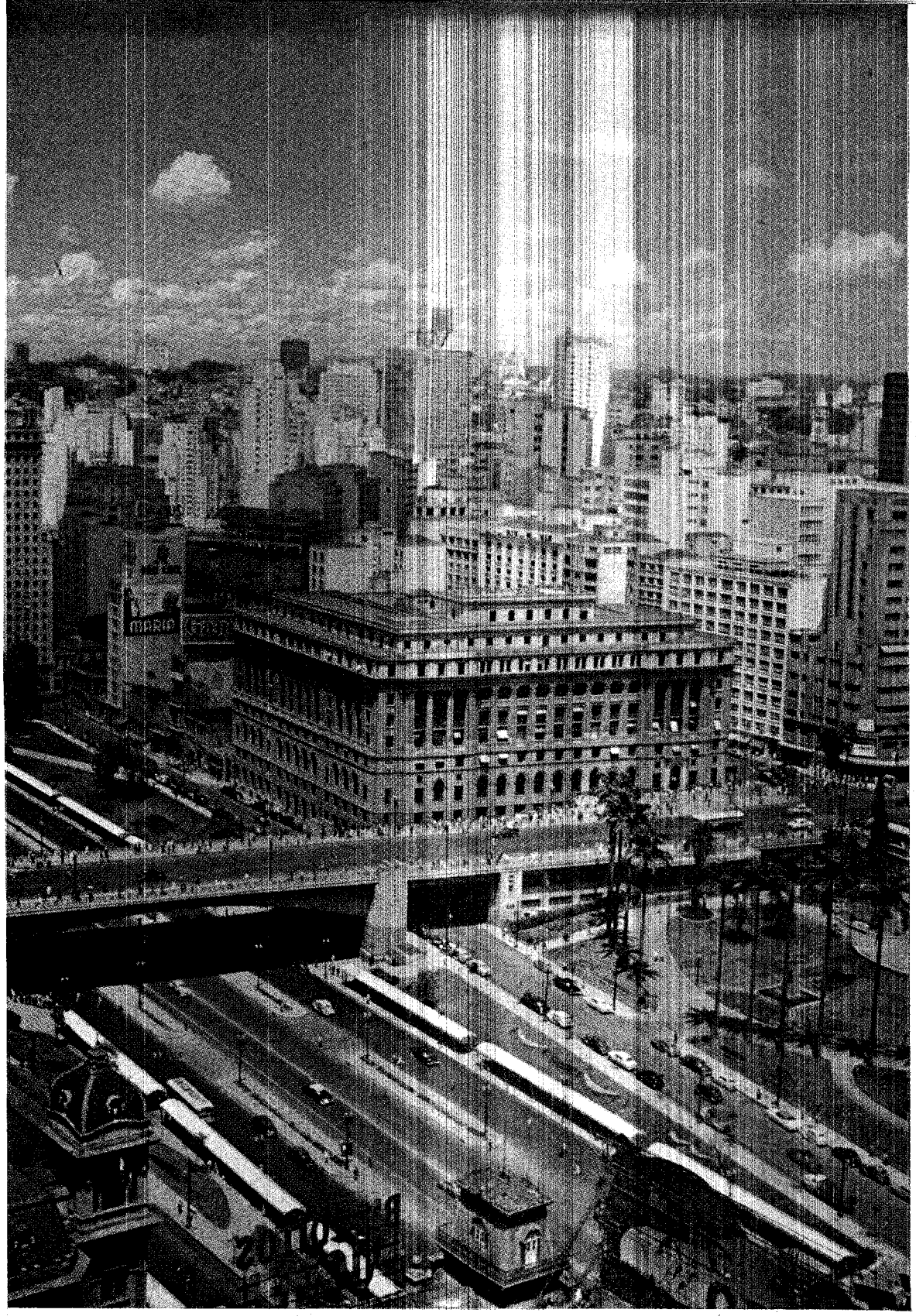
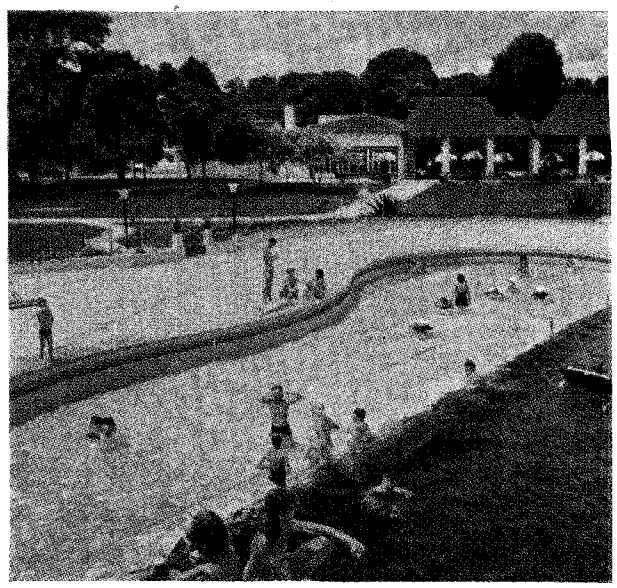


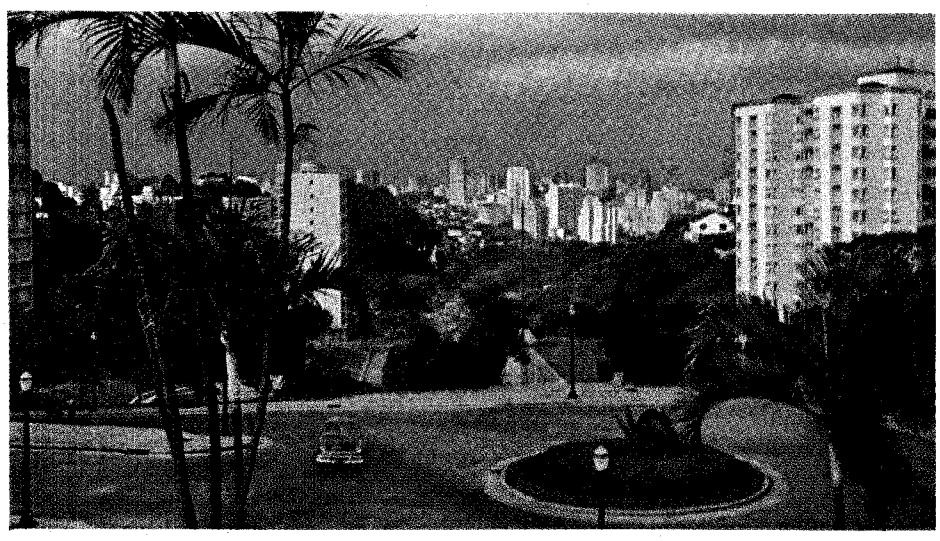
Not long ago, Avenida Anhangabau was part of a tea plantation. Today it's the main drag of São Paulo, which, for the last ten years, has been the fastest-growing city in the world.



Clube de Campo de São Paulo, fifteen miles from town, is an exclusive playground for Paulista *granfinos*.

Businessmen sip *cafezinho* and work out a big deal during a coffee break at the Automobile Club.

The fabulous growth of São Paulo, which lies nearly 5000 miles to the south of the great trading centers of Europe and the United States, represents perhaps the greatest sudden industrial flowering in all history. The physical factors affecting São Paulo's jet-propelled leap from nowhere to tenth place among the world's great cities can be quickly told. Rich soil, water power, a stimulating climate and quick access to a deep-water port have been the basic assets. The real cause of its great expansion, though, has been an intangible thing—the cocksureness of the Paulista, his abiding faith that, though today is good, by brains and work and daring he can make tomorrow better. The wants of the average Brazilian are simple. The only luxuries he asks of life, in the old Portuguese phrase, are "shade, fresh water and shoes that do not pinch the feet." The Paulista is a different breed. He wants money, and he wants it now. There is no *mañana* spirit in him, no charming Latin indolence. He is a (Continued on Page 102)



A pulsating industrial city of 3,000,000 inhabitants, subtropical São Paulo looks almost with contempt on the less progressive cities of Brazil.

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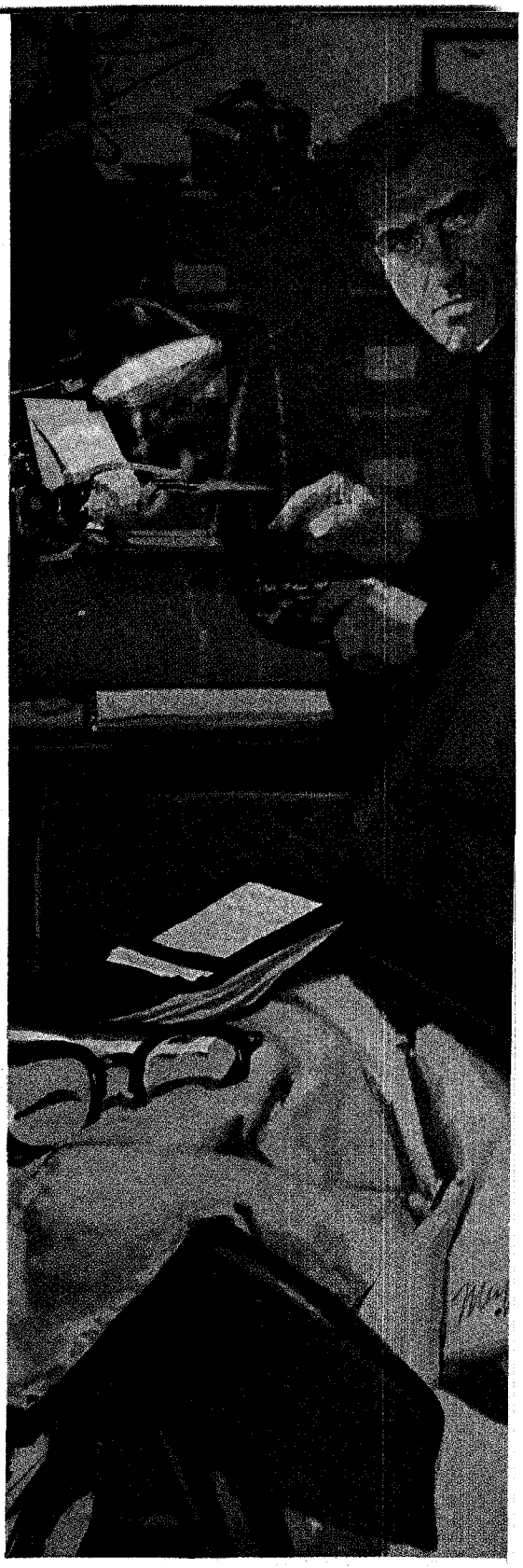
The Pursuit of Pamela

By JACOB HAY

She led him quite a chase—right into jail.



In the Horseshoe Curve Tavern of the Hotel Sturgess, the finest hostelry in all Altoona, Pennsylvania, Nicholas Frazier held his own counsel and a tall highball under the not-unsympathetic gaze of the barman, who was accustomed to patrons muttering bitterly to themselves. To regular clients the barman was prepared to offer sage advice and kindly conversation, but the strong-jawed, darkly bespectacled young man in the elegantly tailored gray flannels at the end of the bar was a stranger and a city man by the look of him.

A portly bellhop in the rich livery of the establishment appeared sullenly in the entrance of the otherwise deserted bar. "Mr. Frazier," he intoned hopelessly. "Telegram for Mr. Frazier."

Nicholas raised a languid hand, and the bellhop, looking faintly annoyed to learn that the Frazier family actually lived and had its being, shambled across the dimly lighted room to deliver the yellow envelope.

It was, as Frazier had expected, from Porter J. Goodspeed, that brilliant man of whom the publishing world was wont to say, with a depressing lack of originality, that if the best seller had not existed, he would have invented it. The message was brief and to the point. "Keep moving," it said.

So this, Nicholas thought, *is what it has all come down to, then—the years of study and self-denial, the little, tremulous hopes* —— He crumpled the telegram savagely.

Right about now she would be talking about the Abominable Snowman or, if the audience had been late arriving, of the day they ate their shoes at No. 7 Base Camp. He recalled the stirring passage from the typescript of her lecture: "Ho Tseng Tsherpa, our native Nepalese guide, managed to prepare a thin but nourishing broth from our pack harnesses ——"

Frazier shuddered. She was little more than forty miles behind him at that very moment, enthralling the more adventurous members of the faculty and student body of the Pennsylvania State University in some pin-drop-silent auditorium. He glanced at his watch, a splendid automatic affair the gang had given him when he was elevated to chief of Promotion & Publicity, with an office just down the deep-carpeted hall from Goodspeed himself. There would, he estimated, be time to make Pittsburgh that night, provided he kept a steady sixty.

Then some untapped reserve of courage charged his resolve and he put the thought from his mind. He would be hanged if he would flee farther that night from P. Ingoldsby. Her and her pitons and parkas and glorious memories of freezing half to death just two hundred yards from the summit of Mount Whooziz in Northern Afghanistan.

It was not enough that this female Hillary had to write a book about her adventures; no, indeed. Porter J. Goodspeed had set his massive brain to churning and had come up with the idea that the sales of I'd Climb the Highest Mountain, as the odious work was entitled, would be much stimulated if the authoress were to make a nationwide lecture tour simultaneous with publication, and he had arranged the whole dreadful business with a lecture bureau before he ever advised Frazier of what went on.

"Your task will be simple," he'd told his newly created chief of Promotion & Publicity. "Stay ahead of her. Arrange for publicity releases, interviews, that sort of thing, with the papers and radio stations. Autograph sessions at local bookstores. Whatever will help sales, Nicholas, my boy."

Then he had shown Frazier the glossy print of the photograph which would adorn the dust jacket of P. Ingoldsby's book. All that was visible included a pair of huge black sunglasses, a strained grin, some sort of fur Mother Hubbard and a set of immense boots. P. Ingoldsby—for it was indeed she—appeared to be standing on top of a terrain feature.

Nicholas knew and feared the type. This Ingoldsby woman was cast in the same mold as all his aunts; bulky, ominous-looking women who shook the floors as they strode from place to place and made the chandeliers to tinkle as they uttered their hoarse cries; women who wore heavy tweeds and sensible shoes, and who could fell a headwaiter with one well-placed stare.

But duty was duty, and now he was in Altoona, and the future stretched bleakly ahead. It was February now; in a few more months birds would be singing and flowers budding, but not for Nicholas Frazier. He would still be out in the wilds, beating the drum for a lady mountain climber. It was a dismal prospect. He took a massive gulp of his highball.

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"How was I to know you were P. Ingoldsby?" Nicholas asked. "You don't look like the kind of girl who goes around conquering the high Himalayas."

"Maybe you could tell me." The Horseshoe Curve Tavern's barman spoke gently, for he knew an approaching crisis when he saw one.

"Well," said Nicholas, for although he did not ordinarily confide in strange bartenders he felt strongly the need of solace, "it all began like this ——"

Slowly the Horseshoe Curve Tavern began to fill with guests bent on revelry, and what with the interruptions necessitated by the barman's duties, Nicholas was some time in completing the catalogue of his woes. He did not observe that the blond girl with the amazingly fresh pink cheeks who had taken the adjacent bar stool was listening intently.

"—— wants to climb rocks so much, she ought to climb the ones in her head," Nicholas concluded righteously.

"Excuse me, Mac," the barman said, and sped to soothe an impatient customer.

It was then that Frazier became aware of the girl's presence beside him. He ventured a faint and gentlemanly smile and was rewarded by a faint and ladylike smile. She had, he noted, nice, level gray eyes, and the gentle tilt of her lips indicated a sense of humor. Furthermore, she had dimples. Frazier essayed a slightly less formal grin.

And then she did a curious thing. Beneath his fascinated gaze she reached over, seized his more than half-full highball glass and emptied it gravely down the front of his shirt. Then she stood up, slim and straight in her smartly cut green traveling suit, and when she spoke her voice was soft, but her accent crisply British.

"Take the laundry bill out of my royalties," she said firmly, and strolled gracefully from the room while a blinding light flashed inside the Frazier brain.

"Hey, Mac, what gives?" the barman, who had viewed the incident from afar, inquired solicitously. "I thought you knew the lady."

"That," said Nicholas, his voice a strangled gurgle beneath his tab collar and narrow striped tie, "was no lady; that was P. Ingoldsby."

The barman shook his head sympathetically. "Them blondes," he murmured. But Frazier was gone.

If it was a pensive, even bored Patrolman Leo McManus who paced his beat outside the Hotel Sturgess and glanced up to see the golden-blond girl stride by, lovely in her anger, it was McManus, the public servant and guardian of the law, who knew exactly what to do about the wild-eyed young man following her, babbling. He saw his duty clear. "Here now," he said, and grabbed.

Morose and grimly conscious that his appearance was not notably improved by his night's incarceration, Frazier was released from his cell the following morning by a tolerantly, nay, insufferably, grinning turnkey and ushered into the large, bare room where P. Ingoldsby, competent but winsome in a striking blue dress, waited.

"I tried to apologize last night," Nicholas mumbled, "but then that big oaf ——" Words failed him

(Continued on Page 113)

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GOOD NEWS FOR DISABLED WAGE EARNERS

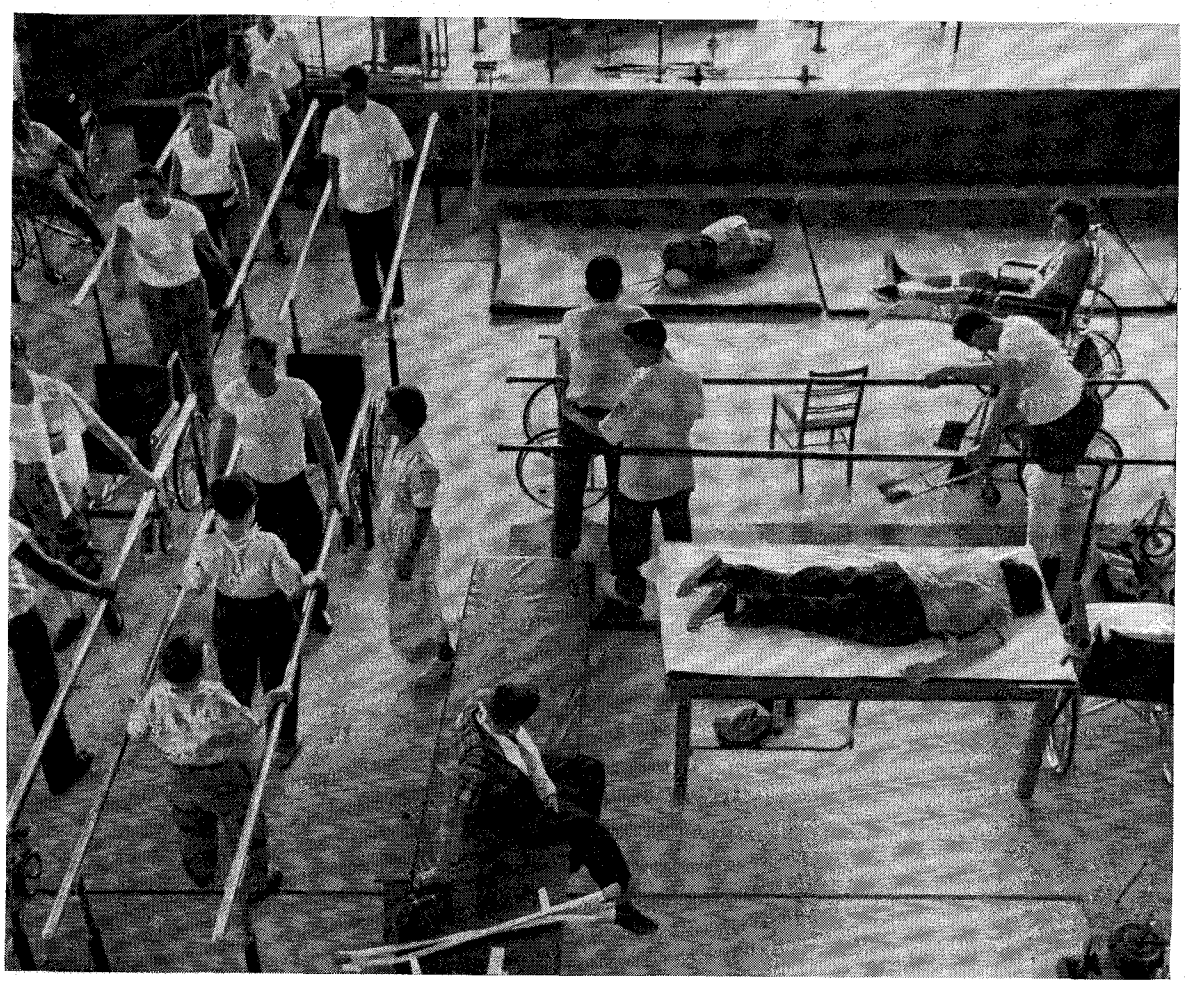
Here's how "permanently disabled" workers, who thought they were all washed up, are learning new skills. Their re-establishment is not merely humane—it's profitable too.

By RICHARD CARTER

Alphonso Young lost his arms in a mill accident. Here, chief occupational therapist L.P. Mulhern, of the Kessler Institute of Rehabilitation, is teaching him how to use artificial limbs.

Joseph LeBlanc's career as a licensed operator of power shovels came to an abrupt end on July 2, 1952. At the beginning of the day, he was a $120-a-week man, thirty-eight years old, stalwart and tall, with a dearly loved wife, a modest savings account and a small bale of documents which would shortly make him and his Elizabeth (a) the adoptive parents of twin infants and (b) the owners of a small home in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

At the end of the day he was a shattered wreck with no income other than $32.50 in



A mine accident made Jim Lacy (left) a paraplegic. Now he works at the Kessler Institute, teaching patients like Charles Pickup, also an ex-miner.

The physical-therapy room at the Kessler Institute, West Orange, N.J. Insurance firms are learning that it is cheaper to give disabled workers expensive surgery, physical therapy and job training than to pay compensation and medical expenses for life.

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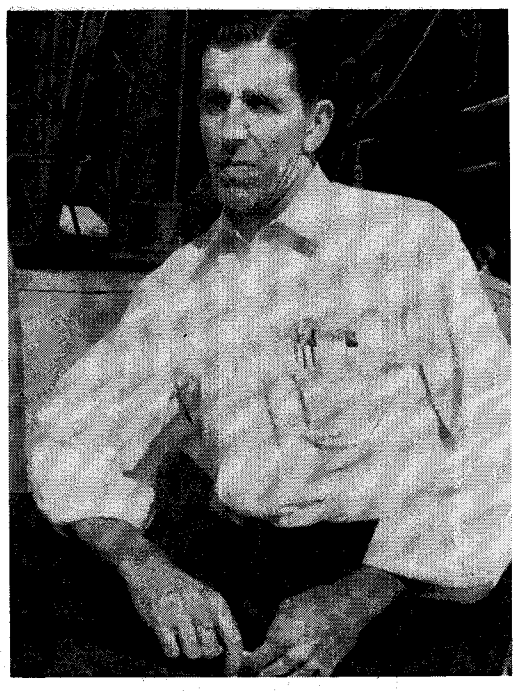
Therapist Mary Drake helps amputee Francis Grogan exercise at the rehabilitation center run by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, in Boston.

weekly workmen's-compensation benefits. Also, he was a statistic—one of the almost 2,000,000 Americans injured in each year's crop of job accidents; one of the 75,000 to 85,000 to whom such accidents bring permanent disability.

LeBlanc remembers his bad day clearly enough. He was piloting a power shovel on a highway-construction job in Boston and found that his clutch pedal had jammed. Unable to kick it loose, he bent over to pull at it with his right hand. When he touched it, the pedal sprang up from the floor plate, sending the huge diesel rig into a forward lurch. LeBlanc was hurled backward and his spine slammed against the edge of the metal seat. At the instant of impact there was a ghastly crack. The next instant he was senseless on the floor of the cab.

X-ray pictures revealed nothing, but something obviously was wrong. To limit the excruciating pain that radiated from his back to his right hip and leg, LeBlanc had to sit doubled up. You can't run a power shovel from that position. You can hardly exist in that position. The doctor tried heat lamps, massage, manipulation, stretching. LeBlanc's back got no better. When he walked, which was as infrequently as possible, he had to lean to the right, limping and listing like a distressed ship. His toes were numb. Three weeks passed. He could not work. It was necessary to cancel the adoption and forget about buying the house. In the heat of the infrared lamp and under the hands of the physical therapist who vainly tried to ease his cramped muscles, and in the dark and painful night, Joe LeBlanc began to wonder if he was through for keeps.



An accident left Joe LeBlanc doubled up. Now rehabilitated, he's a $6000-a-year service manager.

He was not through. He is again earning $6000 a year and has prospects of earning a good deal more. He now is service manager of one of the biggest automobile agencies in New England. Last April, he and Elizabeth adopted four-month-old twins named Patricia and John, and next year they will all move into a brand-new house.

This Hollywood ending, complete with cherubs, came to pass because the insurance company which was responsible for Joe's medical bills and workmen's-compensation benefits chose to get him back to productive employment as quickly as possible, rather than pay him $32.50 a week for life, plus medical expenses. In short, it preferred to rehabilitate him, or, as it likes to say, "make it possible for him to rehabilitate himself."

Although that line of reasoning may strike the reader as being mere common sense, it is by no means universally followed by the workmen's-compensation boards, physicians, lawyers, insurance companies, public-welfare officials and other institutions, agencies and personages that deal with disabled American working people. First of all, rehabilitation is a relatively new idea, one not practiced on any large scale until World War II. Secondly, the nation suffers from severe shortages of the physical facilities, financial appropriations and skilled talent needed to rehabilitate its estimated backlog of 2,000,000 workers with handicaps incurred in past years, plus those added to the grim roster each year. Thirdly, existing state workmen's-compensation laws do not provide rehabilitation, but are directed exclusively toward indemnifying the injured party for his injuries. In the words of one prominent physician, this system tends to leave the worker with "a sum of money which he spends and a disability which he keeps."

Despite all deterrents, things are happening. A number of insurance companies, for instance, now underwrite rehabilitation. More or less typically, the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, which carried the workmen's-compensation policy (Continued on Page 72)

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Hypnotized, Giovanni raised the clarinet. He blew. Signor Stravini's laden fork fell to the table.

Secret Music

By JAMES KALSHOVEN

Behind every successful man there is a woman.

In this case there were two. . . .

Of course you have heard Giovanni Amboli and his Enchanted Clarinet; have heard that thrilling, throbbing, wailing melody which he alone can create. Perhaps you have bought his records, listened to him on radio, seen him on TV, in his hands only that silver-and-ebony instrument whose tone is startling as the touch of a knife blade against one's spine. Next month he will be on the screen of your neighborhood theater—tall, handsome, intense-eyed and in color. Don't miss him.

Not that it was always thus with Giovanni. Why should it be, with clarinetists a dime a dozen? Giovanni had no rattling gourds, no piano with candelabra. All he had was his clarinet—that piddling, reedy, whimpering instrument, developed from the whining chalumeau of the Middle Ages, swelling at the end as ungracefully as a banana that had been dropped on its tip. An instrument to be lost in orchestral thunder. Who ever wrote solos for the clarinet? One or two composers, perhaps—a Bach, a Brahms or a Mozart, overflowing with a superabundance of fecundity and willing to be wasteful. But, before Giovanni, what sponsor would value a commercial that had been preceded by the strident tonal gyrations of the clarinet? Who would buy tickets for a clarinet concert? Who would buy a clarinet recording?

"Nobody," said Papa Amboli. "A waste of money. Better you learn to make *spumone* ice cream. Better you learn to play the saxophone, even the harmonica. But the clarinet? Wagh-h-h!"

A small fat man, Papa Amboli, in whose ears still rolled the crescendo of the Mediterranean beaches. Tomato-cheeked, mustachioed and short-breathed. But his pizza pies held the soul of a poet ensconced upon a flaky crust delicate as an angel's plumage. In New Orleans, where food is not a fad but a fetish, Papa Amboli's pizza pies were unrivaled. Unfortunately, in New Orleans a man does not live by pizza alone. There it is but one instrument in a vast orchestra of culinary delights.

"Clarinets!" said Papa Amboli. "Pouf!"

Think what it would have been for Giovanni without Mamma Amboli's faith. No recordings. No spots in TV spectaculars. No movie next month.

"You are an unshaven idiot whose hairs fall into the soup,"

(Continued on Page 80)

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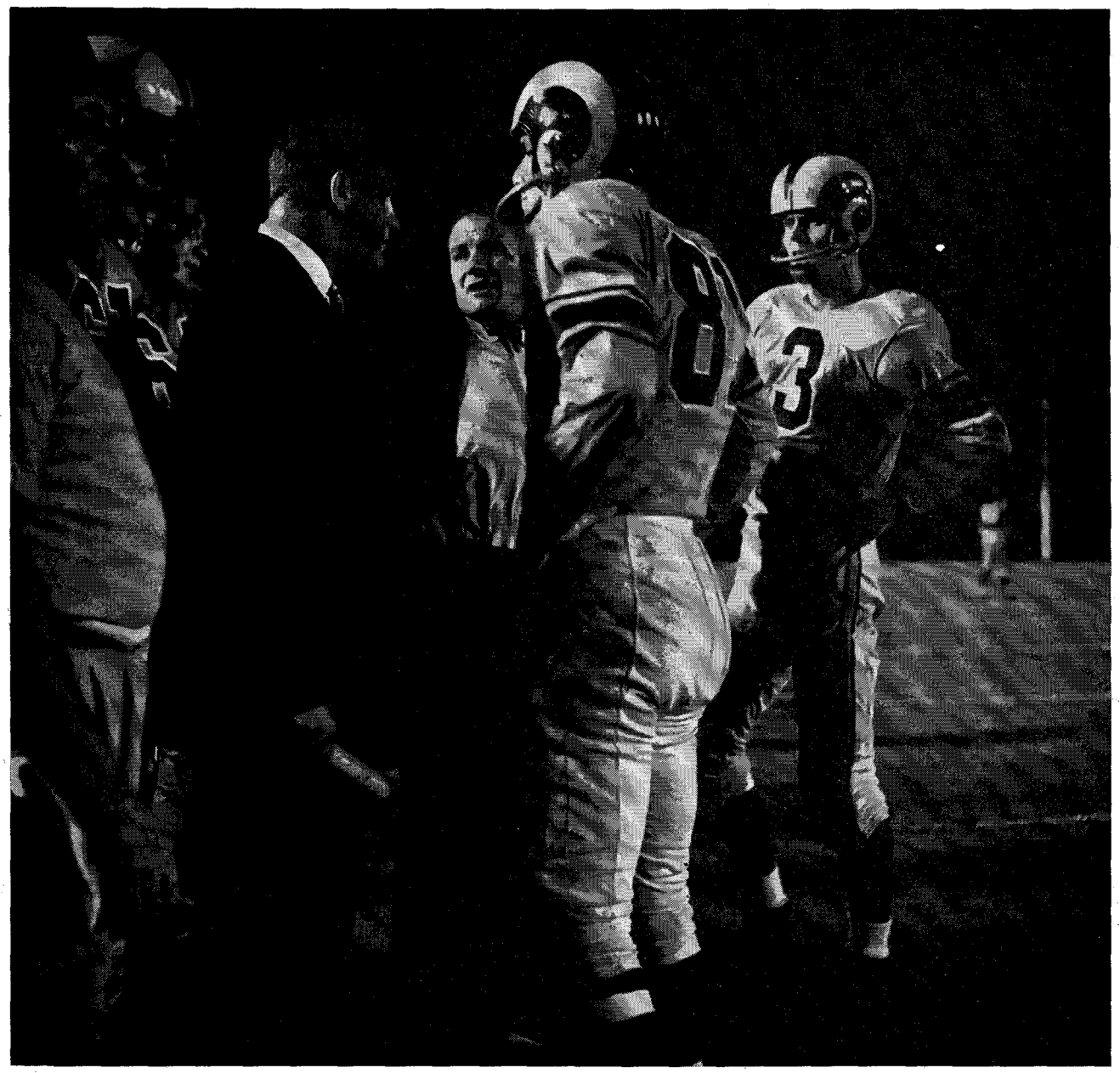
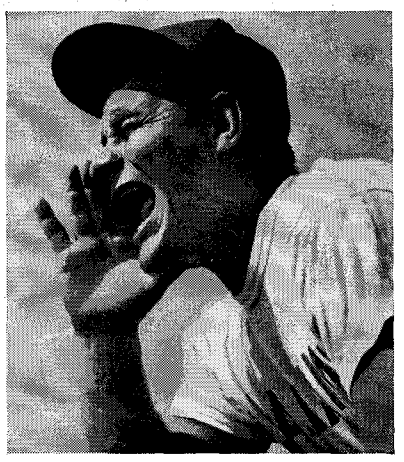


Gillman (center, facing) had a bad night last August 17 when the Washington Redskins upset his Rams 31–28 in an exhibition game.

Gillman reached the top without anyone's accusing him of being the "nice guy" type.



By EARL LAWSON

Football's Man Without Mercy

Sid Gillman, new coach of the Los Angeles Rams, insults his opponents, belittles his own players and insists on winning every game. He hung up a fabulous record by cracking the whip over college teams. Can he do as well with the pros?

When the Los Angeles Rams began casting about for a new head coach last December, there were ripples of apprehension among football followers in half a dozen other parts of the country. Several colleges whose coaches reportedly were being eyed by the Rams hastily signed their men to new and better contracts. Meanwhile, the name of Sid Gillman, the highly successful—and controversial—coach of the University of Cincinnati, kept moving up on the rumor list.

On the evening of January fifteenth, Gillman formally notified Daniel F. Reeves, president of the Rams, "I am not to be considered a candidate for the job." He told the Cincinnati press, "I'm glad I'm out from under now. I've got a job to do, and it's right here."

Sid's biggest local boosters, including men who prided themselves on having the real low-down, smiled smugly and said, "I told you so." All along, these backers had insisted that the forty-four-year-old Gillman was so wrapped up in his driving efforts to make Cincinnati a national football power that no outside offer could lure him away.

One Gillman adherent rushed up breathlessly to athletic director M. Charles Mileham that night at the school's new $1,500,000 field house, where a basketball game was going on between Cincinnati and Morehead State. The booster suggested that the happy tidings from their football coach be broadcast to the Cincinnati fans over the public-address system.

Mileham declined. Perhaps he was remembering events of six years before. It was Mileham, along with two Cincinnati doctors, Victor Fischbach and the late Reed Shank, who had first contacted Gillman, then Earl Blaik's line coach at Army, about coming to Cincinnati as head coach.

At the time, Gillman turned down the offer. A few days

(Continued on Page 107)

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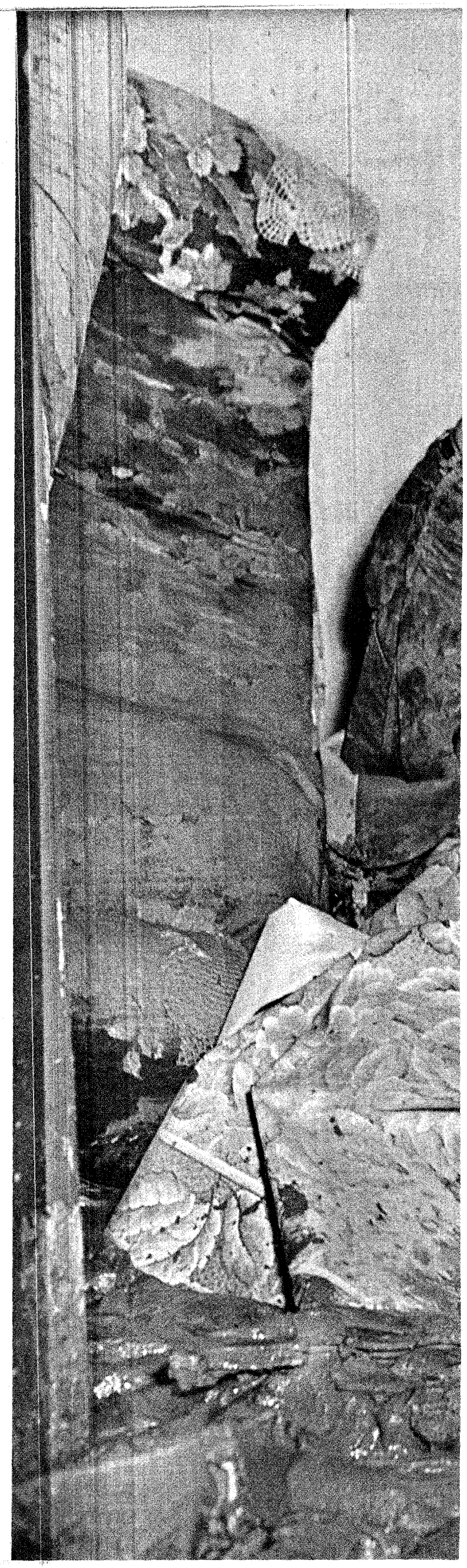
The Face of AMERICA

FLOOD'S LEGACY

Green and gentle is the land about Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, where the timber-clad Pocono Mountains roll toward the sky and trout flash like quicksilver in clear-running streams . . . a cool summer country for camping youngsters and vacationers from hot cities. But on Thursday, August eighteenth, it became a scene of swirling terror as the frustrated hurricane Diane dashed her soggy clouds against the slopes, unloosing great, sudden flood. In the small foothills town, the usually mild Brodhead Creek roared out of its banks. At 10:30 P.M. Orma LaVar, seventy-four, a retired carpenter, saw water gushing into the basement of his first-floor apartment. At 10:40 the flood was waist-deep in the living room, and the old man and his wife sought refuge in a neighbor's second-floor bedroom. There they sat out the dreadful night while, outside, the brown waters took more than sixty-five lives, many of them at nearby Camp Davis, which was swept away without a trace. And now, LaVar faces the future, all belongings gone, except a few broken, mudstained furnishings. With the help of his daughter and son-in-law, shown with him, he hoped to restore some order before bringing his ailing wife home. He feared that the sight, as you see it here, would be too much for her weakened heart. ● Photograph by Larry Keighley



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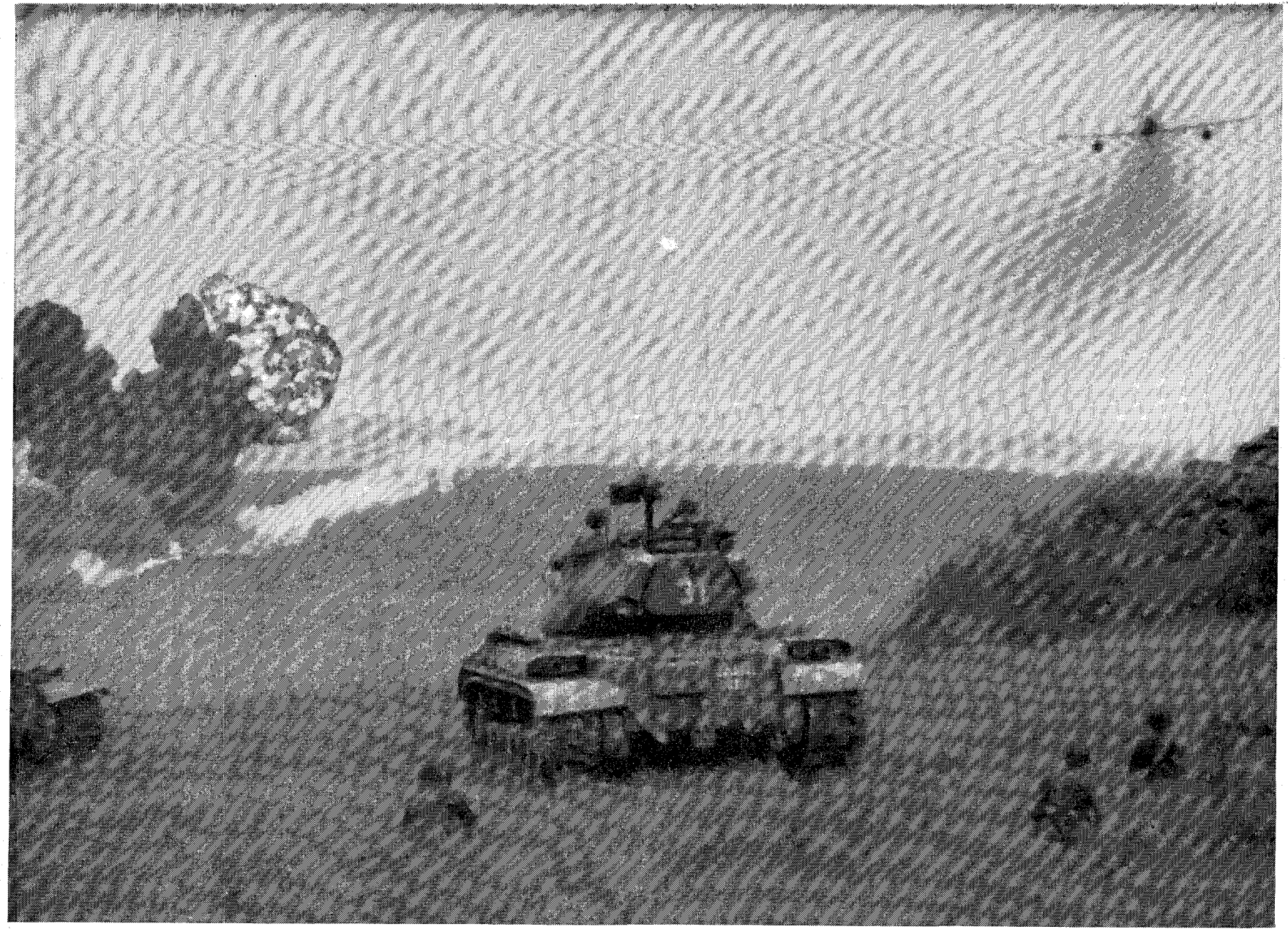
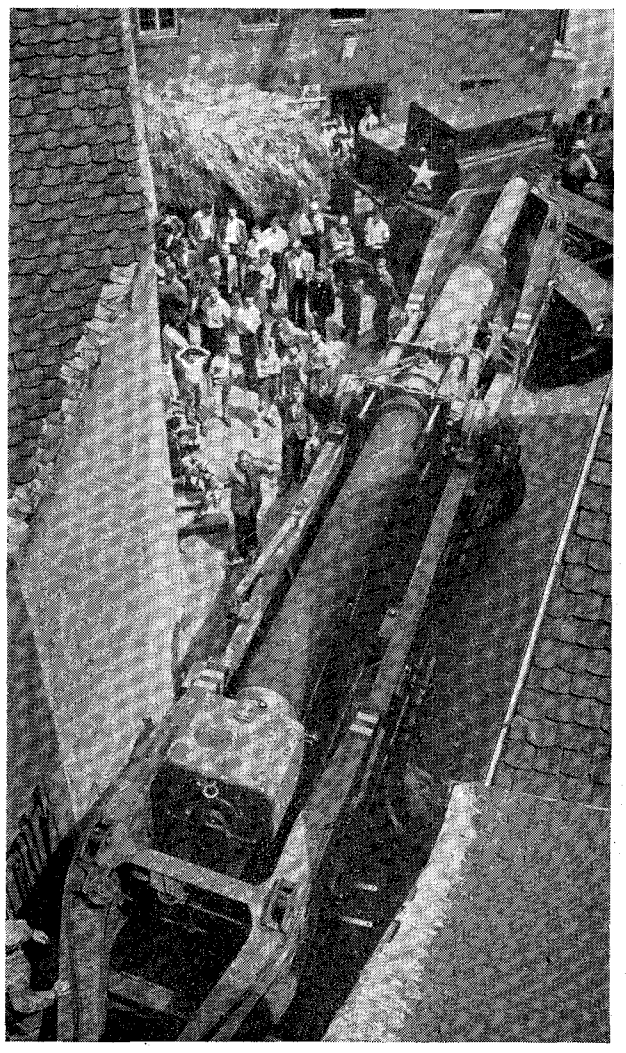


F-86 jets join in a 2nd Armored Division maneuver at Baumholder, Germany. Because of its "survival qualities" the tank plays a bigger role than ever on the atomic battlefield.



Big squeeze: An atomic cannon passes through a bottleneck, the village of Altenglan.

THE WORLD'S NEWEST ARMY

BY JAMES P. O'DONNELL

An on-the-scenes report on the role of our atomic superweapons in the defense of Europe, and why, in any future war, the safest place may be the front lines.

CONCLUSION

The Palatinate, Germany.

The late Prof. Albert Einstein, whose little scribbled formula $E=mc^2$ has brought about a more drastic change in the art of warfare than Alexander with his solid phalanxes, Hannibal with his elephants, Caesar with his legions, Attila with his cavalry or Rommel and Patton with their tanks, was once asked his view on the shape of future war.

The gentle, dreamy old man replied, "I don't know what weapons will be used in any World War III. But I can predict what weapons will be used in World War IV—stones." This was a civilized shudder, which many people share. Like Faust, the scientists have conjured up the devil from a test tube, and now they would like him to go away, please.

But he won't go away. The real terror of the twentieth century is that the fate of humanity, or a good part of humanity, seems to have fallen into the hands of three groups, all nice enough fellows in their chosen fields, who just do not speak one another's language. The nuclear physicist can command the atom, but he knows precious little about how to command an infantry company in battle. The soldier does, but very few soldiers are Ph.D.'s from M.I.T.

(Continued on Page 133)

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PHOOEY ON PICNICS

By William Heuman

The place to be on Sunday, I tell my wife, is home. But no—she has to learn the hard way. . . .

Sunday you figure is a day of rest. Even in Brooklyn it's a day of rest, and after you've been wheeling a big trailer truck through the midtown-garment-district traffic all week, brother, you need it.

So this Sunday, after a heavy dinner of sauerkraut and loin of pork, I got it planned that I'll, maybe, get a few quick winks on the couch in the living room, and then tune in the TV set to the Dodger-Milwaukee game.

That's not how Mabel, my wife, has it figured, though. It's one of these afternoons in early August. We got a fan blowing the hot air back and forth in the room, and all you can say for the fan is that it does its best.

I get my feet up on the couch, and I'm beginning to settle back when Mabel comes into the room, a damp dish towel over her arm. That kitchen where she's been doing the dishes is not air-cooled, and she's about as damp as the towel. She says, "Manny, let's go for a ride this afternoon."

"Ride?" I yell, and I pop up to a sitting position.

"You don't have to shout," she says, "so the whole block knows our plans."

"That ain't no plan," I tell her. "That's a screwball idea. You know what happened the last time we went ridin' on a Sunday afternoon. They kill you on them Long Island roads."

Mabel has blue eyes, and when she's getting ready to blow her top, they start to get lighter in color. That's how they're getting now.

She says slowly, "Manny, I've been in that kitchen all week, and it hasn't gone below eighty-five all week either. Today is Sunday, and I want to get out. Yesterday, you spent all day putting new rings in the car."

"An' it was a hunnert an' eighty-five underneath that car too," I tell her.

"I've been in the house all week," she goes on like she didn't even hear me. "Today, I want to get out."

"Take a walk down to the park," I tell her. "Take the kids with you. Enjoy yourself."

"I want to go out," she says, and her eyes are getting lighter all the time. "I don't want to go to the park. I want to get away from here."

"Look," I tell her, "you think it's tough here you should try backin' (Continued on Page 49)

"This one has dirt on it, pop," Alfred says. So I tell him, "Wait'll you taste the beans."

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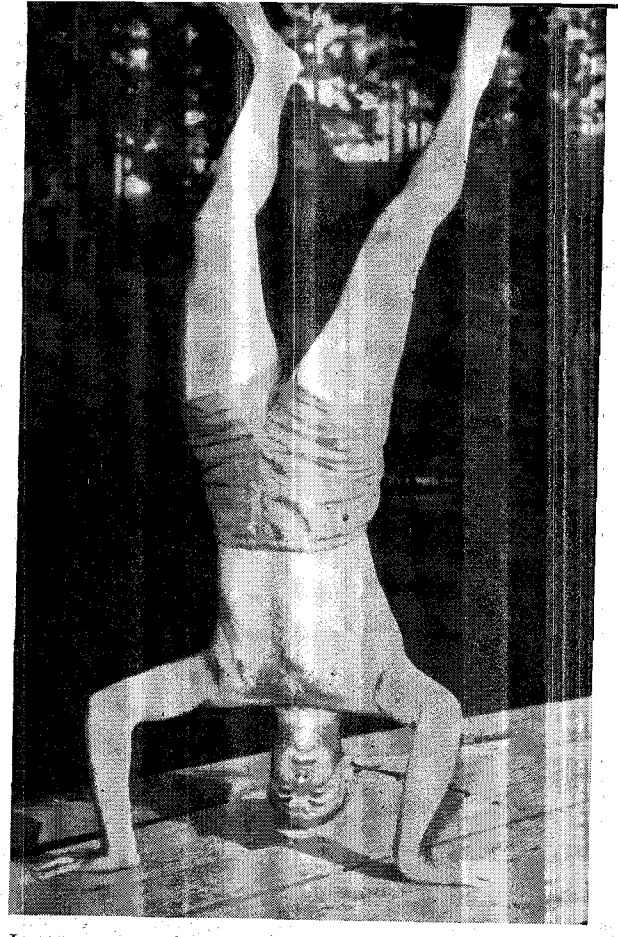

In a 1946 campaign stunt, Strom Thurmond proves he's fit to be governor of South Carolina. Voters were convinced.

DIXIECRAT IN WASHINGTON

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

An intimate portrait of the first man ever elected to the Senate without even having his name printed on the ballot—Strom Thurmond of South Carolina.

1951: A tearful Mrs. Margie Kennedy thanks lawyer Thurmond for getting her off the hook on a charge of murdering her husband.

One of his first acts on taking office as a senator last January was to crown Ellen Whitehead "Miss Confederacy" at a Washington ball.

The governor does his duty at a beauty contest in Florida. The girls are Ellen James and "queen" Betty Jane Randolf.

Thurmond embraces his twenty-one-year-old bride (and ex-secretary) at their 1947 wedding in the governor's mansion.

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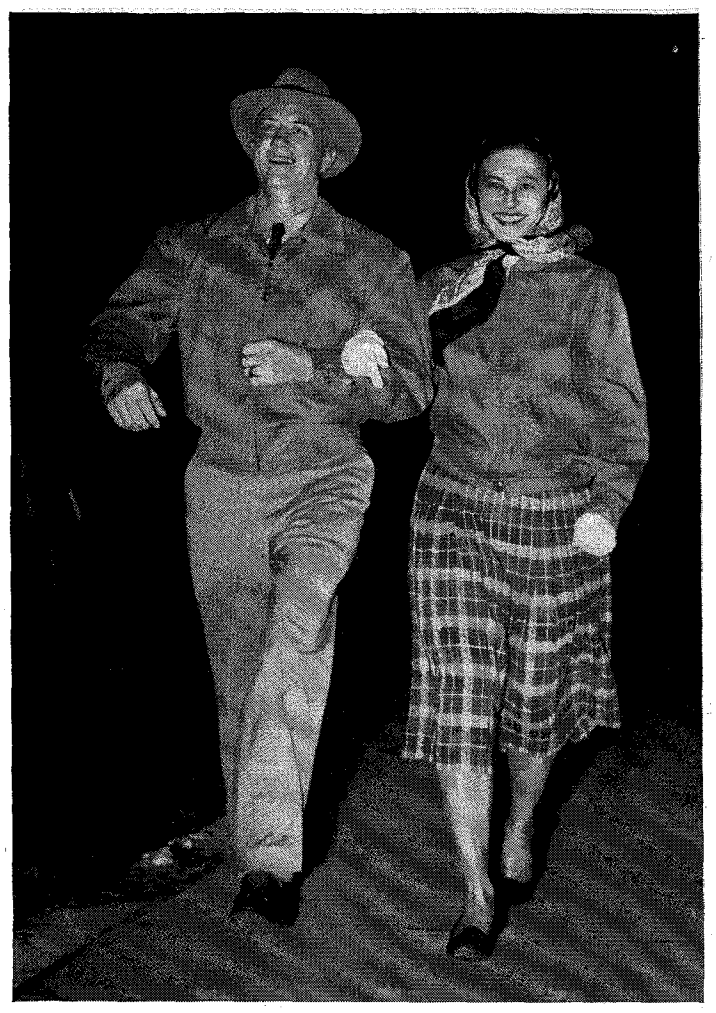
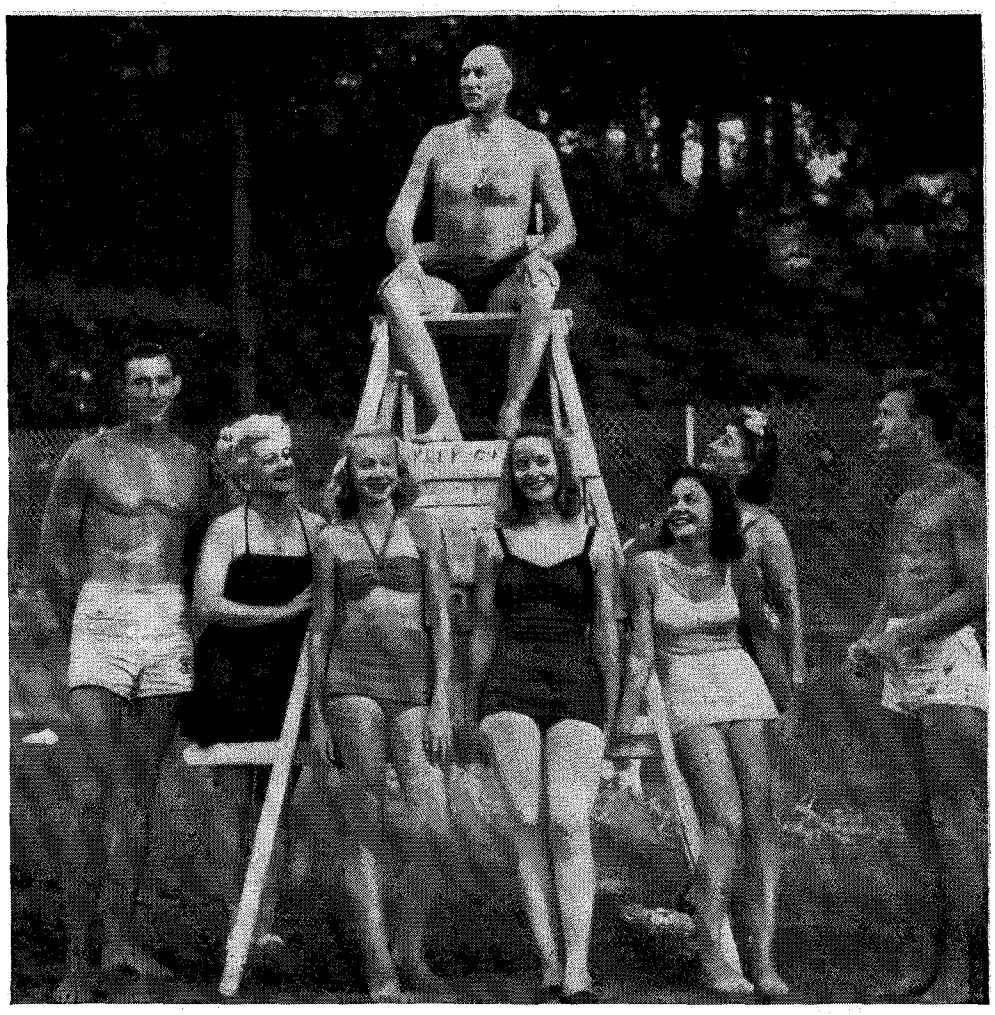


The senator and his lady on one of their late-at-night strolls in Washington. Both are farm-bred Baptists who do not drink or smoke.



A great one for gag photos, Governor Thurmond poses as a lifeguard in 1947 at a state park. A year later, he became the most successful third-party presidential candidate since Teddy Roosevelt.

Charging Mrs. Margie Kennedy with murder seemed like understatement. She had shot her husband three times in front and three times more in the back. Her case appeared hopeless. But she hailed from Edgefield County, a South Carolina county reputed to have given that state more governors, United States senators and sensational murder trials than any other, and she knew what to do. Although she lived and did her shooting in Augusta, Georgia, President Eisenhower's "Golf Capital," she retained a lawyer from Edgefield. Her choice was Strom Thurmond, 1948 Dixiecrat presidential candidate who was later to attain his present status as a United States senator through an unprecedented write-in vote.

Thurmond took charge as chief defense counsel with typical vigor. After studying the case, he produced a dumfounding defense: Mrs. Kennedy's husband, with six bullets well distributed in him, died of "natural causes."

Gradually Thurmond drew out of defense witnesses that the husband, a 220-pound former fire chief who bossed Augusta's "Cracker" political party, habitually beat his frail wife, and that he was chasing her from room to room when she snatched up a long-barreled .22 target pistol which he had taught her to shoot, and hit him three times out of three.

As he reeled out of the door toward the doctor's, she put three more bullets between his shoulders. This last gesture of connubial ill will might have made the defense difficult for a lesser lawyer than the man from Edgefield. Thurmond, however, contended she fired the three extra shots while mentally deranged by terror and maltreatment.

Then Thurmond set out to convince the jury that the husband, who lingered on for a week, was already dying of kidney trouble, uremia and diabetes, as a coroner's physician helpfully testified. Any normal, husky 220-pounder, Thurmond argued, would have survived a spraying with puny little .22 bullets. The most he conceded was that the bullets might have "aggravated" the husband's ill health.

A jury of twelve Georgia gentlemen took less than four hours to acquit the self-made widow. Her first act was to fling her arms around her lawyer. Thurmond's behavior, as revealed in a press photograph of the sticky incident, sets a kind of Emily Post etiquette for defense attorneys embraced in public. Ignoring the widow, he looked straight at the camera.

The dogged drive with which Thurmond won his client's acquittal in 1951 has characterized his varied and restless career as a farm boy, agriculture teacher, county school superintendent, attorney, state senator and judge, Army officer, presidential candidate, governor of South Carolina, and, last November, as the first candidate ever elected to a major office in the United States by write-in votes when his name was not printed on the ballot.

South Carolinians, their literacy running rampant as a result of Yankee gibes questioning it, painstakingly wrote in his full name, "Strom Thurmond," 143,444 times in the general election on November second while the sole candidate listed on the ballot, State Senator Edgar A. Brown, received only 83,525 votes.

There were many misspellings of Thurmond, but most election managers did not draw the line except at such unbearable distortions as "Truman."

The political upheaval began on September first with the sudden death of Burnet Rhett Maybank, the state's beloved senior senator, three days before the deadline for general-election entries. Maybank, the Democratic nominee, was unopposed, so his death left no candidates for the senatorship. It fell to the state Democratic executive committee to act in a state where the Democratic nomination nearly always meant election. The committee decided, 31 to 18, that there was insufficient time to hold the usual nominating primary. It named Brown, one of its oldest members, as the nominee. The move amounted to handing a six-year term as senator to a man twice defeated for the office in past primaries.

A roar went up that Brown, using his influence, had grabbed the nomination and deprived the voters of their right to a primary. There were assertions that he began lining up committee support the very day Maybank died. Certain it is that his big car abruptly pulled out of the Maybank funeral cortege between church and cemetery and headed for the committee meeting that afternoon so fast that some published accounts reported that it cut across a cornfield. Brown's haste revived the old story of the ambitious politician who asked President Woodrow Wilson for a post made vacant by death. With the previous officeholder hardly cold, the eager politician begged, "Can I take his place?" Wilson replied, "See the undertaker."

One of those outraged at the rapid-fire committee nomination of Brown was James F. Byrnes, former

(Continued on Page 118)

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These are the faces of Maury Cleebore—the man who was three killers in one. . . .

MASK OF

By FREDERICK NEBEL

It began on a soft, warm evening still rosy with sunset. He was hand-trimming the edges of the front lawn, while his little girl dawdled around after him asking questions in a desultory way. For one thing: When was he going to take her to the amusement park? H'm, daddy? When—h'm?

Someday soon, he told her, as a car passed, stopped and began backing up. He told himself, with a kind of fond vexation, that he'd take her just as soon as her mother stopped being jittery about the polio scare. And about so many other things; little ones.

When the car's tire squeaked against the curb, he looked around. The man at the wheel inquired through the open window if he was Mr. Smith. He said he was, yes.

"Richard W., that is," he added, strolling across the sidewalk. He was a pleasant young man in faded denim trousers and a white T shirt; average size, moderately muscular.

The man in the car was very round and fat, with a round, nut-brown face and dark hair, thick and glossy.

He took a notebook from his pocket and began reading in a quiet, high voice. "Richard W. Smith. Ten twenty-one West Delaplain Avenue. Age twenty-nine. Married. Wife's name, Elizabeth. One child, Betty, age six. Residing in Lakebridge since 1953. Before that, St. Louis. Korea 1950 to '51. Owns and operates Triplex Service—refrigerators, electric ranges, oil burners." He closed the notebook. "You were an amateur boxer at one time and your friends call you Rick. Right?"

Rick grinned. "Right. Hey, what is this—a census? Or am I behind on some installment payments?"

"Nothing like that," the fat man said. "Maybe if you'll sit in here with me—I mean, you mightn't want the little girl to overhear us."

Amused and curious, Rick got into the car.

"My name's Van Horne," the man said. "And if I were you, Mr. Smith, I wouldn't get into any Tom, Dick or Harry's car just because he asks you to." He flipped open his wallet. "As you see here, I'm from St. Louis."

An identification card with photograph attached—variously notarized and validated—indicated that Adam Van Horne, forty-two, weighing two hundred and sixty-five pounds, was an investigator in the employ of the Central Union Protective Agency. The name of the organization needled Rick's memory, without his knowing why it should.

"Remember the Cleebore brothers, Mr. Smith?" Van Horne said, reaching into a brief case.

At once, Rick remembered everything. But remembrance came in a pinwheeling confusion, without continuity or substance. He nodded vaguely, watching his little girl as she tried to use the heavy clippers. He glanced at

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MURDER

the porch, where his wife was lying in the hammock, gazing toward the car.

"Sure, sure," he said. "Three years ago, in St. Louis. Lord, it seems like ages. What—what ever happened to the one that got away?"

Van Horne said, "A lot of FBI fliers like this were circulated at that time," and he laid a sheet of printed paper on Rick's knees. "Maury Cleebore was the one that got away—and with a hundred thousand dollars. Loane Cleebore was executed."

The word WANTED was at the top of the sheet in large black letters. Beneath it were two views of Maury Cleebore, side and front: a pale, bony face set with shrewd, intelligent eyes. "Thirty-three years old," the accompanying text said; "five-feet-eleven, one hundred and fifty pounds."

Rick said, "I think I've still got one of these lying around somewhere. Of course, Loane I saw—his face, I mean. But never Maury's."

Van Horne nodded. "No one else did, the time of the holdup. Rubber masks, skintight. Maury was always the inventive one, good at disguises; he was the cool, patient one. His young brother Loane was the hothead, reckless, quick on the trigger. But he was the only person in the world Maury loved. Of course, some editorials pooh-poohed Maury's threat that if any people testified against his brother they'd die, one way or another."

Rick remembered that last part with a chill. Not for his own sake, but because of the fear that had gripped his wife for months back there in St. Louis. She had begged him not to swear to the identification. For it was Rick who had come round the corner, smack into the holdup—fresh from the Y.M.C.A. gym, his reflexes perfect. A boxer's weave and feint, a sharp left hook, and the man who had just shot the Central Union guard in the face went over in a leg-kicking sprawl. The blow ripped

the skinlike mask. The mask popped off, revealing clearly Loane Cleebore's baby-face features.

"So you and two men named Woltman and Shevelon," Van Horne draped several newspaper clippings on Rick's knee, "had a good look at Loane before Maury shoved him into the getaway car. But you were able to pick Loane's face out of the police files, and within a week he was nabbed. Being reckless, he had to see his girl friend, and the cops had a watch on her, just waiting." He pointed to the clippings. "Could be that Maury's threat wasn't an idle one. Read those. See what you think."

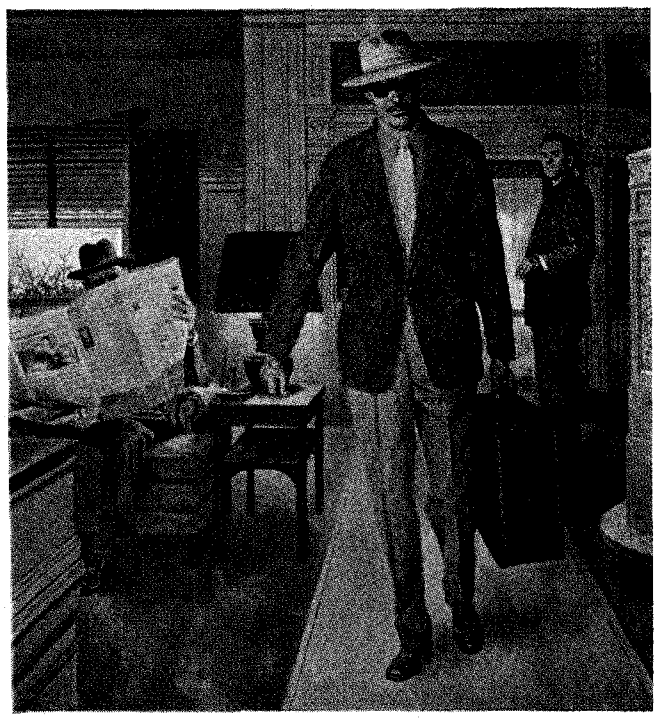
Rick had only to glance at the column heads to understand what Van Horne meant. One was from a Tulsa, Oklahoma, paper: Ansel Woltman had died five weeks ago. The other was a month later—only a week ago—from a newspaper in Kansas City, Missouri: Roger Shevelon had died there. Rick read both accounts, rubbing his hands hard, again and again, against his thighs.

He said hoarsely, "But it doesn't say anything—anywhere—about Maury Cleebore. One looks like an accident—the other like a suicide."

Van Horne sighed. "Naturally. Maybe they were supposed to look that way. That's what Central Union's going on. Woltman first. Then Shevelon. It was the second one that set us to thinking. The third—you—we'd like to short-circuit." He gave a short laugh. "In self-interest, mainly, I ought to tell you. Central Union's face got very red when that transfer of bank money got h'isted. And we figure we might recover some of it—besides putting Maury where he belongs. Though I expect very little co-operation here in town from Chief Lockhart. He thinks our notions are very far-fetched."

Rick saw his wife sitting up now. She was thumbing through a magazine in the idle way of a person whose thoughts were elsewhere; her attention kept wandering, in the direction of the car. He was sorry for all the times he'd been impatient with her. (Continued on Page 58)

As Rick started to go out the front door, the man in the dark glasses came in. Involuntarily, Rick jumped aside.



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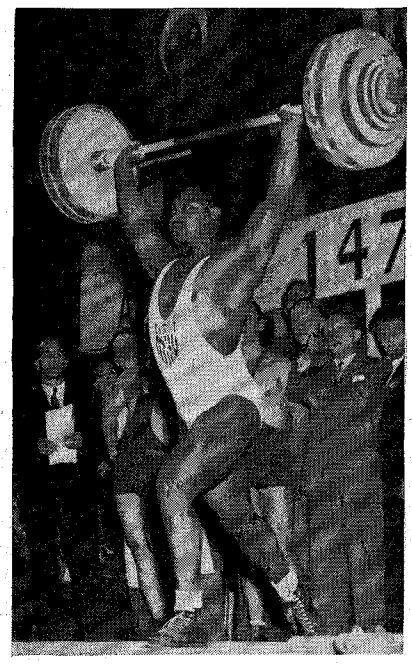
Gargantuan, 22-year-old Paul Anderson already can lift 3000 pounds—and he hasn't grown to full strength yet! The feats of this Georgia Samson have amazed even the Russians, and there's no doubt that he's

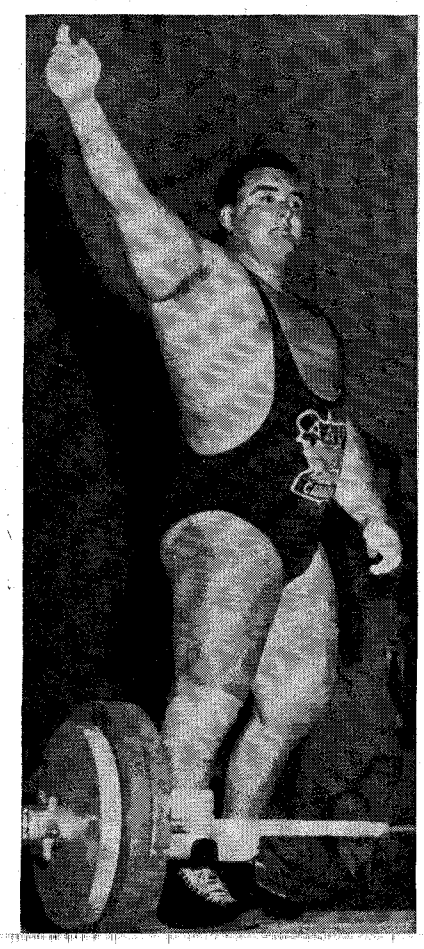
THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH

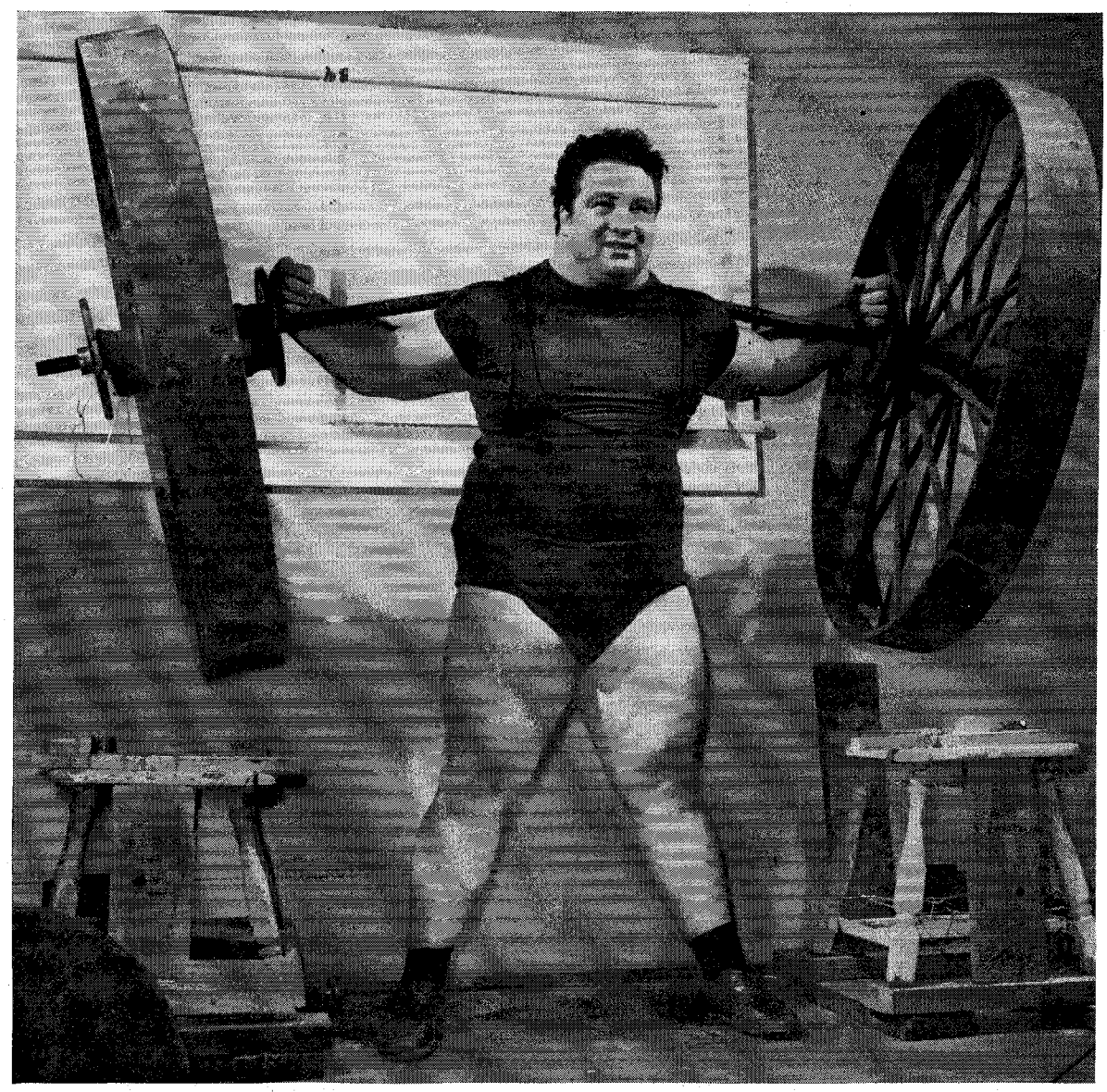
By FURMAN BISHER



Until 1953, Brooklyn's John Davis was champion of the weight-lifting world.

Doug Hepburn of Canada dethroned Davis. Anderson dethroned Doug.





Paul Anderson shows no strain as he shoulders 600 pounds in a workout at his Toccoa, Ga., home. Neighbors used to call him "a fool for messing with all that junk." Now the townspeople plan a statue of him.

Paul Anderson, a twenty-two-year-old Georgia mountaineer who will represent the United States at the world weight-lifting meet in Munich on October twelfth, made a smashing international debut in Moscow last June fifteenth. A drizzling rain which fell all evening failed to drive home any of the 15,000 spectators who had come to Gorki Stadium, and they stayed to the end. Considering Anderson's opening feat, the way the crowd hung on was understandable. Anderson, whose 340 pounds were encased in circus tights, bent over and clinched a huge bar bell in his fists. Taking a deep breath, he yanked the bar bell off the floor and up to chest level; then he raised it to an extended position over his head. The crowd cheered madly. Anderson had broken a world record. He had become the first man in history to elevate more than 400 pounds—402.41 pounds, to be exact—in a meet with a military press.

Before the evening's amazing performance was finished, Anderson had also cracked two more world's records for heavyweights, the clean and jerk and the over-all total for the three recognized Olympic lifts. He missed the record in the third lift—the snatch—although he has bettered it in practice.

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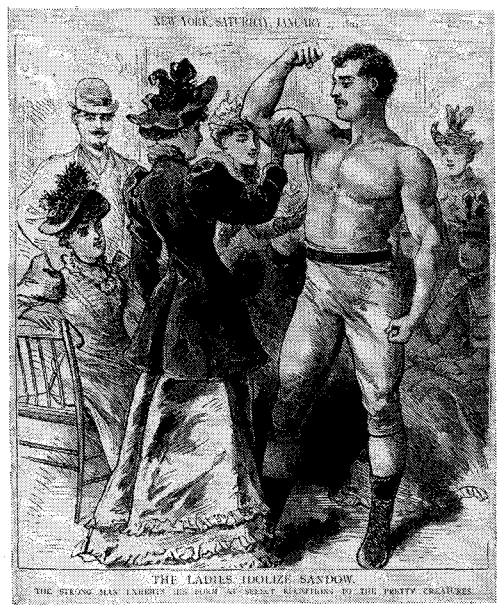
This is the official side of Paul Anderson, of Toccoa, Georgia, a town of 7000 in the mountainous northeastern section of the state. Unofficially, he is more impressive, lifting full-grown horses and a safe poured full of concrete, pushing loaded railroad boxcars and supporting on his shoulders more than a ton and a half of various forms of weight, including people, pig iron and concrete blocks. It is the official side, though, that establishes him as probably the strongest man that ever lived, dating back at least through the times of Louis Cyr, the fat Canadian who was the first of the glorified exhibitionists of human might.

Since the high-school days when he impressed his companions by hoisting a 200-pound bar bell at the Stephens County Recreation Center in Toccoa, Anderson has been building a reputation.

"Why, none of the rest of us could even lift the thing off the floor," said Fred Northcutt, an undertaker who is a close friend and a former high-school-football teammate. "Downtown one night, I was ready to go home, but



The Great Sandow bares his body beautiful on the cover of an 1894 issue of the Police Gazette.

Paul didn't want me to leave. When I was starting my car, he lifted the rear wheels off the ground. All I could do was sit there and race the engine."

It was that sort of thing that began to bring local attention to the strength of the Anderson boy. Even so, his fame was limited even in his own home town until wire reports of his Russian performances began to drift back home. The State Department approved a good-will tour of Russia, Egypt and Iran by an American weight-lifting team consisting of Anderson, Charles Vinci, of Cleveland, Ohio; Joe Pitman, of Vero Beach, Florida; Tommy Kono, of Sacramento, California; Stan Stanczyk, of Miami, Florida; and Dave Sheppard, of New York City. It was the first time an American athletic team had been inside Russia since the lowering of the Iron Curtain. Even so, the tour would have been calmly received on both sides of the political barrier if Anderson had not been in the party. His bovine feats and unique physique demanded world-wide attention. The Georgia mountain boy has pumped more life into the often ridiculed sport of weight lifting than it ever knew before. Previously confined to the back rooms of Y.M.C.A.'s and the back page of the sports section, Anderson pressed, snatched, clean-and-jerked it out to the front page.

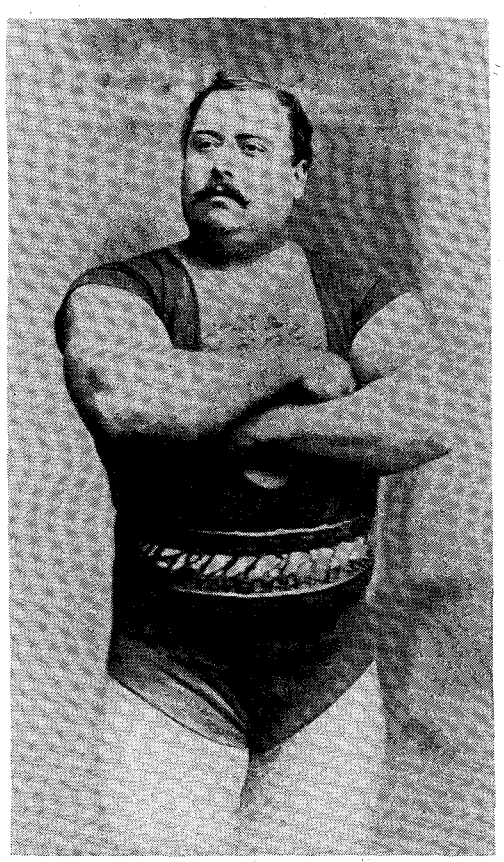
Anderson, who had left for Russia with no more fanfare than it takes to pack a bag, found his return to the United States an event of state and national note. Gov. Marvin Griffin declared the date, July fifth, Paul Anderson Day in Georgia. Dignitaries converged on the Atlanta airport prepared to fill the air with glorifying words about him. A 100-car motorcade stood lined up, ready to escort him home to Toccoa, ninety-six miles away. There was only one hitch. Anderson didn't show on schedule. His overseas flight reached New York six hours late.

Anderson has restored to weight lifting some of the glamour and the glory of the days of Cyr and Eugene Sandow, of the circus strong man, and of Siegmund Breitbart, the last of the immensely successful professionals. Some thirty to forty years ago Breitbart drew $7000 a week for his shows of strength at the New York Hippodrome.

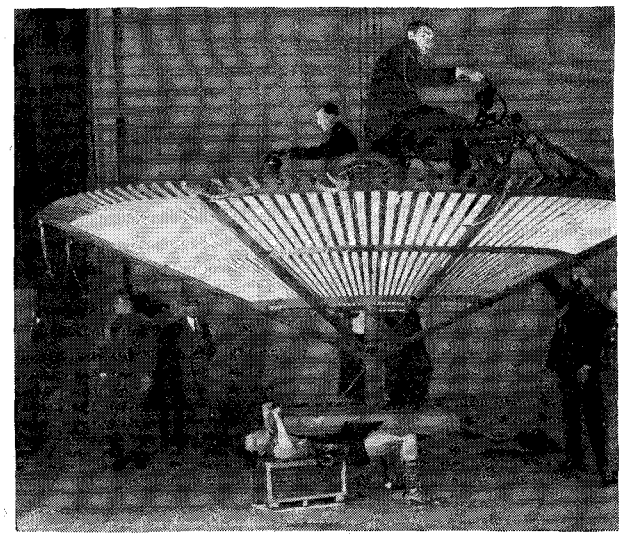
One of his acts was his eventual undoing, however, for he died of an infection in the back caused by lying on a bed of nails while an assistant crushed rocks on an anvil that Breitbart supported on his chest.

Anderson is a throwback to those days and to the Continental type of weight lifter. These were tremendously hefty men of enormous appetites. They were as quick and willing to enter into a contest of gluttony as a contest of strength.

Cyr weighed 300 pounds in his prime, a stocky fellow who had the features of an obtuse comedian when dressed for his act. But he was no joke on October 1, 1888, when he is reported to have lifted 3641 pounds, standing on a platform and using a harness. He is said to have lifted more than 3500 pounds in this manner several times. In another stunt, Cyr



In grandpa's time, barrel-chested Louis Cyr dumfounded audiences with his inhuman might.



In the giddy '20's, Siegmund Breitbart drew up to $7000 a week for such shows of strength.

This act was Breitbart's undoing. He died of an infection caused by lying on a bed of nails.

would place a table on his chest, invite twenty people to climb aboard, and then lift table, people and all. He was known for years as the strongest man on earth.

Another of this cut was Arthur Saxon, one of three weight-lifting brothers, renowned for hoisting 371 pounds over his head with one arm—a "bent press" to the trade. Saxon was no fat man, but he had a fat man's appetite. He gave no mind to training, and it is written that he frequently consumed as many as 100 bottles of beer a day. He, too, was called the strongest man of his time.

Cyclops, the European strong man who worked with Sandow, was another bulky giant. Carl Moerke, who amazed audiences with his lifts in the same era, carried 250 pounds on a body five feet, four inches tall. It was a popular conception then that weight made for strength.

The emergence of Sandow destroyed this illusion. Sandow was the body beautiful, a trim craft of a man who seldom weighed over 190 pounds. Robert L. Ripley once referred to him as "the man who made a million dollars standing still." Sandow, (Continued on Page 94)

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As he set her down quietly, he saw that the tears had started.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Just when he was sure of his love for Anne,
she decided not to see him again. . . .

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James Kirkland offered young Paul Devereux a deal: If Devereux would marry Kirkland's daughter, Anne, then Kirkland would insure Devereux a successful political career.

Anne had been injured in an automobile accident. A European specialist told Kirkland that his daughter probably never would walk again. But the doctor held out a slim hope: He recalled a similar case in which a paralyzed girl had suffered severe labor pains which in some way released a nerve block and allowed her legs to function normally.

Kirkland was the most powerful behind-the-scenes political figure in the state. Devereux, an ambitious young lawyer, was repelled at first by the marriage proposition, but he agreed to visit Anne. He fell in love with her and accepted Kirkland's offer.

Anne's mother was dead. Since her accident, Anne had been cared for by a nurse named Miss Davis. Anne had avoided many of her old friends, but had grown closer than ever to her grandmother, Mrs. Catherby. Anne didn't know it, but her father's mysterious aide, Arno Malotte, hoped to marry her.

Kirkland made good on his bargain by grooming Paul for state senator. To help establish a name for himself, Paul agreed to make speeches supporting Halsey for governor and to make a Memorial Day address as a favor to an influential industrialist named Bovard.

When Paul told Harrison Hartwell, the senior member of his firm, that he intended to try for a political career, he found that Hartwell distrusted Kirkland. "As long as you do an honest job in your politics we'll do everything we can to co-operate," Hartwell said. "If you ever descend to Kirkland's tactics, we'll break at once."

II

The next day Paul received a phone call from Johnny Bovard.

"Oh, I say, Devereux, my father tells me you're going to do this Memorial Day speech for us! I've been kicking up the dust about that, so I'm enormously relieved. Listen, could we meet somewhere and talk it over? Would lunch be easiest?"

"I believe it would. I could make it tomorrow."

"Fine. Shall we say one o'clock at the Down-Town? I'll be in the lobby. Nondescript-looking little guy. You can't miss me."

Paul liked him on sight. When they were seated and had ordered, Johnny began at once, his features strengthening under his earnestness.

"You see, Devereux, this speech is my idea and it means a lot to me. Someday I'm supposed to inherit the business, and I'm trying to learn it from the ground up." He smiled. "No humor intended. And I'm studying the people too. I'm trying to make friends with them. My theory is there needn't be an eternal conflict between capital and labor. I hope you don't think I'm completely screwball," he added earnestly.

Paul laughed. "Quite the contrary. I'm more interested than you think. Your father gave me a general idea of what you want me to say."

"Now, that's just it. I know what he wants, but it's not quite what I want. His idea is just a lot of nice hot air with a few allusions to the employer as the Big White Papa. Now what I have in mind is different. You see, I just happen to believe heart and soul in the future of America. I'd like you to talk about America in a way they've maybe never heard of before."

He paused, studying Paul's face. "And I believe you can do it! Now here's the idea: I'll bet you no one in all Europe today ever stops to think about the way America was made! Most of them don't even know. They feel it just somehow sprang up like a mushroom—rich, easygoing country—money growing on trees—all that. They don't realize what went before, how the ground is soaked with the blood and the sweat of the pioneers. That's what I'd like you to tell in your speech. Make it real to those folks out at Red Stone. Tell them it's their country now, but it's been bought at a mighty high price. You see what I mean? Land of opportunity now for them and their kids, because of all this, but it's up to them to appreciate it and do their part and teach their kids to love and respect it. Well, what do you think?"

Paul was grave. "You make this a challenge," he said. "But I'll do my best. I tell you what I'd like to do. I'll think this over pretty hard; then I'll sketch a rough draft and let you see it. I'd like to be sure I'm heading in the right direction."

"You will be," Johnny returned confidently. "Look! We forgot to eat. Let's fall to. Say, I'm sorry if your lunch is cold. Oh, by the way, dad says he met you with Kirkland. May I ask how you got to know him?"

"Well," Paul said, "he heard me make a speech and found I was interested in politics."

"Oh, that's it! By golly, if I weren't tied up in the business I'd like to take a crack at that myself. Say, have you ever met Anne Kirkland?"

"Yes, I have." Paul hoped his color was not rising.

"Ghastly thing about her, isn't it? Young Lamson seemed to be making the best time there before the accident. He's the son of Lamson Steel, Incorporated. You know. Only son. What a tie-up of fortunes that would have been, if it had come off. Well, it's pretty tough. My sister says Anne's plucky as the devil about it all. Of course she probably still hopes ——" He broke off, looking keenly at Paul, who still remained silent, then started quickly to change the subject.

As Paul walked back to the office he thought of Johnny's shrewd scrutiny and wondered if his own secret was written in his eyes as plainly as he feared.

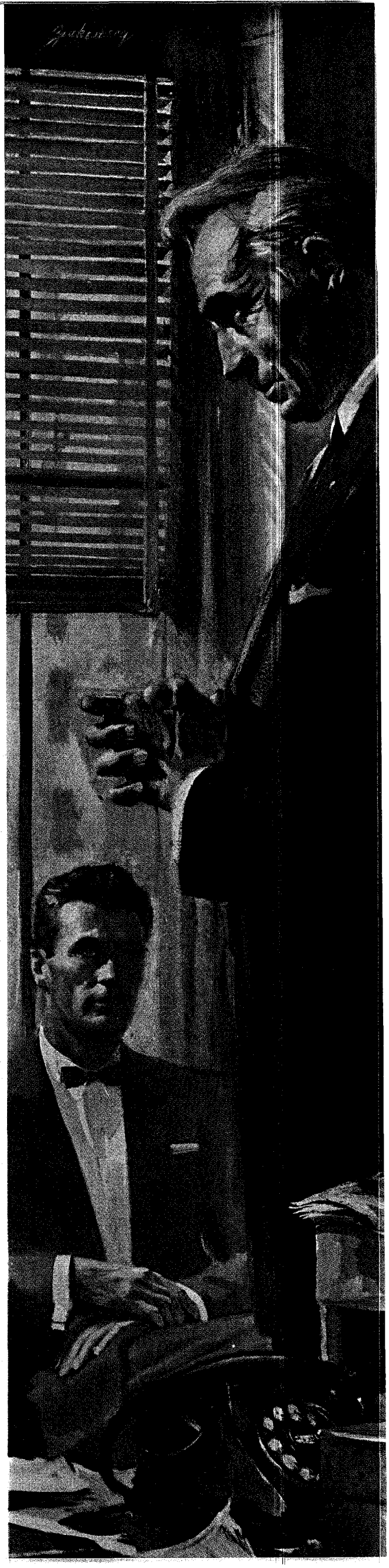
There was no word from Kirkland all that day nor the next until late afternoon. Then the call came.

"Paul? Could you stop in at my office when you're through today? I'll be alone here, working late."

"Of course," Paul replied. "I can get there about five-thirty."

"Good. See you." (Continued on Page 85)

"The whole plan," Kirkland said,
"is proceeding beyond my wildest hopes."



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Post Scripts

Interviews You're Not Likely to Read in the Newspapers

NEWS PAGE: Mr. Old-timer is interviewed on the winter's first big storm.

REPORTER: Well, what do you think of this weather, Mr. Old-timer?

OLD-TIMER: Terrible. Don't know how folks get around in it.

R.: But it's nothing like the weather you used to have when you were a boy?

O.: It's a dang sight worse. Some of those drifts out there must be four feet high.

R.: How about the famous winter of '89?

O.: '89? Don't remember anything special. What happened in '89?

R.: Everybody says it was twice as bad as this. What do you think about their closing the schools?

O.: Good idea. Kids shouldn't be forced to go out in weather like this.

R.: But when you were a boy, you walked miles through the snow, didn't you?

O.: No, sir, I was lucky. Schoolhouse was just a couple of blocks away.

THEATER PAGE: Famous actor is interviewed on his first local appearance.

CRITIC: What do you think of our audiences? Do you find them warm and responsive?

FAMOUS ACTOR: No; as a matter of fact, I can't seem to figure them out. They—well, they just don't seem to get the point.

C.: What do you think of our fair city?

FA.: That about describes it—"fair." Actually, it isn't much different from any other town of this size.

C.: Was there anything here that impressed you particularly?

FA.: Um-m-m-m. . . . Not that I can think of.

C.: Do you plan to come back here soon?

FA.: Not for some time. In fact, I doubt very much whether I'll ever get back.

FINANCIAL PAGE: Businessman explains price increase.

FINANCIAL EDITOR: Could you explain for us the various factors involved in your decision to raise your prices from twelve and a half cents to fourteen cents?

BUSINESSMAN: It's really pretty simple. We just decided we could make more money that way. That's about all there is to it.

SPORTS PAGE: New baseball manager is interviewed at start of season.

SPORTS EDITOR: How do you like piloting the Sluggers?

MANAGER: Fine. I'm making twenty-five per cent more than I did with the Green Sox, you know.

SE.: Do you feel there's a new spirit on the team—a will to win?

M.: I haven't detected it. I'm new around here, of course.

SE.: How about Hogkins? Do you feel he's going to start hitting?

M.: He'll start, all right. Whether he'll keep on is anybody's guess.

SE.: A lot of people think we're going to see a new team this year.

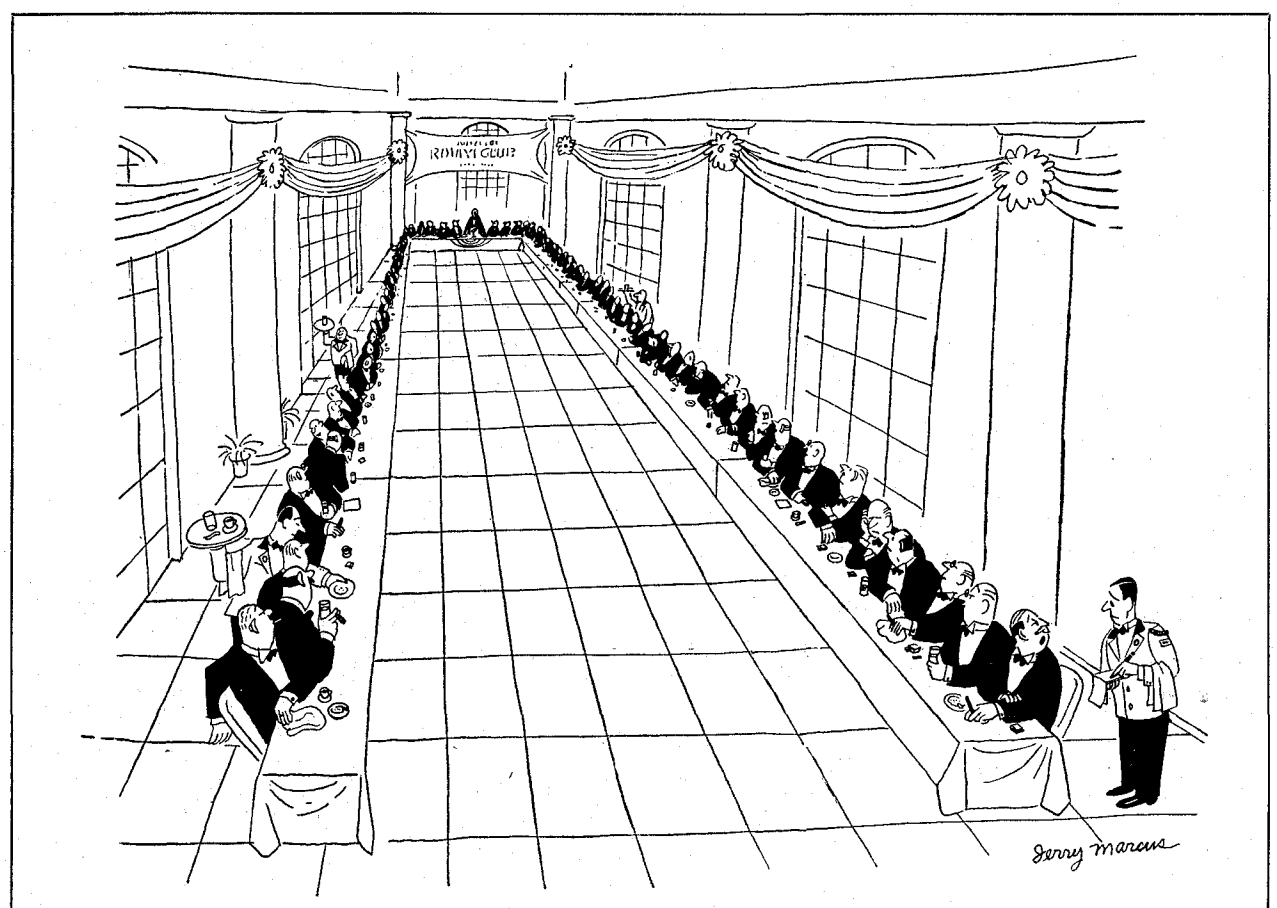
M.: Well, between us, we could use one.

OTTO JANSSEN

Motto for a Dieter

He who indulges
Bulges.

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG



"Separate checks, please."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

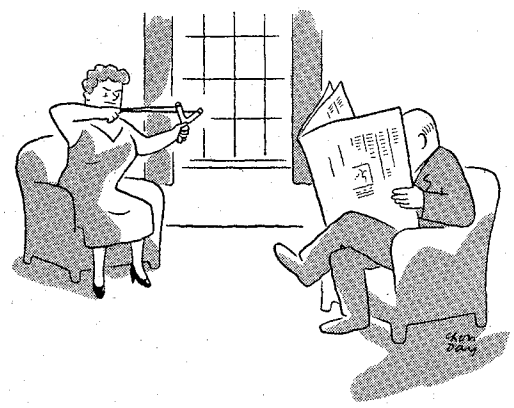
What to Do When There's a Burglar Downstairs

The chances are very good that you fellows will never have the spine-tingling experience of hearing a prowler downstairs. On the other hand, the chances are excellent that your wife will think she hears one—which is pretty spine tingling in itself.

As a man whose spine has been tingled repeatedly in this fashion, I offer this advice:

Working in the dark, locate your slippers, robe, eyeglasses and bulletproof vest.

Advance to the top of the stairs and gaily call out, "My wife has the silly notion that someone is down there stealing the sterling! Isn't



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

that absurd?" If no answer comes, you may move down to the stair landing. I'd go a bit slowly, though, if in the stillness there floats up the rejoinder, "Ridiculous!"

Now is the time to display your true manliness and courage. Lying flat on your stomach, wriggle ever so slowly head first down the stairs. At the bottom, roll your lighted flashlight into the living room. If its beam is shot out in a fusillade of gunfire, you can safely conclude that you are not alone. If nothing happens, raise yourself to the hands and knees for further investigation.

Switch on all lights and call your wife downstairs to show her that she was imagining things. Now that you're down there, you may as well have a bite to eat. That angel-food cake looks good and only one wedge has been eaten. Ask your wife how come she ate a piece and didn't offer you some. Ask your wife what she means when she says she didn't eat any. Ask her how it can be that, if you didn't eat any and she didn't eat any, there is one piece ——

I think you'll be able to figure out for yourself the fastest way to get back upstairs and under the bed. You know your own floor plan better than I do.

DICK EMMONS

Tale of the Road

There once was a man who was driving along
At peace with the world, whistling a song,
While his wife sat cozily by his side,
When all of a sudden she turned and cried,
"Dear, what a perfectly gorgeous view!
I'd like to get out for a snap or two!"
And, "Sweet, there's the darlingest curio shop!"
And, "What was that roadside stand? Let's stop."
And he stopped.

And she took a roll of pictures
And bought a hand-painted whiskbroom holder
And a lug of quinces,
And, when she had shopped,
Once more he went happily driving along
At peace with the world, whistling a song.
And, kiddies, next week if you're good, by glory,
I'll tell you another fairy story.

ETHEL JACOBSON

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For the best and easiest washdays in town choose this Frigidaire Imperial Washer

Clothes come out really clean . . . near dry . . . many ready to iron

Unique Pulsator Agitator creates Live-Water Washing —the exclusive cleansing action specially designed for automatic washers

RATHER than use one of the conventional washing methods for *automatic* washing, Frigidaire started fresh to find a new and better action that would really get clothes clean automatically.

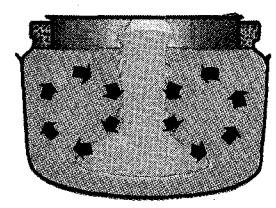
The result is exclusive Live-Water Washing with its unique Pulsator Agitator—the throbbing up-and-down agitation that creates live, surging currents . . . keeps clothes turning under and over deep in the tub where cleansing power is greatest.

Fresh, clean Live-Water currents then deep-rinse your clothes with no twisting or wrenching . . . no tumbling clothes in and out of the water . . . to rinse clothes clean *through* and *through* just the way you like them.

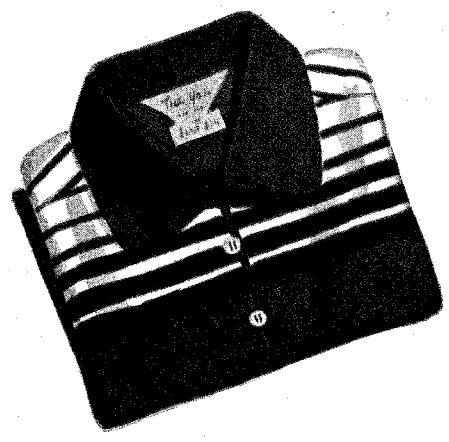
Frigidaire's Imperial Washer also gives you fully automatic, fully flexible controls. And you can save up to eight gallons of hot water per load, plus suds for re-use if desired. Choice of three models with matching Electric Dryers. Imperial and DeLuxe models have Lifetime Porcelain inside and out. See them today!

1. Your clothes never wash out half-clean

Surging currents keep your clothes moving constantly under water during both washing and rinsing. This lively flushing action gets out deepest dirt and ground-in grime. There's no sluggish twisting and turning . . . no lazy lift and dip washing—your clothes wash out really clean automatically!

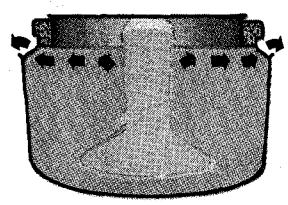


2. Lint and curds never wash back into your clothes



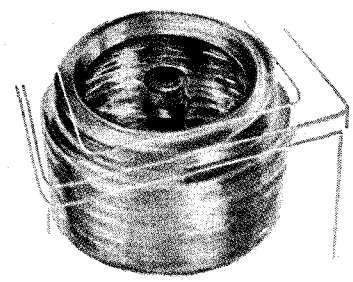
Automatic skimming action during both washing and rinsing floods in fresh water to float off all lint and curds. Your clothes are always in clean water.

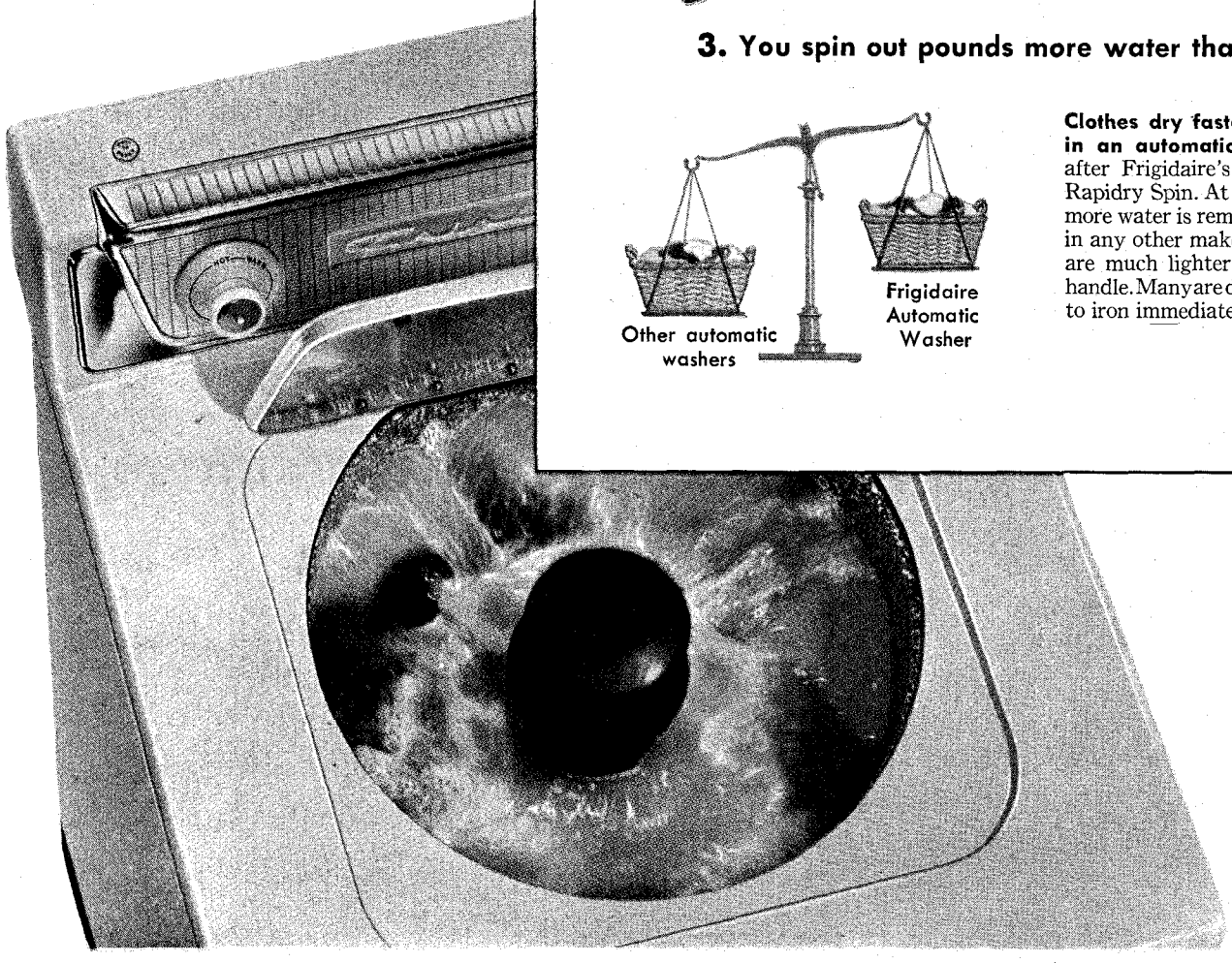
Up and over draining after both washing and rinsing never lets soil filter back through clothes.



3. You spin out pounds more water than with any other make

Clothes dry faster—even in an automatic dryer— after Frigidaire's exclusive Rapidry Spin. At least 20% more water is removed than in any other make. Clothes are much lighter, easier to handle. Many are dry enough to iron immediately.





Frigidaire Automatic Washers

Built and backed by General Motors

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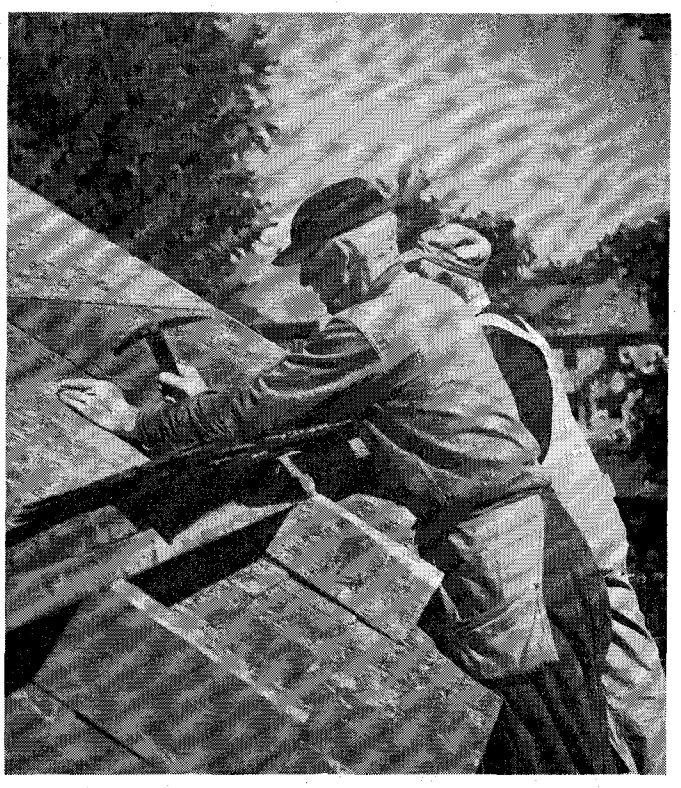
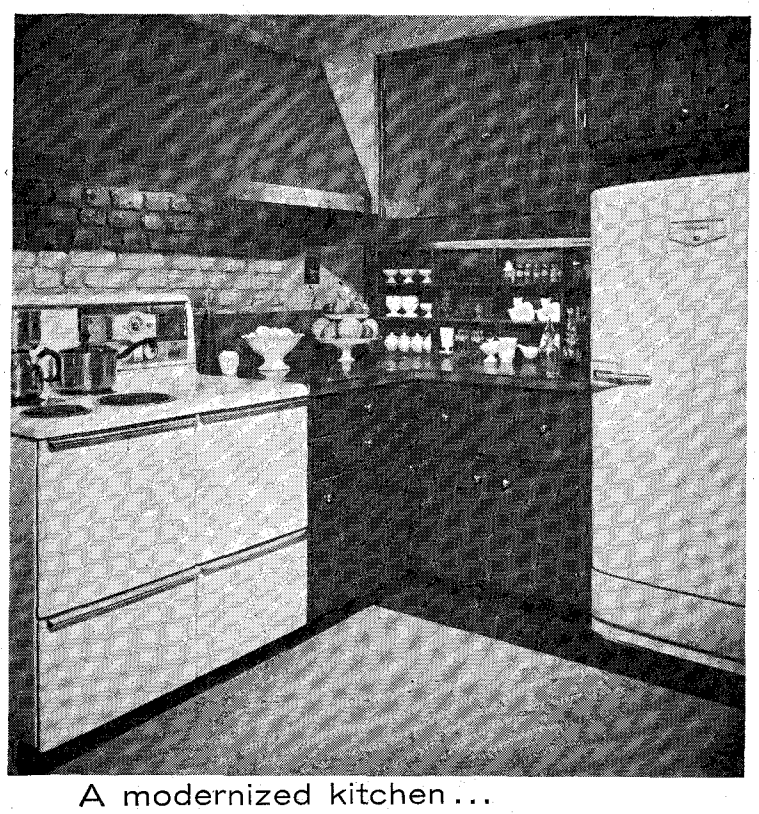
A new home...



A new roof...



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An extra room...

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That's why more Americans go to insured Savings and Loan Associations for home mortgages than anywhere else!

So if you need help in building a new home, or in making any kind of home improvement, come to the insured Savings and Loan Association near you. You'll like the way they help you get what you want!

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Underworld U.S.A.

This is it, they figured. The big heist. And it required the special talents of Fingers Tolland.

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

Carlton (Fingers) Tolland was a doting father. He wanted his baby daughter, Theresa, to have the best of everything. She would go to private schools and wear fine clothes and never know that her father was a pickpocket and a gunman.

Fingers' wife, Marjory, was the daughter of a tough convict named Big Bill Harrigan. Earl Connors, the local bootlegging king, had ordered Fingers to marry Marjory when she became pregnant. Connors hated Fingers because he had been double-crossed by Fingers' father, Gil Tolland. Gil was dead now, and Fingers' mother had remarried and moved to California.

Earl Connors was a shrewd man. He foresaw the repeal of prohibition, and when the stock market crashed he bought a vast string of numbers pools and race-track books. He was in complete control of the rackets in his territory, which was one more reason why he had no use for a lone agent like Fingers.

Picking pockets was Fingers' specialty, but he also pulled robberies with Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender. Joe Devlin, Connors' lawyer, had refused to handle Fingers' cases. But Peter Coughlin had proved himself every bit as skillful as Devlin. Twice Fingers had been arrested for robberies he committed—and both times Coughlin had got him off.

VI

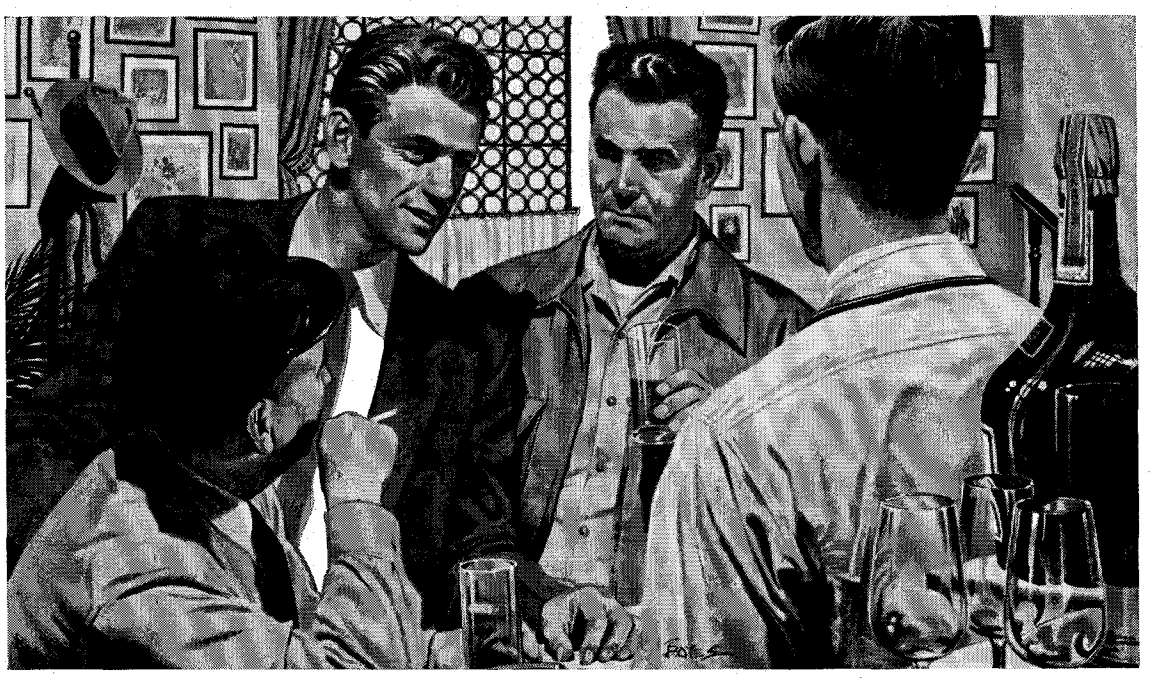
Fingers' record was growing. Each time he was arrested, Marjory spent anxious hours, days or weeks, but his arrests kept him out overnight only. He served no time.

Between October 30, 1929, and December 5, 1933, when prohibition was repealed, Fingers Tolland had been arrested thirteen times, and although he had a prison record, he was not sent to jail on any of these charges. He was never arrested at his house. He was always picked up elsewhere. Four of these times he was arrested along with Spider Lonagan, three times with Jerry Pender, twice with both Lonagan and Pender in an automobile, and four times he was picked up alone.

He, Lonagan and Pender were arrested because they were found near the scene of a crime soon after it was committed or the descriptions of victims or witnesses fitted them so well that police picked them up on suspicion and victims or witnesses identified them from among a group of others in the morning police line-up. It is hardly reasonable to believe that the police, the victims and the witnesses were entirely wrong in thirteen cases. It is more reasonable to believe that legal skill in addition to their own crafty technique kept them out of jails.

The number of arrests is a measure of Fingers' activity over that period. He was a busy criminal to be arrested thirteen times in a little more than four years. His daughter was now more than three years old. He lived in a good neighborhood. He drove an expensive car. He fed and clothed his family well and helped his mother-in-law financially. He could not do this on his winnings at pool and billiards, and he had no other visible means of support. How did he do it? Thirteen arrests is also an indication of how many times he got away with it. Crime, without punishment and in an era of depression, was paying very well.

Fingers was glad to have prohibition repealed. He thought it would mean the end of the long financial drought. Billfolds and pockets would be filled again. License was good for his business. Speak-easies were hard to work. Their owners and managers were allergic to robbery on their premises. It not only kept customers away but too much talk might bring in police or enforcement agencies.



Fingers lifted the keys while he leaned over between the two men.

Wide-open taverns and bars, hotels and clubs serving liquor openly, quickly extended the scope of his operations. PWA, WPA, Federal make-work projects and Federal aid to states, cities and towns not only helped to relieve unemployment; they created a bonanza for Fingers and criminals like him. He shared in programs that never were intended for him.

Earl Connors felt sad to see prohibition end. He had supervised the handling of hundreds of thousands of gallons of liquor over a period of fourteen years and yet he had never tasted it. Surrounded by thirty or forty members of his staff in his headquarters on the night of December fifth, he took his first drink—a glass of champagne—to join in a toast to the final curtain falling upon a noble experiment—the end of an era and the beginning of another.

He had sold his entire inventory; disposed of all of his interests in night clubs. He helped old friends like Tim Laurence, the men he had installed in speak-easies, to negotiate with state and city for licenses to operate taverns, package stores, cafés and dining rooms with bars. He discharged all obligations and began the new era of syndicated gambling with its tributaries into crime with what he considered to be a clean slate.

He was then head of an empire of about twenty thousand persons, all of them engaged in illegal gambling and most of them formerly engaged in an illegal liquor traffic. As they were all experienced lawbreakers, it followed that thousands of them would not stop merely at breaking laws against gambling and the sale of liquor. He had no interest in crime *per se*, but all crimes committed by men in his organization must necessarily come within his purview. He confessed at times that he considered that a disagreeable encumbrance. He did not relish being associated with crimes against the person or society. He wanted no profit from them, but as he could not prevent the members of the organization from profiting by or through them, he felt that he perforce had to demand and share in their profit, and as he had to underwrite the defense of each and protect them in order to maintain and protect his own gambling business, he felt that it was only right that they should reimburse him and pay him for the (Continued on Page 124)

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Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub--
Just look at the smiles on their faces!
Though lost far from shore, they've got Jell-O galore!
Now, wouldn't you like to trade places?

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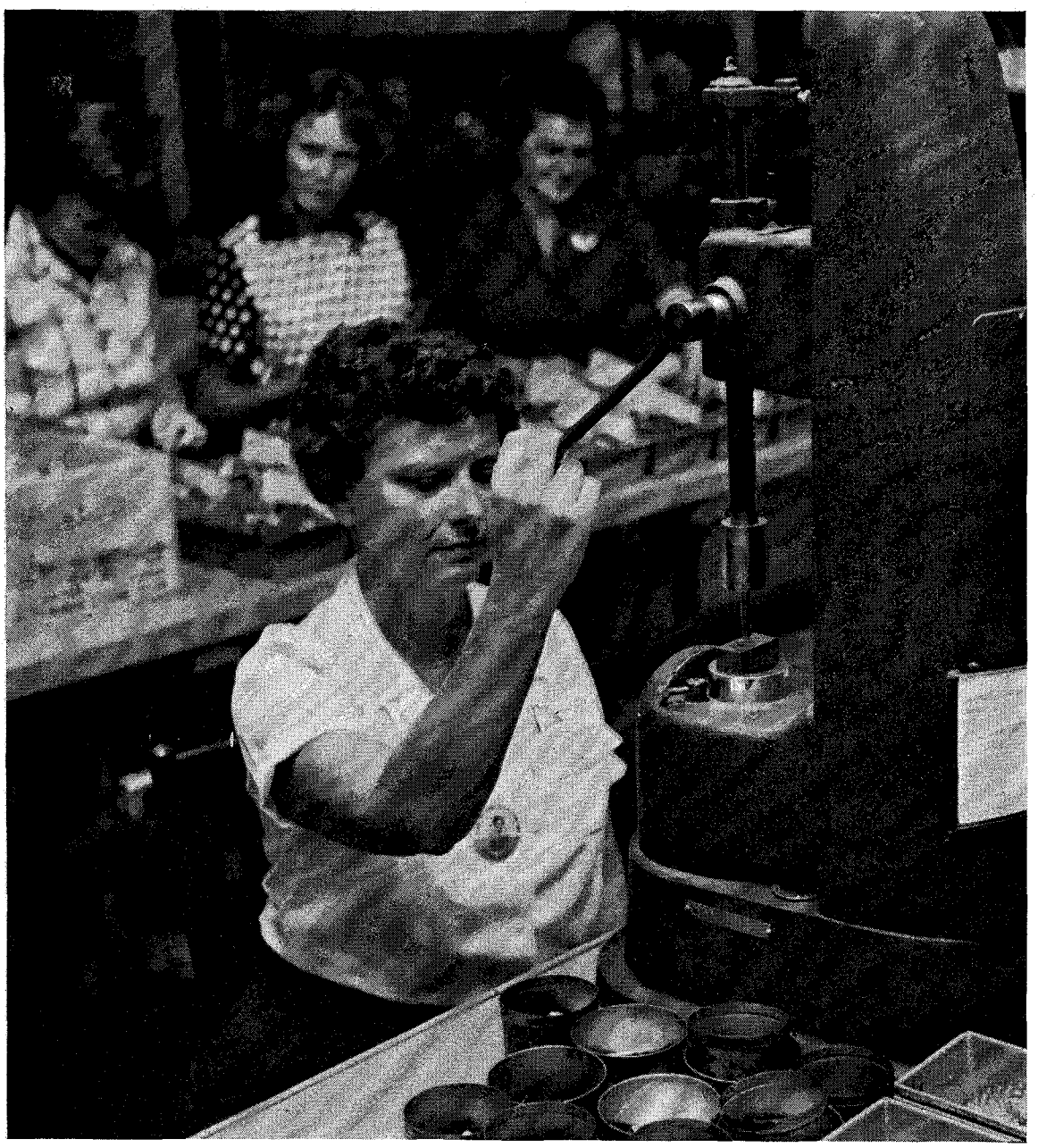
Too Old to Work? Not Me!

By Frances B. Gordon

A professor's wife tells how she got a job at 47 and competed on a factory assembly line with girls in their twenties.



The author at the Elgin National Watch Company plant in Lincoln, Nebraska. She never had seen an assembly line before she went to work here.

"Coffee break"—without coffee. The author now answers to "Kiddo," "Chum," "Pal" and "Toots."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gordon." The young personnel director shook his head. "You are too old for this kind of work."

"But that's ridiculous," I told him. "I'm only forty-seven, I'm healthy, and I've got to earn some money. My husband is going back to the university to get his Ph.D., and my job for the next three years will be family breadwinner. I won't be quitting to get married or have a baby—our only child is twelve years old and quite able to look after himself—and I'll stick to the job till it's finished."

The young man was tactful. "That may all be true, Mrs. Gordon. However, we in industry find that older women are slow on the job. You don't co-ordinate too well, and your vision may be faulty and your fingers stiff. Furthermore"—he glanced at my application form again—"you have had a college education. You would be so bored here that you would probably quit in three months, anyway. You are far too intellectual for this job."

Well! That was a skillful brush-off! A nice way to be flattered out of a job. I bit my tongue to keep from telling him he was crazy. Instead, I said, "Well, I don't know about the stiff fingers. I've been making my own clothes for years, and earning extra cash by typing manuscripts. In my spare time I knit."

He made a gesture. "Well, I wasn't specifically referring to you, Mrs. Gordon."

But I was worked up. "I admit I wear glasses when I read. I also happen to be a darned good driver—haven't had an accident in over thirty years of driving!"

He laughed. "All right. All right! I'm sorry, but I still can't hire you. However"—he took a sheet of paper from his file—"it happens that there are a few jobs open under Civil Service here in the factory. Mind, we won't be hiring you, but you would be working here with our girls, doing the same type of work. You just might qualify for one of those openings."

"Won't I be too old for them too?"

"No, the age limit under Civil Service is sixty-five. I don't know too much about the requirements, but I suggest you get in touch with Mr. Pate. He heads up that part of the program. Here is his number, and he will be glad to tell you all about it. And good luck."

I saw Mr. Pate that same day. He was kind, and while he no doubt noted that I had been born in 1905, he didn't mention it—he was even older. He did frown over those blank spaces under Previous Experience.

"Haven't you ever done anything, Mrs. Gordon?"

(Continued on Page 128)

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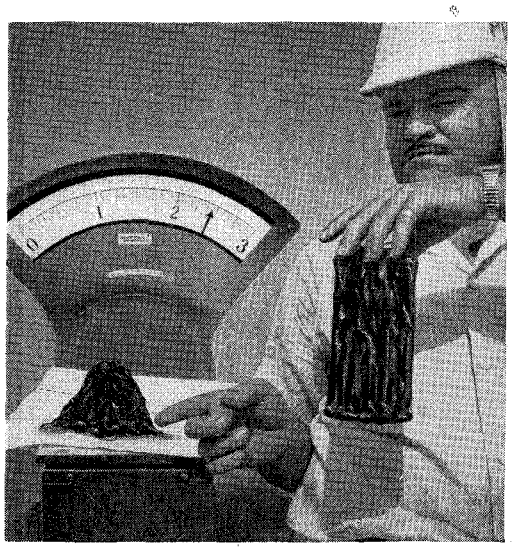
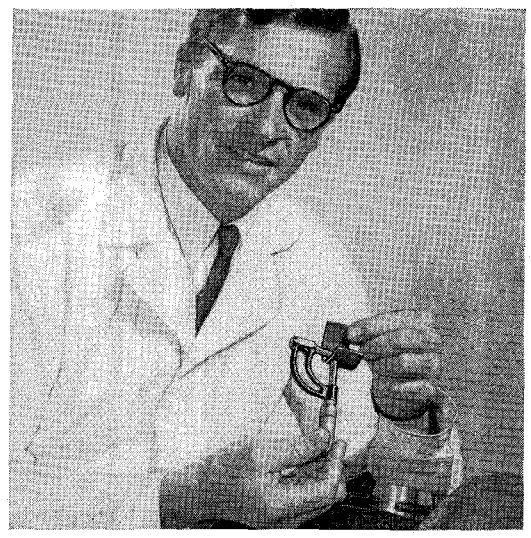
Cars just like yours "eat the dust" in dirt track races sanctioned by NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing)

Your car engine may get even more dirt damage!



'Up to 3 lbs. of grit, metal filings and carbon clog my oil filter after almost every race," says Fonty Flock, high-scoring NASCAR driver. "That's why I put in a new Purolator Refill *before* every race!"



Purolator cuts connecting rod bearing wear up to 94%! Tests by a major car manufacturer showed similar protection is given to main bearings, rings and cylinder walls, compared with engines without Purolator.

Every 4000 miles, your car may suck in more dust than these cars get in one race. If your oil filter is clogged, you may be facing big repair bills!

In a single race, enough gritty road dust gets into the engines of these stock cars to completely clog their filters. *Your* car engine gets just as much in 4000 miles of everyday driving.

If you don't change your filter regularly, destructive road dust, hard carbon, metal filings and sludge are free to circulate through the engine . . . grinding away at bearings, rings and cylinder walls. To protect your car . . . save costly repairs . . . put in a new Purolator® Oil Filter Refill *every 4000 miles!*

Purolator's exclusive accordion-pleated Micronic® filter is up to 10 times more efficient than ordinary types . . . stops gritty particles you can't see even under a powerful microscope. *More car manufacturers specify Purolator than any other oil filter.*

Your serviceman has a refill engineered specifically for your car. Ask him to install a genuine Purolator at oil-change time!

©1955, Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Ont.

9 out of 10 NASCAR drivers use **PurOlator** PurOlator

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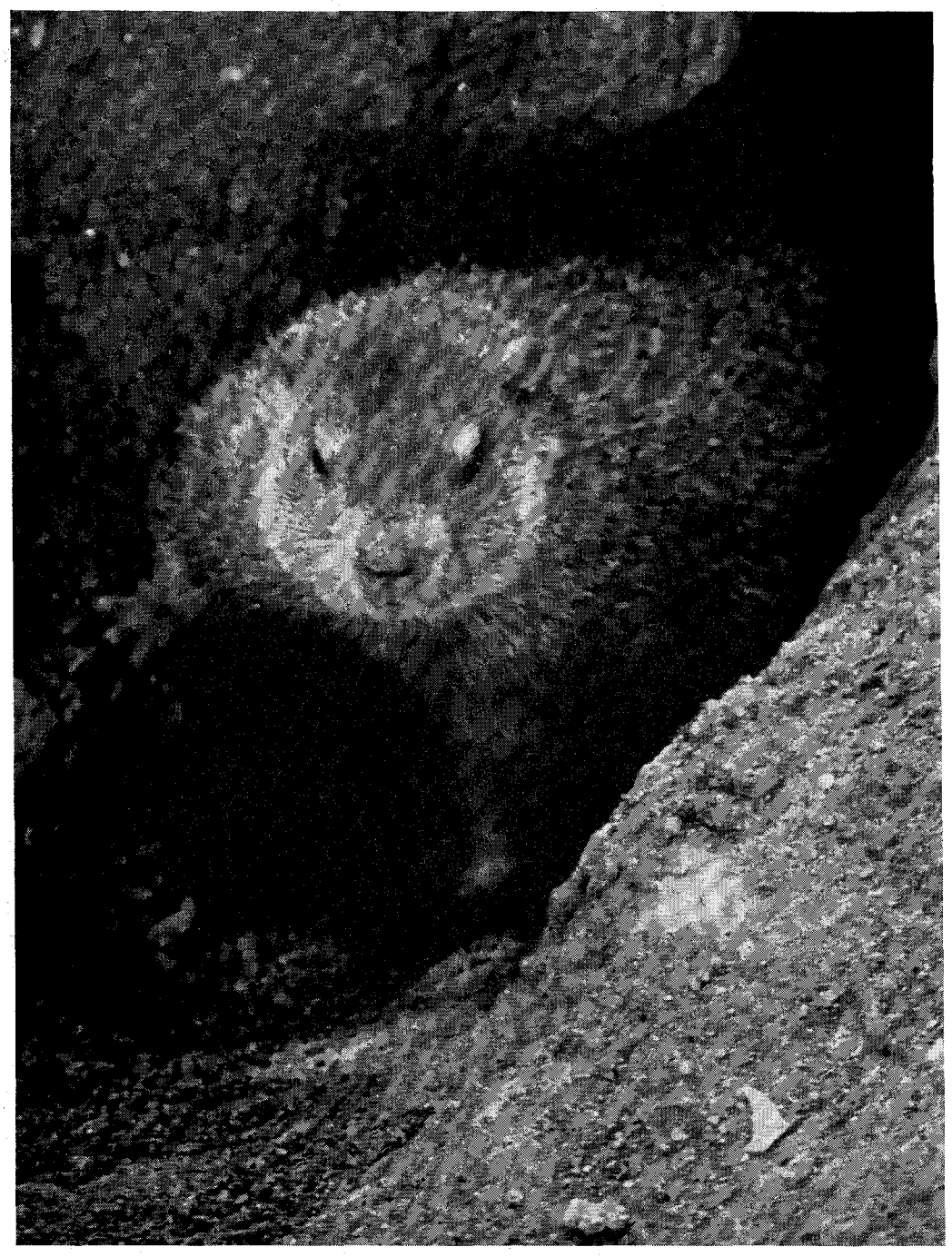
Woodchuck! It's WAR!

By Bill Wolf

The pugnacious and prolific groundhog is now one of America's most-hunted animals. He's "big game" you can pursue almost any time, any place.



A wary woodchuck peering from his burrow. He usually doesn't like what he sees.

We had been looking for a woodchuck much closer at hand than the one Mert Golden finally located with his field glasses and called to my attention. Mark Motter, the local game protector, had suggested using the porch of an unoccupied farmhouse as an observation point for scanning nearly a mile of the Pennsylvania countryside near Harrisburg, and as a shelter if threatening spring rains fell. He knew of several woodchucks that made regular feeding trips into the nearby fields every day, and we were in wait for these when Golden said, "There's one, away over there." He pointed with his glasses. "See—over these fields here, across the road, and far down that bright green field yonder. There's a gully with an old stump and rocks where he must have his den. Look in the grass to the right of the stump. He's feeding there."

It was hard enough to find the place he indicated with the unaided eye, let alone see the woodchuck, but strong glasses brought the animal into (Continued on Page 130)

Mert Golden steadies his rifle on a gun rest and takes dead aim, at Gettysburg, Pa., near President Eisenhower's farm.

Golden's trophy, a plump 12-pound chuck. Farmers regard groundhogs as pests, and are happy to have hunters kill them.

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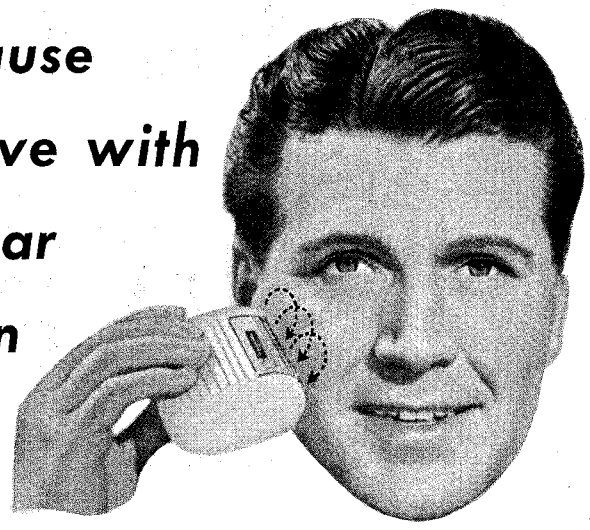
Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

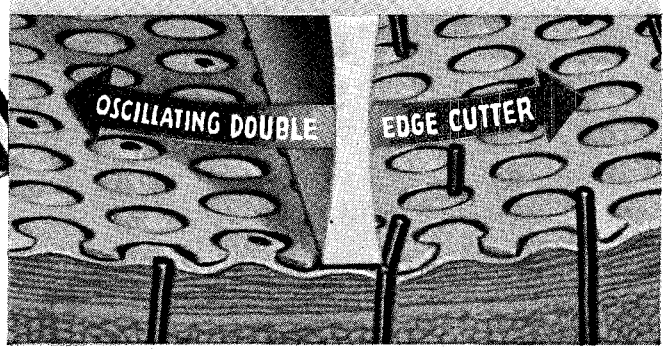
shaves circles around all other shavers

. . . because you can shave with a circular motion



The *Sunbeam* SMOOTH continuous-round shaving head is screened with a network of round holes that are closer together than the whiskers on your face. *These ROUND holes pick up whiskers from ALL DIRECTIONS the way your beard naturally grows.* That is why *shaving in circles shaves all the whiskers* with a circular massaging motion.

THIS MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SHAVEMASTER HEAD shows how the diameter of the average whisker is only one-third of the diameter of the holes, thus the beard enters freely and instantly from all directions.



See how the big, smooth head gently flattens the hair follicle mounds so that the whiskers project out. Whiskers can't escape. They are shaved at the base of their "craters," below the normal surface of the skin.

There is No Metal Between the Cutter and the Skin Surface

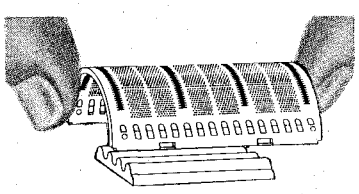
Each hole is counter-sunk from the outside. The skin rests in these "dished-in" holes, enabling the double-sharp edges of the hollow-ground cutter to shave close as a blade without irritation. The lightning fast cutter makes over 28-million shaving actions per minute.

Only Sunbeam Shavemaster has the Big SMOOTH Single Head

Sunbeam Shavemaster is completely different from all other electric shavers—delivers an altogether *different kind* of electric shave.

Because of its patented principle, with the big, comfortable head, you can shave in circles with a gentle massage-like motion which shaves closer, cleaner, faster. Even though your beard is tough as wire, Shavemaster will not irritate the tenderest skin.

That's why more men have switched to the Model W Shavemaster than any other model electric shaver—men with all types of beards, all ages and occupations. Ask your dealer about the 14-Day Home Trial Offer. See him today, and start enjoying this wonderful new shaving satisfaction.



See how Shavemaster's LARGER continuous-round shaving head completely covers the ordinary multiple type shaving heads.

See Sunbeam appliances on these great NBC-TV shows:
Sunday Night Color Spectaculars; Milton Berle and Martha Raye Tuesday Night Shows; Dave Garroway's TODAY (morning); Arlene Francis' HOME (noon); Steve Allen's TONIGHT (night); Consult your local TV schedule.

5 YEAR FREE SERVICE Guarantee

Sunbeam Shavemaster is the Only shaver with a REAL motor which has a powerful brush type, series wound, 16-bar armature, and exclusive long-lasting Nylon crank-shaft drive mechanism. Because of these and other superior engineering features and workmanship Sunbeam offers this Shavemaster with a FIVE YEAR FREE service guarantee. This Sunbeam FIVE YEAR guarantee includes Free Service on all mechanical and electrical parts of the Shavemaster including the motor. It includes all parts and labor with the exception of the Comb & Cutter, the Cord, or damage caused by misuse.

Only *Sunbeam* has this 5 year ree Service Guarantee

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Your choice of four rich, practical cases

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Phooey on Picnics (Continued from Page 31)

a truck up to a pickup platform with the sun comin' in through the cab window. My helper, Jake Markowitz ——"

"Never mind Jake Markowitz," she says.

Her voice is beginning to rise now, and that's a pretty sure sign that no matter what the Dodgers do to the Milwaukees this afternoon, I won't be seeing it on TV.

I try to get in one last shot, though, before giving up the ship.

"You'll wish you were back home in Brooklyn tonight," I tell her, "when the traffic is backed up fifteen or twenny miles on the Parkway."

"Put your shoes on," she says. "I'll get the children started. We'll have a picnic out in the park."

"Picnic!" I whoop. "You remember the last time ——"

So why argue with her? You can talk to the wall when Mabel has her mind made up.

We get Alfred and Lucy lined up, and then I see Mabel taking some hot dogs out of the refrigerator.

"You ain't roastin' no hot dogs?" I ask her.

"We're not going to eat them raw," she says.

"That means I gotta make a fire out in the park?"

"You'll need the fire to heat up the beans, anyway," she says.

All of a sudden I'm a chef on a Sunday afternoon when I should be taking it easy watching the Brooklyns knock over the Milwaukees on TV.

"This weather," I tell her, "them beans will come hot in the can, an' we can, maybe, hang the hot dogs on the hub cap of the car. Time we get out there they'll be roasted in the sun."

We don't have one of these new cars, you know. The car I drive was new maybe fifteen years ago, but she's still running pretty good.

"It's not funny," Mabel says. "You should be more enthused about taking your children out on a Sunday afternoon."

"Who took Alfred to the ball game last week?" I ask her.

"Ball game," she says, and the way she says it you'd think she was talking about something the Russians invented.

"I'm enthused," I tell her. "I'm all hopped up."

You know how much stuff you take along even when you go out for an afternoon. So I'm lugging a couple of cartons out of the house to the car when my neighbor, Joe Griswold, calls from the next stoop. "You movin', Manny?"

"That's about the size of it," I tell him. "We're goin' ridin' out on Long Island."

"What's better than Brooklyn on a hot Sunday afternoon?" he asks. "Anybody wants to buck that Sunday traffic is nuts, Manny."

"I'm nuts," I agree.

"Coolest spot in town," Joe says, "right on this stoop."

"You said it," I agree again, so I amble back into the house for some more boxes.

We pull away from the house at about one-thirty in the afternoon, and Mabel says we can take our time because we won't be eating out in the park till about five or six.

About three blocks from the house we start hitting traffic, and there's no doubt about our taking our time. We get on the Parkway, and we crawl.

Pretty soon the bottleneck breaks, and you start to hit it up for about a quarter of a mile and then a guy up front somewhere decides to go look at the daisies, or he has a flat, and the line jams to a stop.

Alfred, who is seven, takes a header to the floor of the car, and Mabel says, "You have to go so fast, Manny?"

"Fast?" I say. "Twenty-five? That bum up front fouled us up."

We get going again at a snail's pace, and then about a mile up the road we see this guy pulled off the concrete, looking at a flat tire. He's standing there in the hot sun, and it must be about ninety-eight where he is, and you can see the disgust on his face. His wife and kid are in the car, and from the look on her face you can see she's just given it to him for driving around with worn tires on the car.

"There's a happy guy," I say.

"Don't get funny," Mabel says. She's not smiling.

October Meeting

By HERBERT MERRILL

Beneath a sugar-maple tree
Where I chopped at a
fallen limb,
A squirrel sat up to look at
me
And I sat down to look at
him.

We were unlike in many
ways
And yet we had a world to
share
Of red and yellow autumn
days
And needle-sharp October
air.

And, take us all in all, we
were
Confronted by a like
concern,
He with growing winter fur
And I with finding wood to
burn.

"This is not funny," I tell her.

It don't look like she's having a good time, either, because the inside of this car is like a furnace. It's a funny thing, though, about women. They'll kill themselves to have a good time.

After about half an hour of this dawdling along the highway, the traffic thins out a little, and we can make some time. The old jalopy is really rattling as we pour it on at about forty-five. It cools off a little as the heat is blown out of the car.

I'm feeling pretty good, so I start to whistle, and Mabel says right away, "What are you so happy about?"

I don't get this now. "I'm not supposed to be happy?" I ask her.

"You weren't so happy before."

"So I'm happy now," I tell her.

"All men are crazy," she says.

This I have to put up with. This is the mood she's in this afternoon. When they're like this I find the best thing is to let 'em alone.

We reach this park, and I just about find a parking place at the rear of the parking lot, which means that we have to lug all our stuff about half a mile to the picnic tables.

I don't say anything about this, though, because of the way Mabel is feeling. One word said the wrong way, and this whole thing will blow sky-high. So I lug the cartons through the hot sun, and I tell myself I am having a wonderful time. I'm not whistling any more, though.

When we start looking for a picnic table, though, I begin to get a little hot under the collar. She don't know which one she likes, so we keep on walking.

She finally makes up her mind, and we get this table at the other end of the park, which is about a mile and a half from where we parked the car. When I set the boxes down on the table I feel like I just did fifteen fast rounds with Rocky Marciano.

"Isn't this nice?" Mabel demands.

The way she says it she's looking for me to say it's not, so's we can have an argument. So I say it's nice.

She's pretty well bushed, herself, from this long walk from the car, but we're under the trees now, and it's not too bad.

The kids go shooting off toward a little playground where they have swings and slides. Mabel is sitting down at the table and she's breathing hard as she watches the kids go off. Lucy is only four, which means that somebody has to go and look after them.

I see a nice grassy spot under a tree nearby, and this is the spot I've had in mind all the way out here on Long Island, but this afternoon it's no use.

"I'll watch 'em," I say. "You sit down here awhile, honey."

So I tag along after the kids out into the hot sun again, and for maybe an hour I'm pushing them on the swings, or working one of the seesaws.

There's no shade in this playground, and in this kind of weather you can work up a lather pretty quick. When we come back to the picnic table I'm ready to drop under a tree, but now it's getting near time to eat, and the kids are hungry.

"We need wood," Mabel says.

"Wood?" I ask.

"For the fire," she says. "We forgot to bring the gas range with us."

She's still on the high horse here, and there's no telling when she'll get off.

So off I go into the woods like a Daniel Boone, and you know how much wood there is around a place like this. I have to walk about a mile grubbing for small sticks, and I come back in about half an hour with an armful.

Mabel is just coming back from the washroom with the kids, and she's had a little time cleaning them up because when my kids play on the playground they are not Little Lord Fauntleroys.

"That's not much wood," Mabel says when I drop it near the fireplace.

"What are we gonna do," I ask her, "roast a cow? A few lousy hot dogs."

"They're not lousy hot dogs."

"All right," I tell her. "O.K. We need more wood I'll knock a few trees down an' get it. Let's use this, first."

"You don't have to get so smart," she says.

You see what I mean? That's this mood.

I get the fire going after a while, and I get my eyes full of smoke like I usually do, and I get the pot of beans on the grill, and then a couple kids go tearing by and kick about a pound of dust right over the beans.

Anybody likes this picnic business can have it. Right now I could be home watching the tail end of that Milwaukee game, and the beans would be on the gas range in the kitchen, and everything would be hunky-dory.

Now we're halfway out on Long Island, and we'll have beans with di
them for supper, and some of these
ened hot dogs, and when we get
we got, maybe, two hours of tou
ing ahead (Continued on

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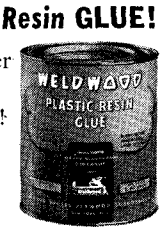

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WELDWOOD PRESTO-SET® GLUE!

- Perfect for household jobs!
- It's ready-to-use! Sets fast! Bonds like magic!
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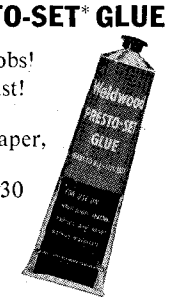

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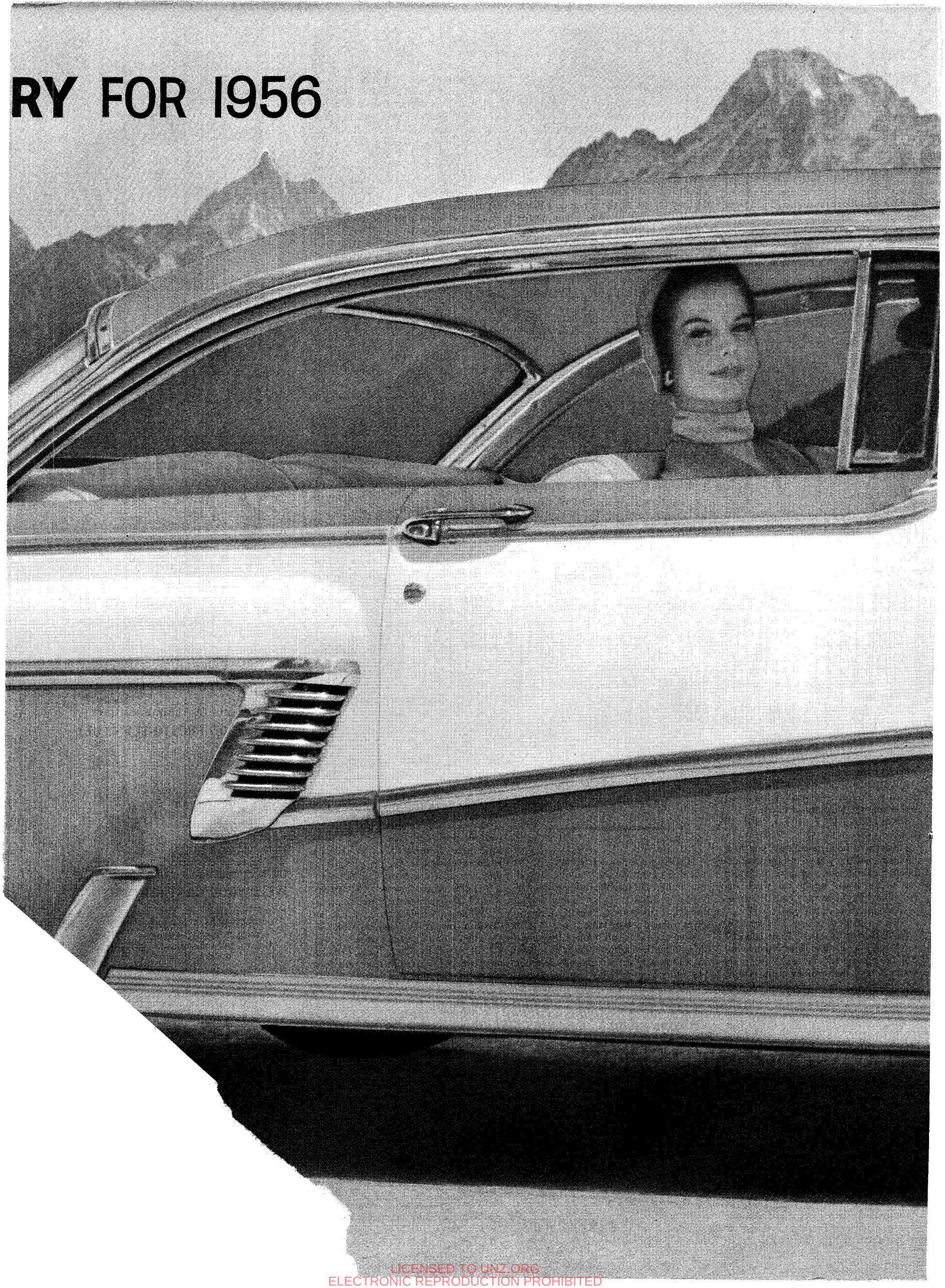

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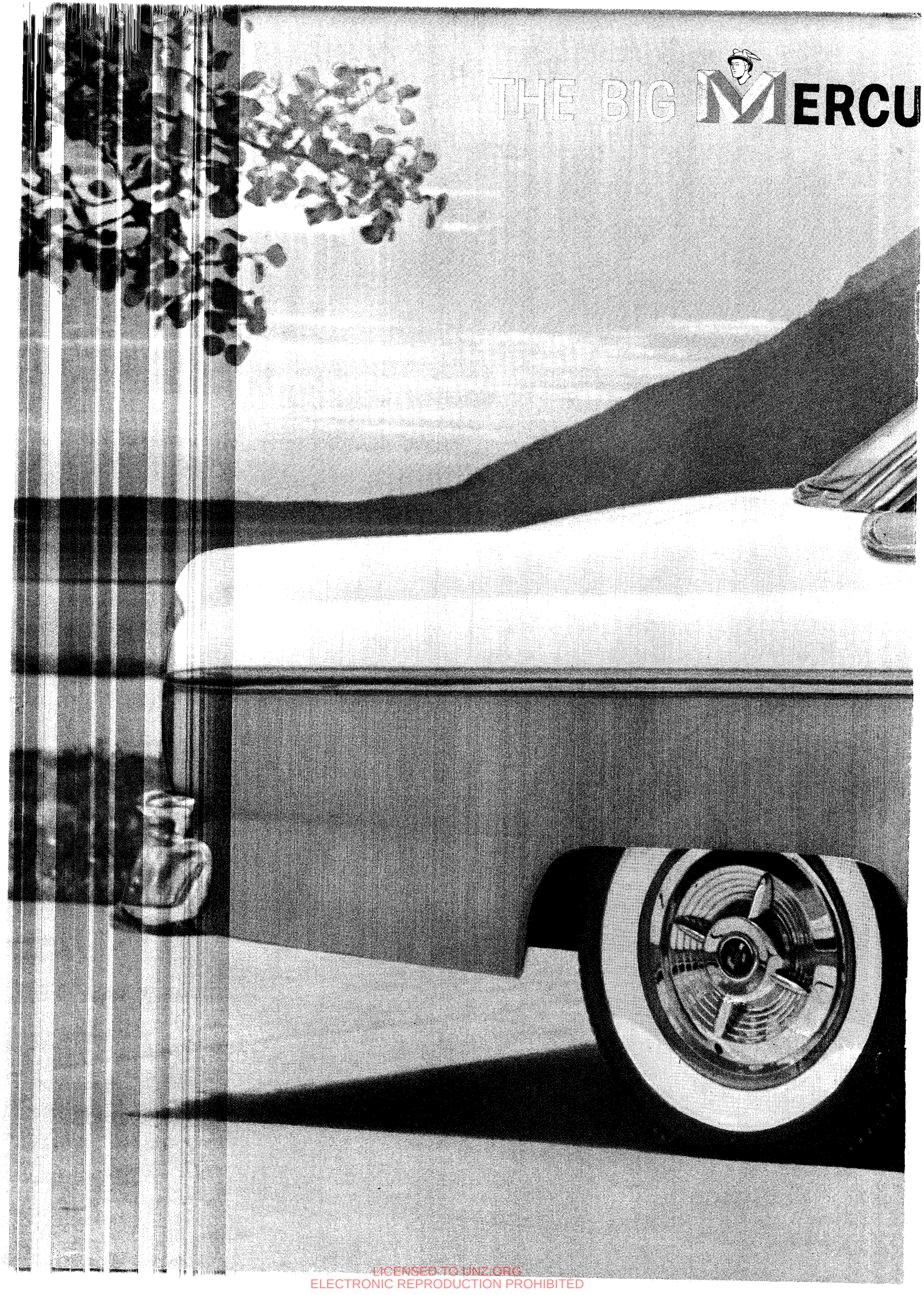

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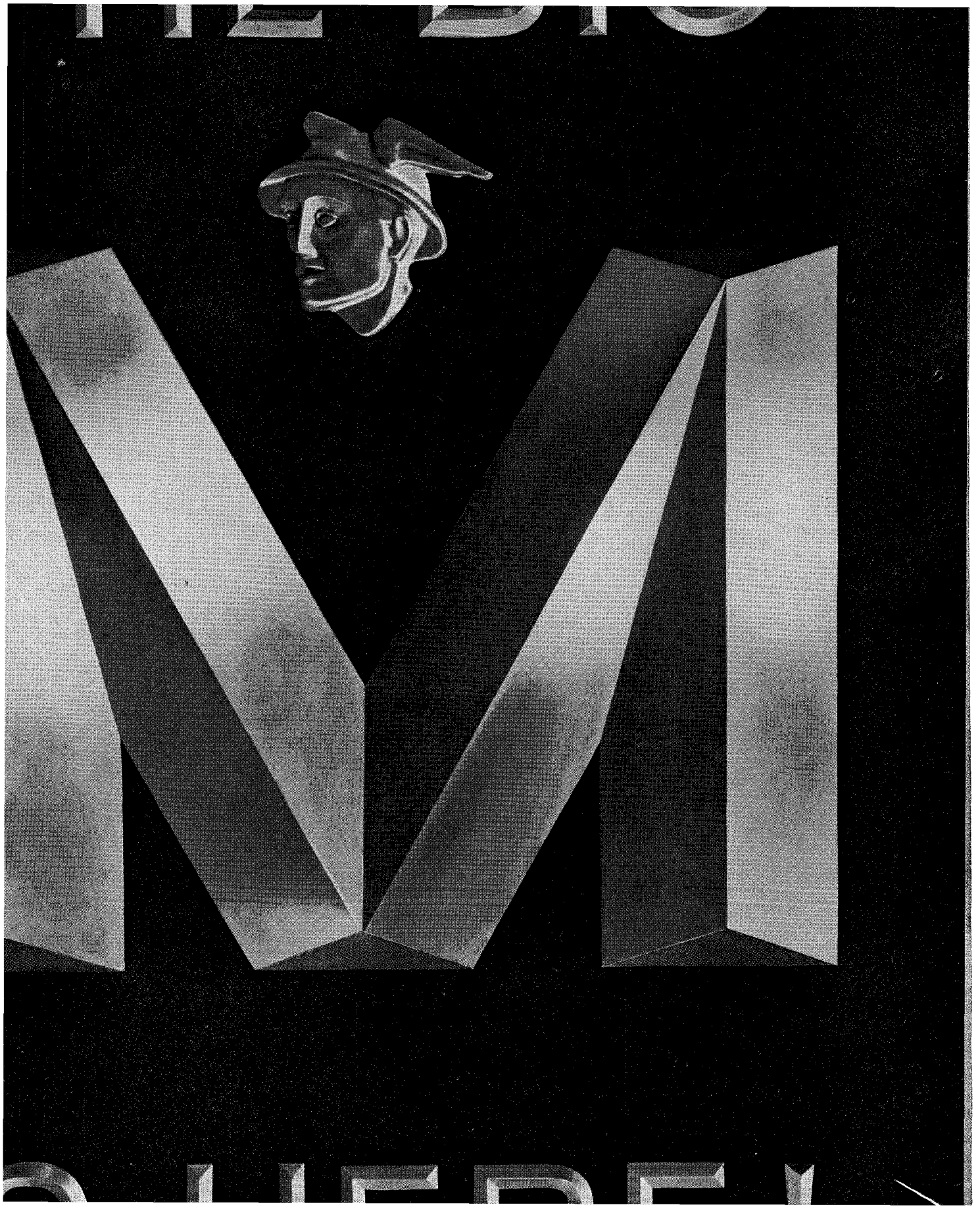

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ANNOUNCING THE BIG NEW 1956 MERCURY

You can't miss the bold, dramatic difference in the big, new 1956 Mercury. It's apparent everywhere—in new Flo-Tone color styling, in new power and performance, in new safety features and many other ways.

You see the difference in Mercury's distinctive low silhouette. You note it in the new Flo-Tone exteriors that find new ways to use color harmony to accent Mercury's graceful sweep of line.

The difference is apparent, too, in the all-new, smartly tailored interiors where rich, exclusive fabrics and vinyls are blended in new color combinations.

You feel the difference in the eager response of Mercury's great, new 225-hp SAFETY-SURGE V-8 engine in the Montclair and Monterey, and the new 210-hp in the Custom.

You get not just *more* horsepower, but *more usable* power. Acceleration has been stepped up to take you from a standing start to 60 mph faster than ever before. There's more *working* horsepower in reserve for passing and hill climbing . . . and greater smoothness and efficiency with improved Merc-O-Matic Drive (optional).

Engine starting is now quicker and easier with a new 12-volt electrical system.

You feel the difference in Mercury's unsurpassed stability and handling ease, made possible by ball-joint front suspension—*exclusive* with Mercury in its field.

There's a new feel of security about the new Mercury, too. It's Safety-Engineered inside and out—with new safety door locks, impact-absorbing safety steering wheel, new longer range, safety-beam head lamps, full-swivel safety rearview mirror, and smoother, surer brakes. And, as safety options, Mercury offers a padded instrument panel, safety seat belts, even padded sun visors.

To sum it all up, everything's big about THE BIG M. It looks big, feels big, acts big, *is* big. You have a choice of 12 stunning models in three series—Montclair, Monterey, and Custom.

THE BIG M is now on display. So visit your Mercury dealer's showroom and meet the big, new 1956 Mercury —*a magnificent value in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.*

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

OPEN UP THESE PAGES AND SEE WHY THE BIG MOVE WILL BE TO THE BIG M

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Morning, noon and night

REFRESH YOUR TIRED EYES with a 2-drop bath of Murine

A feeling of tired eyes can so easily affect the way you feel—and your eyes can so easily grow weary almost without your knowing it. But a 2-drop bath of Murine in each eye refreshes them in seconds.

Compounded of seven tested ingredients, Murine is gentle as a tear. You can use it as often as your eyes would like—to wake up sleepy morning eyes, to refresh weary eyes during the day, and to comfort them at bedtime. Regular, daily use of Murine is such a pleasant custom, and it helps promote a clean, healthful condition in the eyes, too. Try it soon. Remember, Murine makes your eyes feel good!

MURINE for your eyes*

*TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 49) of us. If we don't hit it just right it might be three hours.

I don't tell Mabel about the dirt in the beans because she'll likely think I did it on purpose because I didn't want to go out this afternoon. So I stir the dust into the beans and let it go at that.

The kids want to roast their own hot dogs, and this I'm against from past experience. Usually, they drop them into the dirt about three-four times before they're roasted.

"Let them have some fun," Mabel says. "We came out here to have a good time."

So I tramp back into the woods to cut a few sharp sticks, and this knife I'm using slips, and I nearly lose a finger. I come back with blood on one of the sticks, and my handkerchief around my cut finger.

"What happened to you?" Mabel wants to know.

"I bit myself," I tell her. "I'm havin' so much fun. They call me Three-Fingers Manny."

The kids roast their own hot dogs on the sticks I cut, and Alfred drops his in the fire and in the dirt three times. When his hot dog is almost done he says, "This has dirt on it, pop."

"Wait'll you taste the beans," I tell him, but I don't say this loud enough so's Mabel can hear it.

We have hot dogs and beans and coffee she's made, and when we're eating Mabel says, "These beans taste gritty."

"That could be," I tell her.

"What happened to them?" she wants to know.

"They didn't fall in the fire," I say. "That much I know."

"That's nice," she says. "That's very nice."

You can see how it's going. All afternoon we're getting on each other's nerves, and it'll get worse until there's a blow-up. This I expect any minute now.

We get through the supper, though, and by the time we clean up everything it's getting dark and other people are heading back toward their cars.

"Well," I say, as I put the boxes in the trunk of the car, "it was a great day."

"Never mind," Mabel says.

O.K., I think. *That's the way you want it. O.K.*

We're not home, yet. We're not home by a long shot. We leave this park, and we get in closer to the city, and then it begins. It gets slower and slower, and then pretty soon you find yourself stopping altogether. You stop and you start, and then you stop again. There must be ten miles of cars strung out ahead and behind, and they're crawling along like this.

Every once in a while some guy overheats, or two guys lock bumpers up ahead, and there's a lot of cursing until they're able to get untangled and move on again. Mabel sits in the back and doesn't say anything. The two kids fall asleep because they're knocked out from running around all afternoon.

"Well," I say, "this is Sunday traffic. This is Long Island. We knew what we were gettin' into."

"You want to sit in Brooklyn all of your life?" Mabel snaps, so I know that was the wrong thing to say.

We poke along another mile or so, and then we wait about ten minutes. Then we move on another twenty feet and wait ten minutes more. Behind me the guy starts to blow his horn like the dope he is.

I lean out the window and I yell back at him, "What do you want me to do, go over the top of 'em?"

From what I can see of him he's a fat-faced guy in a skin-tight blue polo shirt, and he has a cigar in his mouth. This is the kind of guy blows his horn at you when there's a jam way up front somewhere. Likely, he comes from the Bronx and is a Giant rooter.

He puts his fat face out of the window and he bawls, "I been tryin' to pass you for ten miles, Mac. Stop hoggin' the road an' keep over on the side with that jalopy."

I open the car door so's I can turn around and see him better, and I give him one of those looks before I say anything. Then I say, "One of them wise guys allus tryin' to get up front. Why don't you build yourself a private road?"

"Just get that can rollin'," he says, "an' keep off the white line, an' you won't have no trouble from me."

I put one foot down on the concrete, and I say, "So I won't have no trouble with you. How about you havin' some trouble with me, Fatty?"

"Manny," Mabel calls from the back. "Please don't make a fool out of yourself."

So far I been a fool all day, and now it's kind of getting me.

"Stop the gab," the fat guy says. "It's guys like you cause all these jams on the road. You oughta send that junk heap to the graveyard."

"Maybe I'll send you with it," I tell him, and I'm out of the car and now moving down between the two lanes of westbound traffic.

"Manny!" Mabel yells.

Just then the cars up ahead start to move again, and about eight hundred guys in back of me put their weight on the horns, and you know what that sounds like. I see a state trooper on a motorcycle driving down between the two lanes, and I run back to the car. I try to get away too quick, and I stall, so these wise guys in the back really give it to me with the horns.

Then this cop stops his motorcycle and says, "What's goin' on here? You havin' a basket lunch?"

"I'll get it goin', officer," I tell him. "She stalled on me."

"If you can't move it," he says, "I'll have a wrecker push you over on the grass."

"I'll move it," I tell him.

After a while she catches and I start to roll. Everybody's trying to swing out into the fast lane to get around me now, and they go by, giving me dirty looks and loud blasts on their horns.

Mabel just sits in the back. I have a look at her in the rear-view mirror, and her face looks strained.

I say to her, "That cop was a wise guy. Anybody can make cracks if they got a uniform on."

This don't even get a rise out of her. She's had her day in the country, and I guess she'll never want another one.

"Won't be long now," I tell her. "Another half hour we'll be home."

That's when the right rear tire goes. There's a bang, and the jalopy starts to rattle more than usual.

I slow down, waiting until I can pull over on the grass along the side of the Parkway, and everybody starts blowing horns. Then when I'm off on the grass they go whipping by, blowing again. Everybody sounds very happy that I got a flat.

"Tire never was too good," I tell Mabel.

She just nods a little.

"Guess you'll have to get out, baby," I say. "That jack I got won't lift everybody up."

She gets out and she stands there, just looking off somewhere, with these cars piling past. I'm beginning to feel sorry for her now because she's tried so hard to have a good time and it didn't work. You can't force good times. If they don't come naturally, you just don't have them. Still I feel bad about this. I've had a tough time on the truck all week, but she's had a tough time, too, and she's had a couple of kids around her. In this hot weather that can work up the nerves like no truck can.

I get the spare out and start to jack up the car, and as I'm working this same wise-guy cop shows up. He pulls up on the grass and sits there, looking down at me.

"You gonna spend the night on this Parkway?" he grins.

"I have to get off the grass too?"

He grins some more, and he says, "You got a flat?"

"I'm pickin' flowers," I tell him. "It's nice an' warm down here."

"Don't dillydally," he chuckles, and he's off again, and I get the exhaust from his motorcycle in my face.

I have a time getting the wheel off because the nuts are a little rusted, and we're parked here for maybe thirty or forty minutes before I'm able to get the spare on.

When Mabel gets back into the car I see that she's been crying. The kids are sleeping inside, and she's been standing on the grass, crying.

I don't know what to say to her. Everything's been wrong today, and it hasn't been her fault. I remember how she worked (Continued on Page 58)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How are things over at the car-wash, Ed?"

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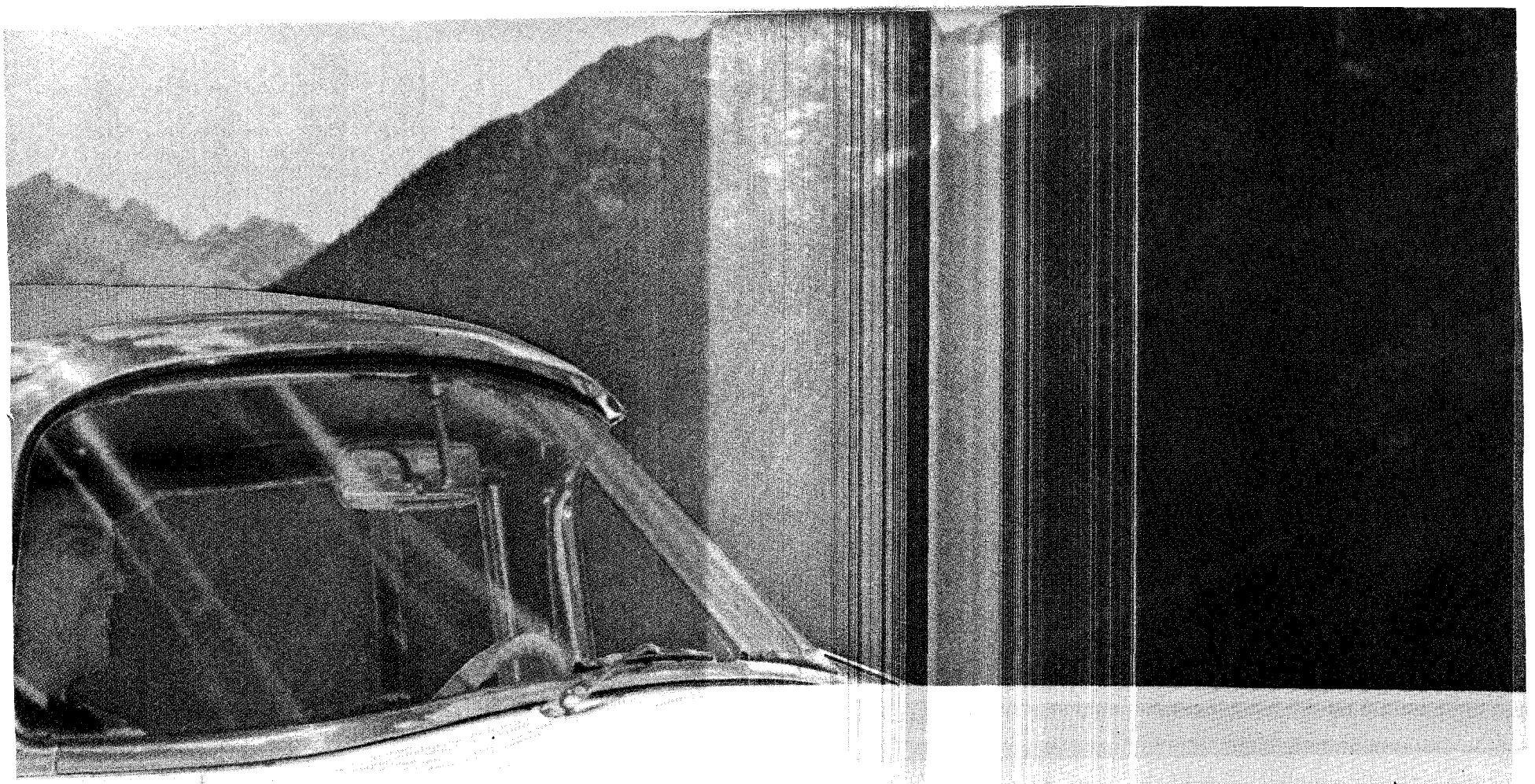

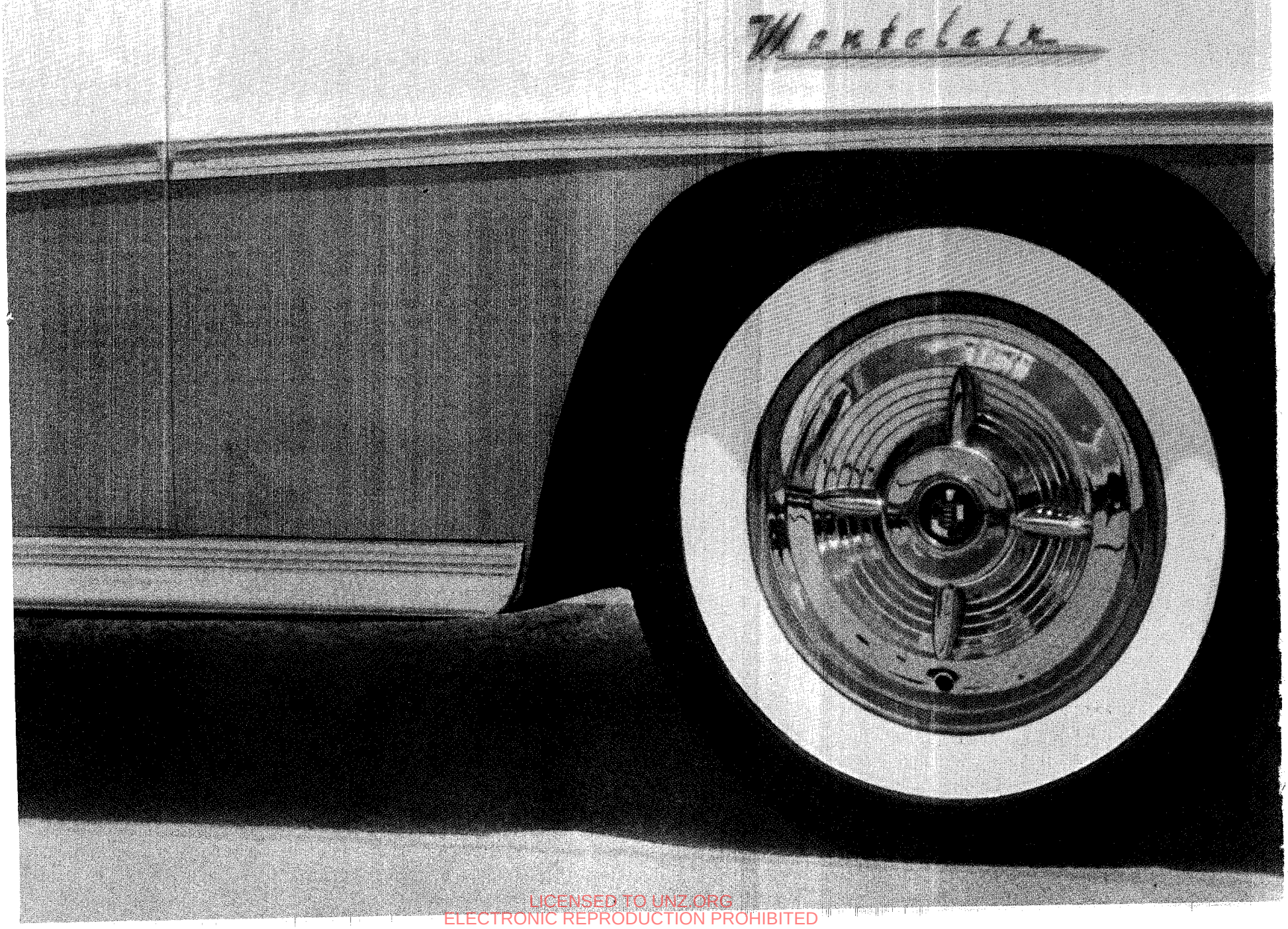

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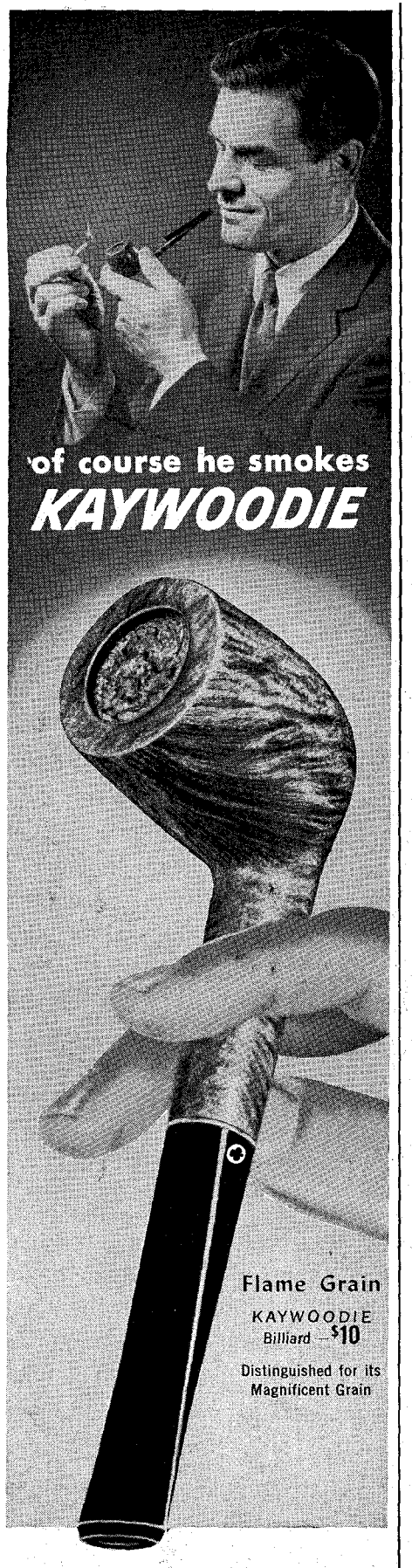

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(Continued from Page 56) herself up into a lather getting ready for this wonderful outing, and for all the good it has done anybody, we might as well have stood home.

"Well," I say, "it's been a long day. Some are good, an' some are bad."

"I wanted this to be good," she says, and her voice is not strong.

I sit there at the wheel before starting up the motor. These cars are roaring past us a mile a minute because traffic is moving for once. I'm sweaty and dirty, and I feel like a wet rag. I say, "The next time we might get a few breaks, baby."

"You wanted to stay home, Manny," she murmurs. "You wanted to take it easy today, and watch the ball game."

"I can watch plenty of games," I tell her. "Couple night games comin' up this week."

I turn halfway around in the front seat and I look back at her. Lucy is up front with me, and Alfred is asleep on the back seat with her. These cars shoot past, and I get their lights on my face because we're only about ten feet off the Parkway.

"Your face is dirty, Manny," she says slowly. "You're all dirty, Manny."

"So we got plenty water in Brooklyn," I grin. "Water we got. Some things we don't have, like a new car which don't get us in trouble every time we go out, but it'll get better, baby. You'll see."

"You never complained," Mabel is almost whispering. "You were tired and hot, Manny, and you worked at it. You took care of the kids, and you made a fire, and you cut your finger, and you had to change a tire, and you're hot and tired and dirty, and—and ——"

She's crying now so she don't say any more. I get out of the front seat and open the rear door, and then I put my arms around her, and she cries even more, and I don't care about these ten thousand cars shooting past us ten feet away.

"It'll be O.K., baby," I tell her. "Just take it easy now."

"How did all that dirt get into the beans, Manny?" she sobs.

"Some kids run by an' kicked it in," I tell her. "I didn't want to tell you, baby. You were feelin' so bad, already. A little dirt never hurt nobody."

She's crying then, and she's laughing, and she hugs me, and she says, "You're good, Manny. You're so good."

I hear a sound on the grass on the other side of the car, and when I look up there's this cop again, looking in at us. You know how them motorcycle guys roll up on you sometime, and you can't even hear them.

"Fer cryin' out loud," he says. "You two got no home?"

"Brooklyn," I tell him, "an' we're goin' there quick, mister."

So I kiss Mabel right in front of him, and then I go around and get in the front seat, and this cop is sitting there on his motorcycle, looking at me and at these cars shooting by.

He says, "What a place to make love!"

"It's as good a place as any," I tell him.

He just shakes his head, and he rolls out toward the concrete, and then he slows down the traffic coming at us and waves me in, which is the first break we've had all day.

We're moving again on the inside lane, and we're heading back toward Brooklyn, and I'm hoping this spare I have on will keep us until we get home. It's not a good shoe. It's just some rubber with air in it.

"That cop was a nice guy," I say to Mabel over my shoulder.

"Yes," she says.

"Everything all right, baby?" I ask her.

"Wonderful," she says.

So I start whistling, and after a while I hear her whistling softly in the back, too, and I grin a little. We used to do that when we'd be coming back from Jones Beach, maybe, on a Saturday night, before we were married. I was driving a worse car even than this, and we were very young, and I'd be telling her that someday we'd have one of these new homes out on Long Island.

We never got it. We got two kids and we still got an old car, and maybe I'll never be nothing else but a truck driver, but we got something. I think we got something. You know what I mean?

Mask of Murder (Continued from Page 35)

"My wife seems a little uneasy there," he said. "She—she's expecting a baby next month ——" His jaw hardened and he became very firm, saying, "I don't want her to hear about this."

"I understand perfectly," Van Horne said, thrusting the flier and clippings back into his brief case. "However, if you get any odd phone calls, let me know. If your phone rings, and someone says it's a wrong number—or it rings and no one's on the line. Remember that Maury's good at disguises. Watch out for strangers who try to strike up an acquaintance. And don't pick up any hitchhikers."

Rick nodded. "Look, if you hear anything more or if you want to talk to me again, use my place of business. Not here. Never here."

"Right. By the way, where's a good place to put up in town?"

"Couple of good motor courts on the outskirts. Only one hotel in town, though—the Seneca House. About the rooms and meals, I don't know. I just take care of their oil-burner service."

"It'll have to do," Van Horne said. "I want to be near the center of things. By the way, I ought to tell you that Chief Lockhart did say you should come see him if you feel at all uneasy."

Rick got out of the car and waved absently as Van Horne drove off. It was almost the way it had been back in St. Louis, all over again. The time Elizabeth was worried stiff over Maury Cleebore's threat. Unable to sleep at night. Choking up whenever the doorbell rang. Stumbling, once, and falling down the stairs, all the way down. And having that miscarriage as a result. And almost dying herself.

"When, daddy, h'm?" Betty said, behind him. "The roller coaster ——"

"Dear," Elizabeth called from the porch, "who was that?"

He made quite a show of tussling with Betty in order to get the grass clippers away from her. And he told his wife that it was some high-pressure roofing salesman, a tough man to get rid of.

It was always difficult, these days, to get her to rest for any length of time. She always had to be doing something around the house. And because of the polio scare, she wouldn't take Betty anywhere or go anywhere herself. She had seemed, these past two months, to be scared of her own shadow. She seemed terrified nights if he left her alone in the house. Another month, he told himself, and everything would be swell; she'd be all right again. Once the baby was born, she'd be his old Liz again, carefree and buoyant and full of mischief.

Lying in bed that night, he thought of Woltman and Shevelon. Neither one of them had wanted to testify after the warning, but he had urged and then shamed them into doing so. But what connection was there, really, between their deaths? Ansel Woltman had met death in his car at a remote grade crossing, struck by a streamliner. Roger Shevelon had been discovered in his garage, dead from carbon-monoxide poisoning. He'd been suffering from ulcers and may not have believed that there was no malignancy present.

Rick fell asleep with the conviction that Van Horne was making a mountain out of a molehill. But when he woke up abruptly, at daybreak, he was already tense and expectant, the way he felt sometimes when waking from a violent dream.

His shop was bright with sunlight when he opened up. Its familiarity somehow reassured him. Loane Cleebore had, in a way, made the shop possible. For back in St. Louis, after he had tackled Loane, the Legion post and some other civic organizations had presented him with a sum of money. "To a good citizen," their card had said, and this had pleased him. The hero line in the newspapers had only embarrassed him.

Outrage, not heroism, had driven him to tackle Loane Cleebore that day. Outrage had blinded him to the closeness of his own possible death. Was he close again?

When Miss Olney, who doubled as bookkeeper and salesgirl, came in at eight-thirty, Rick said, "If a Mr. Van Horne phones while I'm out on a job, tell him where I am, so he can get hold of me."

Cahill, who worked for him in the service end, was half an hour late. But Rick said nothing. He couldn't very well gripe one minute and ask a favor of the man the next. The night service calls: would Cahill take care of them till Liz had the baby? Cahill's look of wounded consternation was a sufficient answer; his whining complaint that he needed ten hours' sleep a night added nothing. Rick almost fired him right then and there, and had to walk out of the shop to be sure he wouldn't. Cahill was too good on refrigerators.

Rick strode past the Seneca House, an old four-story brick building facing a small park, with part of the basement given over to a billiard parlor. He thought of calling on Van Horne, and stood for a moment in the park deliberating—and looking round whenever he heard footfalls behind him. That was how he happened to see a man of about his own build, perhaps an inch or two taller, stroll to a bench and sit down. He wore a brown sports jacket, tan slacks and a Panama hat. His face was pale and bony. He wore large dark glasses. The shape of his lips was hidden by a rather heavy dark mustache.

Making a great effort to take his time, Rick crossed the street to the lobby of the Seneca House and asked for Van Horne. But he wasn't in, the bellhop said. As Rick went out the front door, the man in the dark glasses came in. Involuntarily, Rick jumped aside, but the man paid no attention. And going down the stone steps, Rick felt like a fool. The man didn't look like Maury Cleebore at all. But what was so peculiar about the skin on one cheek?

This bothered Rick throughout the morning. If Maury was so good at disguises, how would he know him, anyhow? Something else troubled him, and after a telephone conversation with Doctor Deland in the afternoon, he stopped off at the house.

"You look tired, hon," he said. "I asked the doctor if he knew of a good woman to take care of Betty here for a few weeks."

Elizabeth protested, insisting they could not afford it. But it was already arranged, he told her, and a Mrs. Uhle would begin next morning. What he wanted, really, was someone to be with Betty at all times, especially while she was out of doors. (Continued on Page 62)

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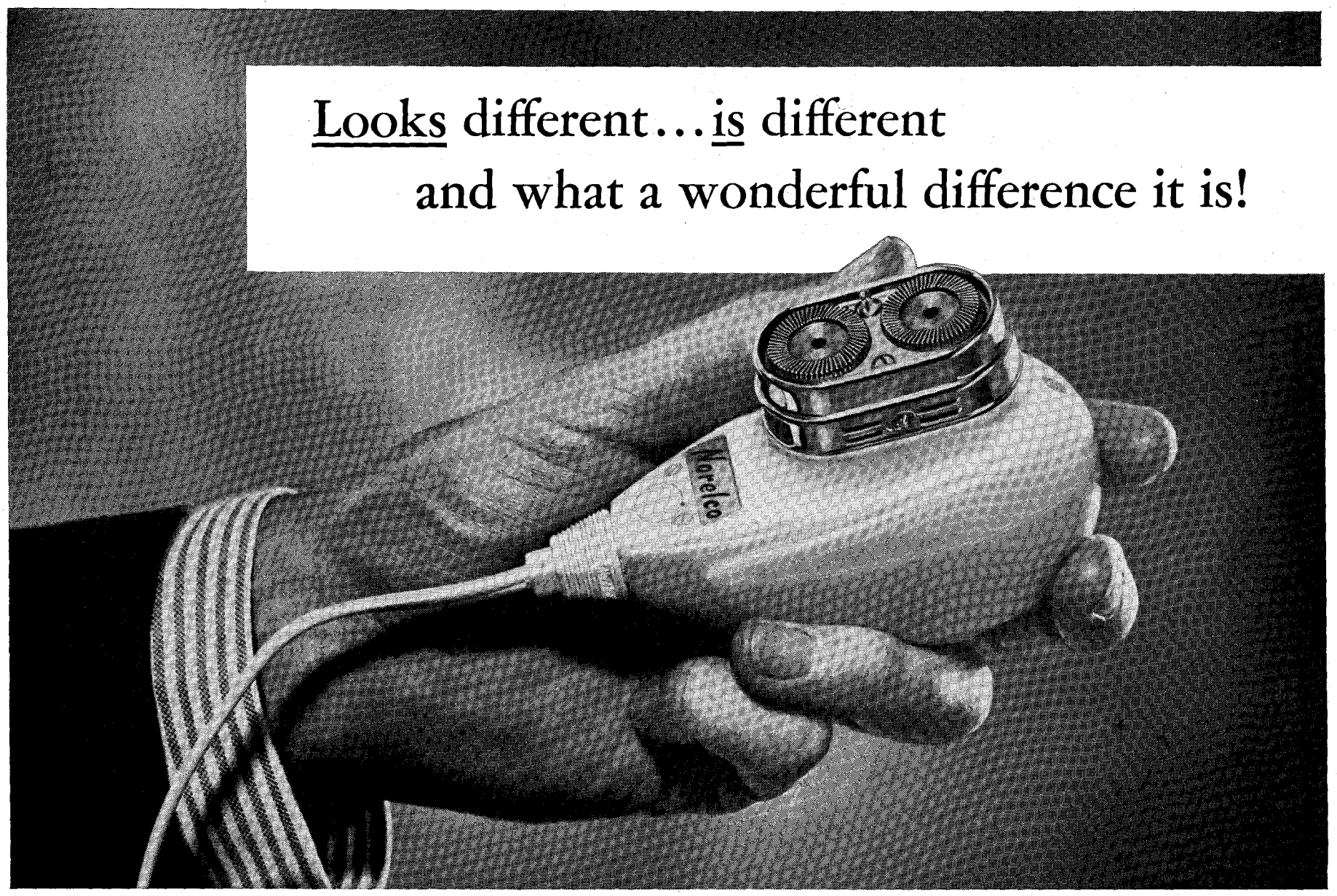

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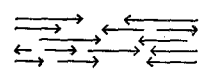

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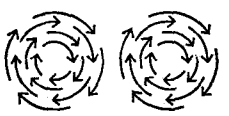

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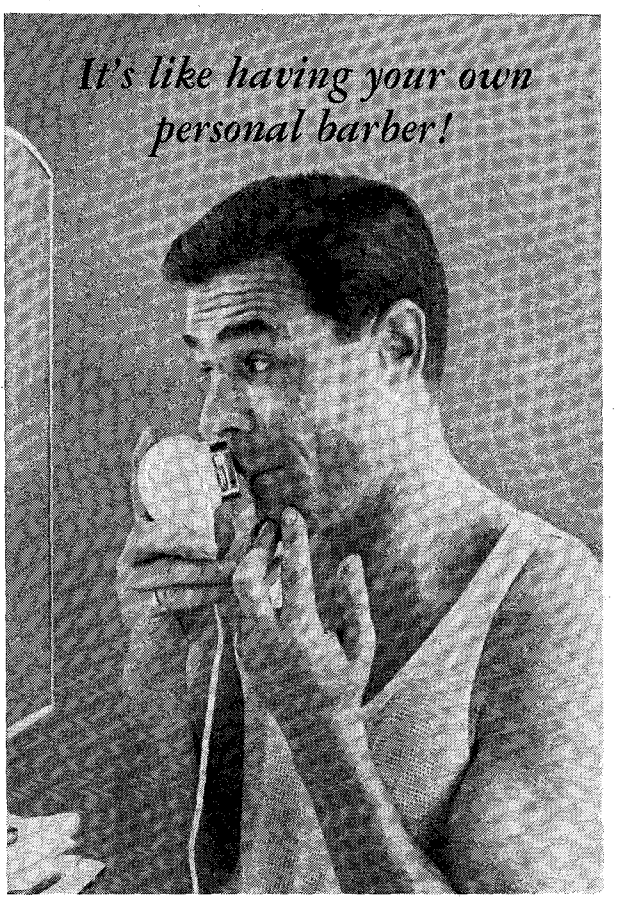

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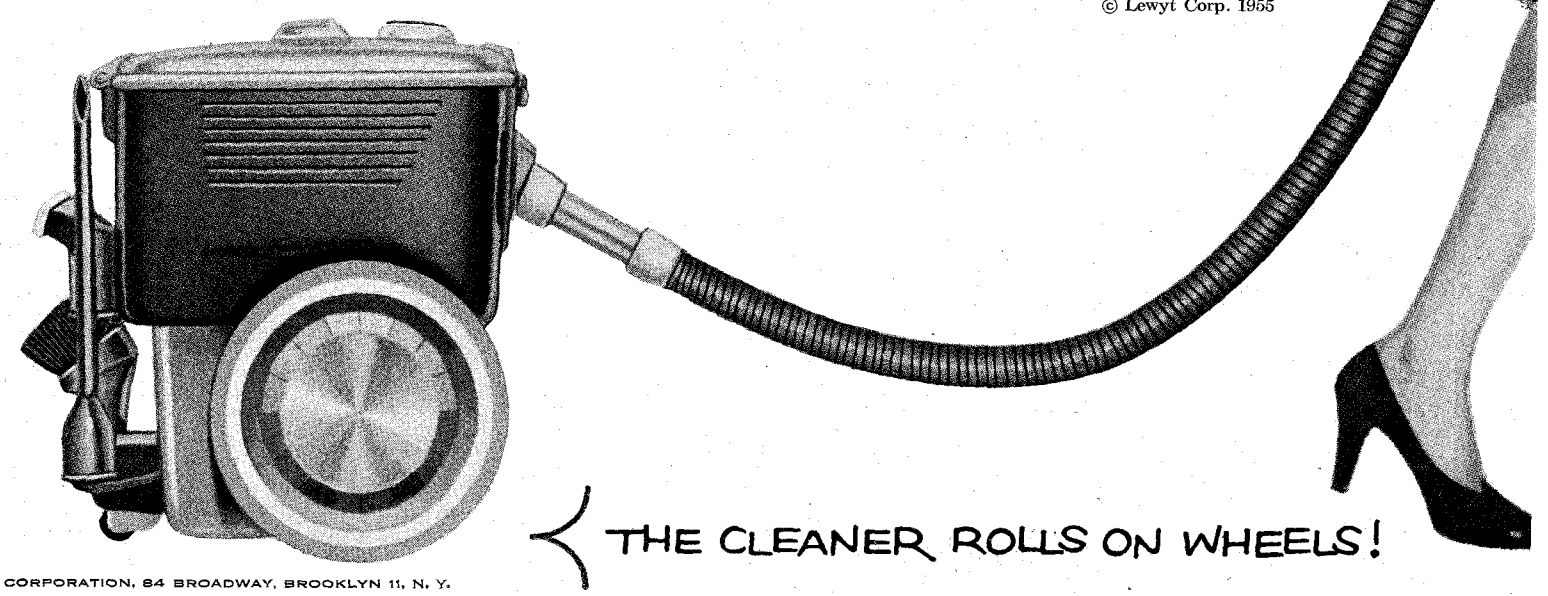

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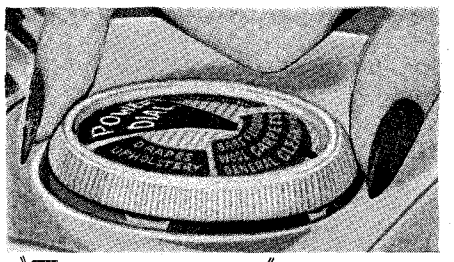

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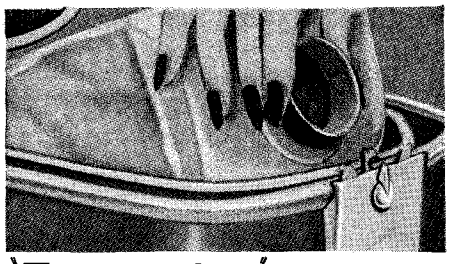

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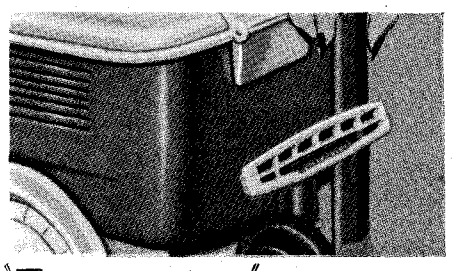

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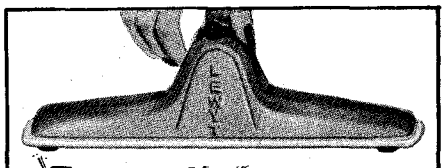

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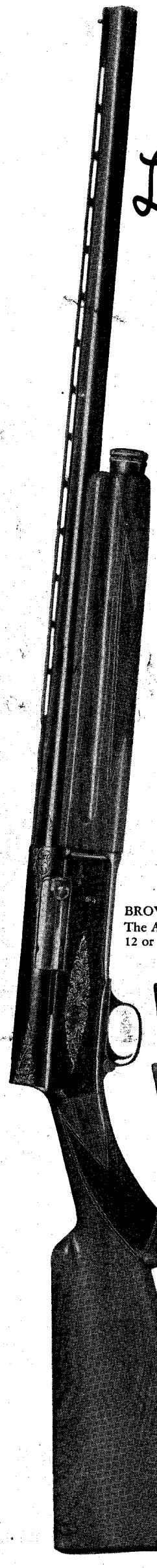

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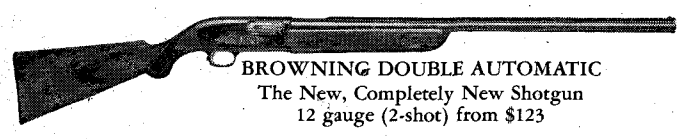

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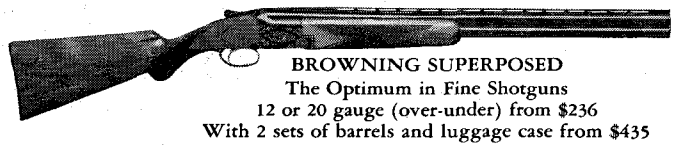

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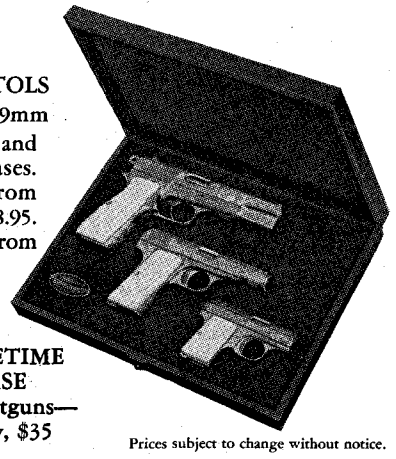

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Please specify literature desired: "Automatic-5 Shotguns," "Double Automatic Shotguns," "Superposed Shotguns," "Automatic Pistols," "Shotgun Luggage Cases."

(Continued from Page 58)

On the way back to the shop he stopped in to see Chief Lockhart. Lockhart didn't blame the Central Union people for trying to wipe the black mark off their record, but he blamed Van Horne for scaring Rick on the basis of no concrete evidence. He waved two telegrams he had received in response to inquiries he had sent to Tulsa and Kansas City. Woltman's death was still on the books as accidental. Nothing in Kansas City had occurred to alter the belief that Shevelon's death was a suicide.

Rick was almost lighthearted as he drove back to the shop. He went whistling into his office, and Miss Olney said Mr. Van Horne had phoned a few minutes before. Rick rang the Seneca House and Van Horne said the bellboy had told him Rick wanted to see him.

Rick hesitated for a moment, still optimistic because of Lockhart's report. But then he mentioned, casually, the man in the dark glasses and wondered if he was staying at the hotel. Van Horne's thin, high voice jumped a pitch higher with interest, and he wanted a detailed description. Then Rick asked if there was anything new with him, and Van Horne said no.

"If I don't get scalded to death," he added, chuckling. "What do they heat the water with in this hotel, a blowtorch?"

Rick chuckled too. "Old steel wet-base job that could stand a new aquastat and a lot of other things. I'm losing money on the service contract and at least once or twice a month the plant breaks down to spoil my Sundays or holidays."

"Um—incidentally," Van Horne said, "it might be a good idea not to take any night emergency jobs for people you're not absolutely sure of."

Rick, after he'd hung up, stood at the desk staring at several orders for new oil burners he'd made out in preparation for the fall trade. But the attractive discount on them was overshadowed by a growing necessity he felt to pay up his overdue debts. He tore the orders up and wrote checks for all outstanding bills. Then he phoned his lawyer and said he'd like to have a will drawn up next day.

He'd barely hung up when the phone rang and Elizabeth's worried voice asked what was keeping him.

"I'll be home when I get there, Liz," he said. . . . "All right, it's getting twilight—all right! For Pete's sake, when are you going to stop being afraid of the dark?"

He was suddenly so shaken that it took three wild, slamming tries before he got the receiver back in its cradle.

"Hon," he said, when he got home with a pint of her favorite ice cream. He wasn't up to saying much more. He just held her in his arms and let her sniffle there.

"I—I know I'm silly," she said.

"You're just worn out, kid. Tomorrow the woman comes, and you can take it a little easier."

He didn't leave, next morning, until Mrs. Uhle got there. And once at the shop, he phoned Van Horne and asked about the man in the dark glasses. Van Horne said yes, the man was staying at the Seneca House, he was registered as John T. Simmons, of Cleveland, and one side of his face looked as if it had had plastic surgery.

"It may be nothing," he added, "but steer clear of him till I get a report on him from our Cleveland office."

After his appointment with the lawyer, Rick, remembering that he had an old .22-caliber revolver packed away in a trunk in the basement, bought a box of cartridges. If there were any night calls, he'd go armed. When he got home that evening, Betty and Mrs. Uhle were on the best of terms, and Elizabeth looked fresh and rested.

"Oh," Mrs. Uhle said as she was leaving, "when your wife was sleeping this afternoon some man came by, selling those combination screens and storm windows. I forget his name."

Rick, with a glance at Elizabeth, shrugged. "The other day it was a roofing salesman. More salesmen! What was this one like?"

"Well, about your build, Mr. Smith. With a mustache. And I guess weak eyes. The dark glasses, I mean."

Rick said, "M'm'm'm—sounds like a man I know named Simmons."

"Simmons!" Mrs. Uhle exclaimed. "That's the name!"

The next morning, Saturday, Rick went straight to the Seneca House, brisk and purposeful as he approached the desk and Mr. Shafter, the owner.

"Will you ring John T. Simmons?" he said. "I'd like to see him about some combination windows."

"H'm?" Mr. Shafter said, for he was quite old and slow and a little hard of hearing. "Oh, Mr. Simmons. He checked out first thing this morning."

A frustrate fury started in Rick, but he got hold of it when he caught sight of Van Horne, an immense and placid figure at a dining-room table. He went in and told Van Horne about Simmons' calling at the house.

"I saw him check out this morning," Van Horne said. "But I can't be sure he left town. At any rate, I've got the make and license number of his car. I'm waiting for the report on him from the Cleveland office. And I phoned Chief Lockhart."

Rick went to see Lockhart but the chief, acknowledging that Van Horne had phoned, still complained about no concrete evidence. Rick felt now that for all his fancy uniform Lockhart was an amateur, resenting outside interference. His best bet, no doubt about it, was Van Horne. Unless—the thought struck him a glancing blow—Simmons had caught on to the fat Central Union man.

"Please," Betty pleaded that night. "Please, daddy, can't we go to the amusement park tomorrow? H'm—please? It closes soon."

He was half tempted to say yes, but Elizabeth was looking at him and her eyes told him no; no, not yet. And he went piggy-backing Betty around the lawn. He wasn't much for hugging her but this time, swinging her off his shoulders, he hugged her with desperate affection.

The phone, ringing at midnight, made him sit bolt upright in bed. But Elizabeth was upright, too, almost at the same instant. The call was from a good customer on the city line, ten miles out—a freezer breakdown, the unit off apparently for hours. He'd be out, he said, in about half an hour.

He saw Elizabeth shiver. He saw her eyes glaze over with fear. He sought, by ignoring it, to ignore his own fear. "I'll leave all the lights in the house on," he said, thus intimating, involuntarily, the measure of his own fear. "There's five hundred pounds of food out there that could spoil."

He went down to the basement storeroom for his gun. The old trunk was on a shelf three feet off the floor. One of the hasps was open, and when he threw back the lid he discovered the contents disarranged, (Continued on Page 64)

Ouch!

By Alice Boyd Stockdale

Age Two isn't height-size
Or quite size for fight-size.
It's light-size, mite-size,
Bite-size.

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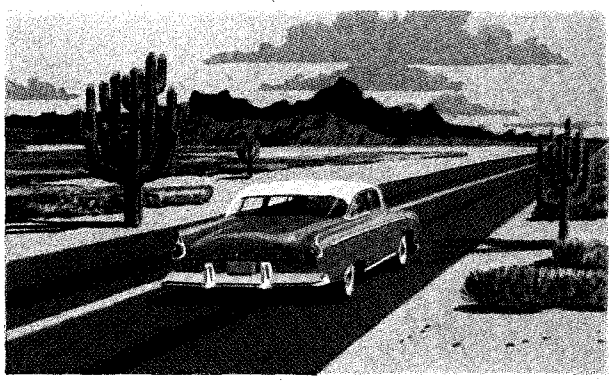
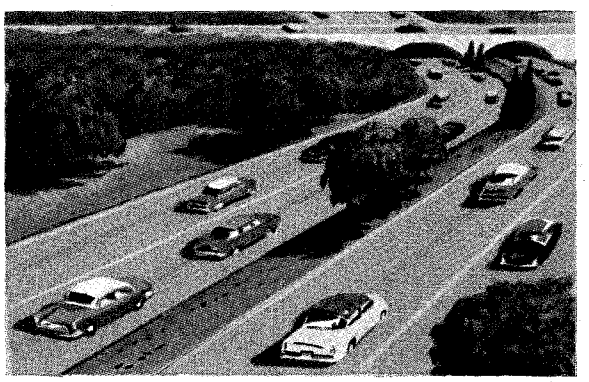
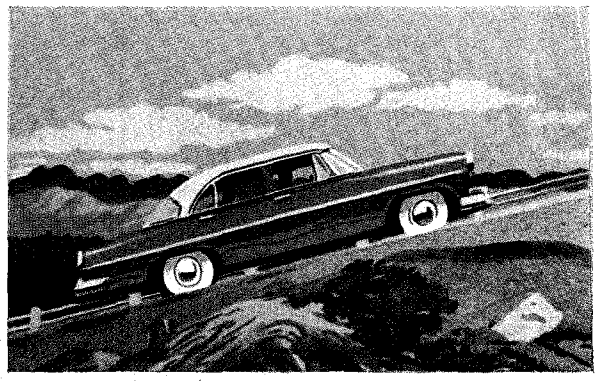
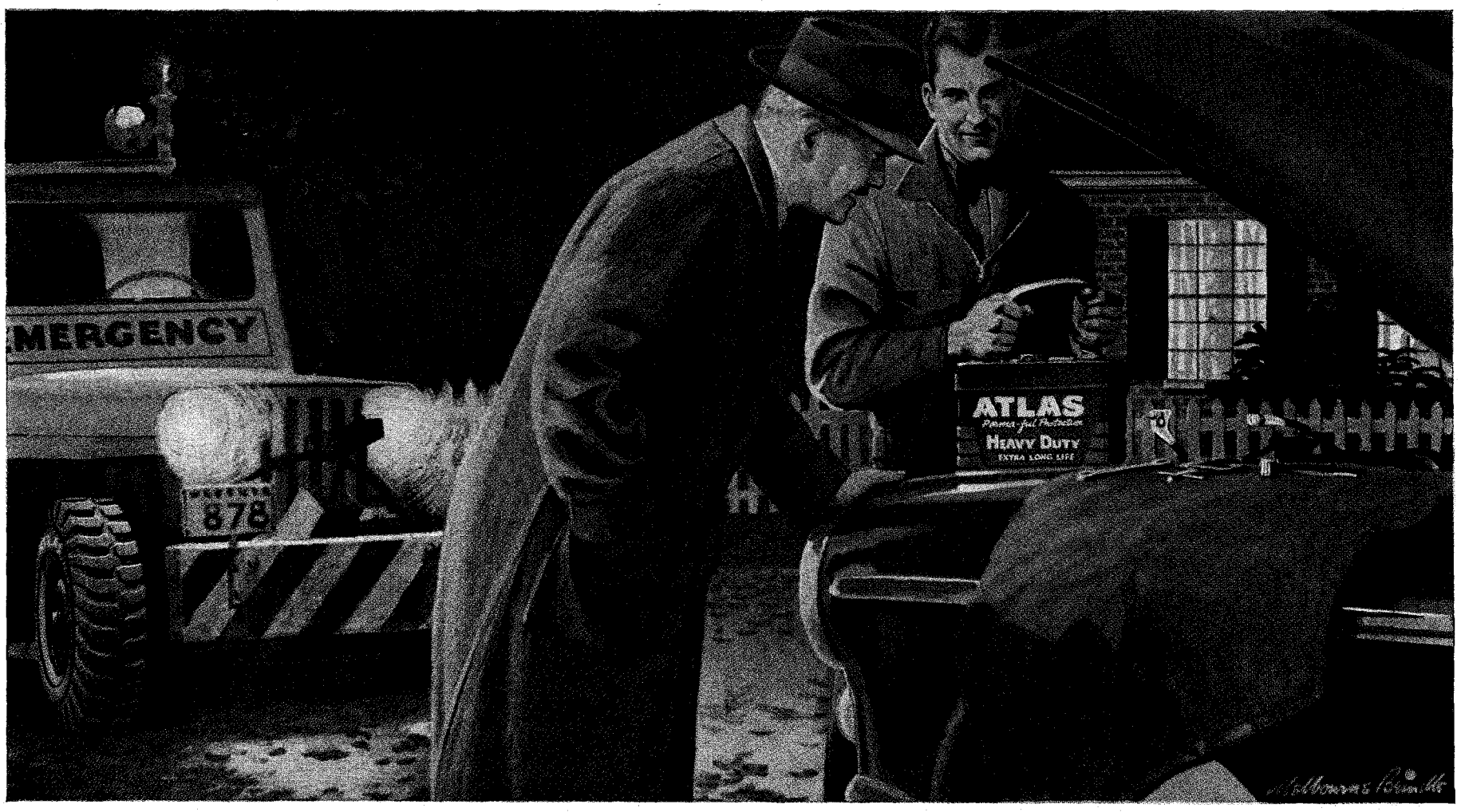
The driving you enjoyed in July...





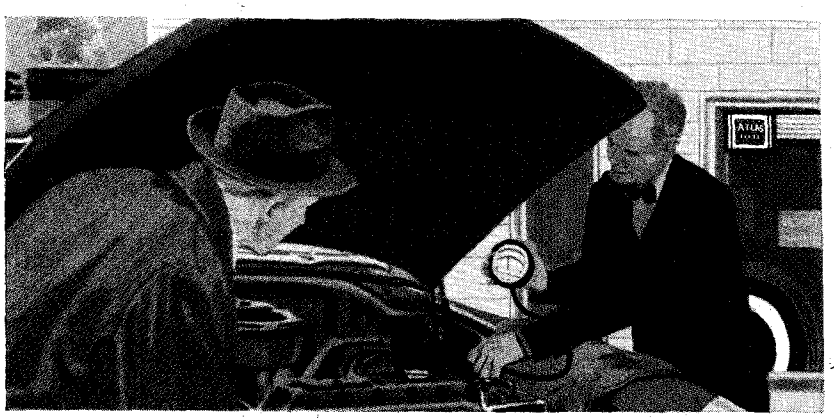


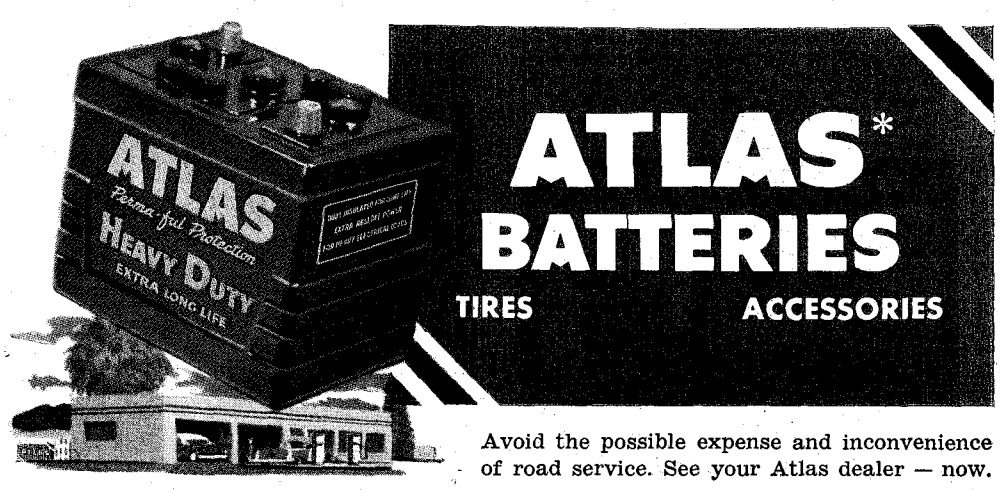
can cause battery failure in October!



Have your ATLAS dealer check your battery now!

As soon as the temperature drops, many batteries that "seemed okay" to car owners suddenly go dead. That's because heat from hard summer driving and overcharging generators "bakes out" batteries that are approaching failure. Then with the first cold snap, the summer-weakened batteries fail under the added strain of winter starting. But this doesn't have to happen to *you* . . .





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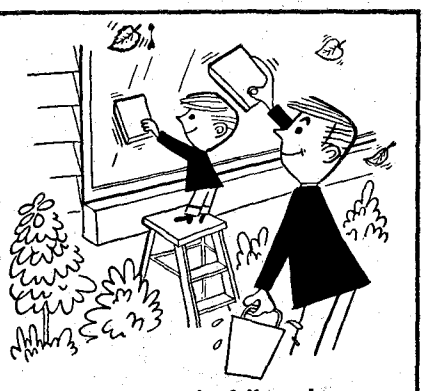

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(Continued from Page 62) although he recalled placing some technical books neatly on top only three months before.

On top, now, were newspaper clippings, pages, from the troubled time in St. Louis. All of them in a tangle of disorder, as if they had been flung there.

His throat thickened. Flung there by Elizabeth? Picked up by her and read over and over, and then, all at once, in terror and revulsion, flung down and the lid slammed shut?

Elizabeth going through it all again! His eyes stung with the quick salt of angry, bitter tears. In near-blind distraction he peered at the pictures of Maury Cleebore, half a dozen different poses. The printing jigged before his eyes, telling him what a great reader Maury was, with a fondness for scientific and medical books. A good actor, too, who, during his term in prison, before the St. Louis affair, had taken part in all the plays there, and sung spirituals in a fine baritone voice. He was adaptable, but could not stick at one thing for long: from a course in electrical wiring to one in cabinetmaking; from typewriting to organic gardening. A brilliant, erratic mind, one writer noted, behind a barrier of steel nerves and remarkable self-control. The only thing that ever startled him, a prison inmate said, was if you crept up behind him and spoke.

"Rick?" Elizabeth called.

He did not bother taking the revolver out of the trunk. It shocked him to realize that Elizabeth, these past months, had hidden from him the real cause of her worry and fear. She was worried, scared stiff, over him, not over herself. Upstairs, he rubbed the back of her neck with one hand and picked up the phone with the other. He called Cahill, telling him, without any polite preliminaries, to run out and take a look at the Winthrops' freezer.

"Get out there, Chuck!" he exploded against Cahill's indignant whine. "I've got a sick wife here! If I find tomorrow you haven't been out, I'll beat your lousy head off!"

He felt Elizabeth relax against him and nuzzle his throat. It was wonderful to feel her relax that way. But how many days and nights would he have to live under the threat of Maury Cleebore?

He woke up on Sunday morning with his mind settled on one thing. He said at breakfast, "We are going to the amusement park this afternoon and eat an early supper at the Grove Inn." And when his wife looked at him as if he had gone out of his mind, he said, "Liz, you've been stuck here for days, weeks. So has Betty. So have I. Liz, we're letting the polio scare get us down. We're living underground, hiding. Liz, this I will not be talked out of—we are going to the park."

She glanced at Betty making ecstatic faces and sounds. She gazed at Rick pensively. Then she began to giggle. He looked so cute, she told him, with his arms folded and his jaw thrust out. She flipped him a gay, almost reckless glance: if he was game, she was.

They were about to leave at one when the phone rang. It was Mr. Shafter, at the Seneca House, and Rick began almost immediately to shake his head. "It will have to wait, Mr. Shafter. I'll be all tied up until sometime this evening." He turned to shush Betty, who was yelling at the top of her lungs, "We are going to ride on the roller coaster!"

But Mr. Shafter was hard of hearing, fortunately, and five minutes later they were in the car, with Rick shouting, "Whoops, and away we go!" There was nothing more important this day than their family outing—not even Mr. Shafter's broken-down water heater.

Grove Park drew people from half a dozen lakeside or inland towns, and the crowd this Sunday was big, the day fine with sunlight and a cool breeze romping in off the lake.

Rick took the rough rides with Betty while Elizabeth watched, munching popcorn. He yelled along with Betty on the roaring dives of the roller coaster. And up at the top of the Ferris wheel there was a singing in his heart when he looked down and saw his wife wave and grin. It was like his old Liz, easygoing and jolly, always ready for anything. She got so much into the spirit of the thing that she rode with them on the merry-go-round, and she cuddled up to Rick in the boat through the Tunnel of Love.

The Arcade had always been one of her favorites, and they went there next, the three of them licking ice-cream cones. The bedlam inside didn't bother her a bit, and they all worked the slot machines and space guns and electronic-eye rifles. And then, in the only quiet alcove in the place, they all burst out laughing.

"Look at me!" Betty squealed "Look at mommy!"

She meant the trick mirrors in the alcove that twisted your image into various ridiculous shapes. In one you looked lopsided; in another, like a squashed-down barrel; in another, like a tall, skinny wraith.

"Boy, oh boy," Elizabeth said, "that's the one for me, in my shape. I'll buy that mirror to cheer me up mornings when I hate to face a regular mirror. But take a look at Popsy-wopsy, Bet. Oh, dear! Oh, no!"

For Rick, scowling ferociously in the other mirror, looked like a primate from the jungle, squat and immensely broad, with short legs and dangling arms. They all strolled out hand in hand, still giggling, and returned to the relative decorum of the merry-go-round. When Rick saw Van Horne idly watching it, he bought Elizabeth and Betty tickets for three rides and said he'd try the shooting gallery for a change. Then, passing close to Van Horne, he asked the man to follow him.

"I thought I'd better not speak to you in front of your family," Van Horne said, ambling up to him at the Arcade entrance. "Let's get in off the boardwalk too. I've been covering the park here every day. Men like Maury drift to amusement parks—shooting galleries, games of chance."

Rick said, "Any news from Cleveland?"

"This morning. Simmons has lived there a year, and they're checking on where he came from. Unmarried. He's been with those window people for a year, all the time traveling through the States. They say the plastic-surgery job is a result of fire in some plane crash. I noticed him a lot around the hotel or playing billiards. Good at billiards."

"By heaven," Rick said, "it sounds like Maury Cleebore." He caught a glimpse of himself in one of the trick mirrors, but was not amused this time. Not even Van Horne looked funny in the mirrors. But Van Horne chortled at the mirrors, and Rick said, "Do you think Simmons checked out because he was getting suspicious?"

Van Horne laid his hand on Rick's shoulder as they moved along. "Could be. I might have pulled a boner by watching him too closely. But on the other hand, Mr. Smith, don't take it for granted that he's Maury." He squeezed Rick's shoulder. "But if he is Maury, and caught on to me, I don't think you'll see him around town for a while. And, say, when am I going to get a hot bath? Cold water out of both faucets today at the old Seneca House."

Rick told him he'd get to work at six that evening and there ought to be hot water by seven. He had tensed up again, he didn't know why, unless it was because Simmons, if he was Maury Cleebore, might wait days, weeks, before returning to town. He made a special effort to be party-spirited when he rejoined his wife and daughter, but Maury's face was there in the back of his mind as if he had actually seen him. He wished he had a picture of Simmons, so that he could study it.

"You know, dear," Elizabeth said, "I'm so full of popcorn and peanut brittle that I don't see how I could eat a big supper. Why don't we just have a bite at home—after you fix Mr. Shafter's burner?" She pressed his arm. "You're fidgety now, and I know it's on your mind."

"As a matter of fact, it is," he said. It was a good excuse for his frowning inattention.

It was just after five when he went through the Seneca House billiard parlor to the basement section that housed the heating plant and the men's room. The odor of No. 2 fuel oil was so strong in there that he turned on all the lights and looked for a leak. But there was none. A door creaked and he jumped, but it was only someone going to the men's room. He felt sweaty and nervous.

The oil-burner switch was on and he almost forgot to throw it off—always a first step on any such job. The fuse was good. The overload switch had not kicked off. The huge hot-water tank was cool, although the aquastat called for 150 degrees. He opened the fire-box door and poked in his flashlight. Oil covered the bottom, floating there. Because the boiler was an all-steel, wet-base type, there was no chance of oil seeping out through the firebricks. He unloosened two bolts to get at the electrodes that would produce the electric spark. One of the electrodes was disconnected. Never in his life had he seen one of these wires, anywhere, become disconnected by itself. The tension in him was an intense pain.

He strode, white-faced, into the billiard parlor. He saw his own blurred image in an old wall mirror near the staircase, and groaned. He knew all at once, with terror and rage flooding him, what he had seen this afternoon. He raced up the stairs to the lobby. And at the top, suddenly, he was cat-footed, making no sound as he crossed toward the desk, toward a familiar figure, toward a figure he had glimpsed in one of the funny mirrors—the one that made people look tall and skinny. Right up, cat-quiet, behind the figure.

"Maury Cleebore?" he said. "Checking out?"

(Continued on Page 68)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Kissing is a means for getting two people so close together that they can't see anything wrong with each other.

When your wife admits she's wrong, you've probably got a real argument on your hands.

The best way to make an honest dollar these days is to earn two.

Anybody who thinks practice makes perfect doesn't live near a small boy who takes piano lessons.

It's still a man's world—but in his wife's name, of course.

When a woman says she'll be ready in a minute, you can be sure of one thing. She knows you're there.

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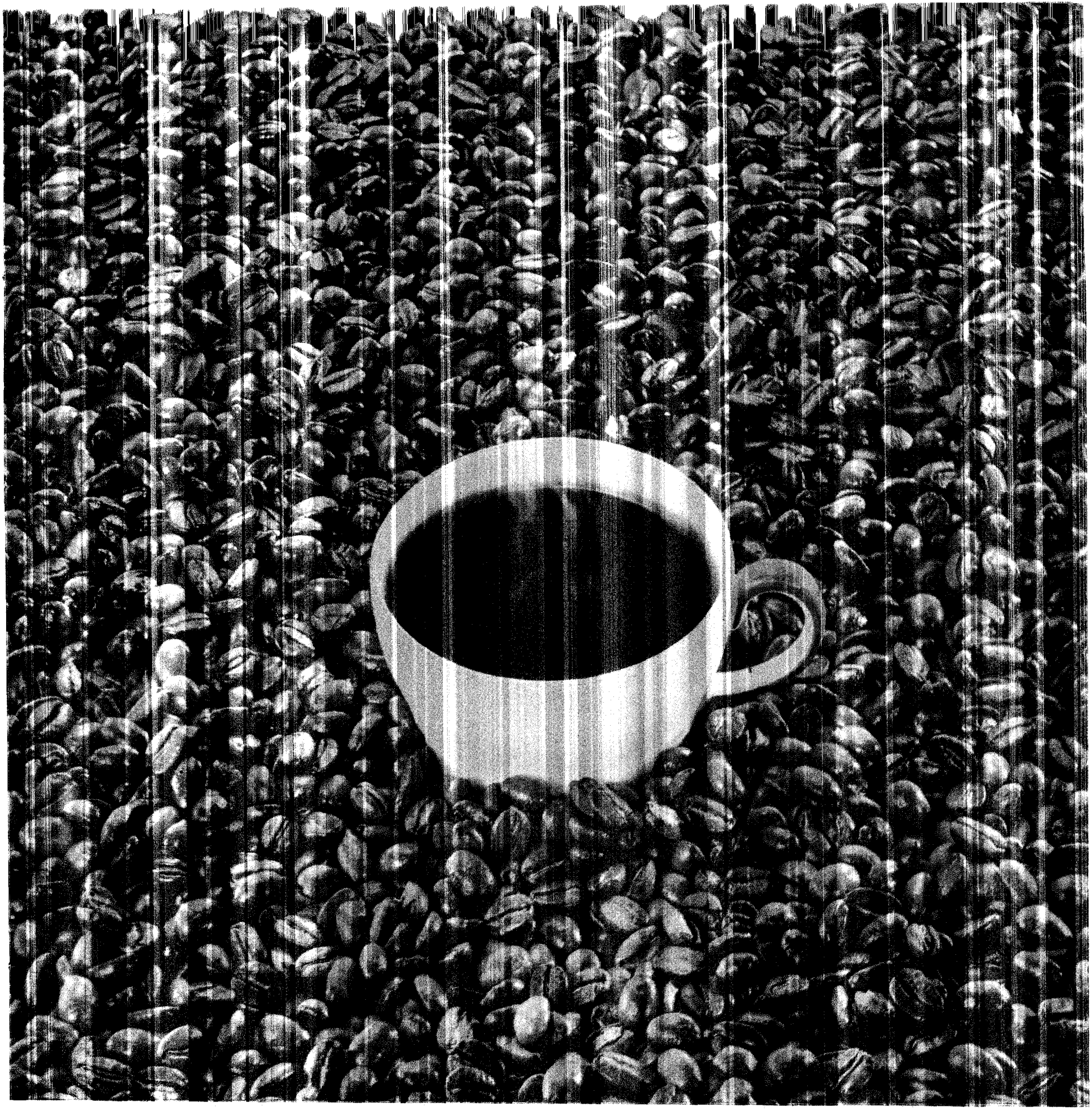

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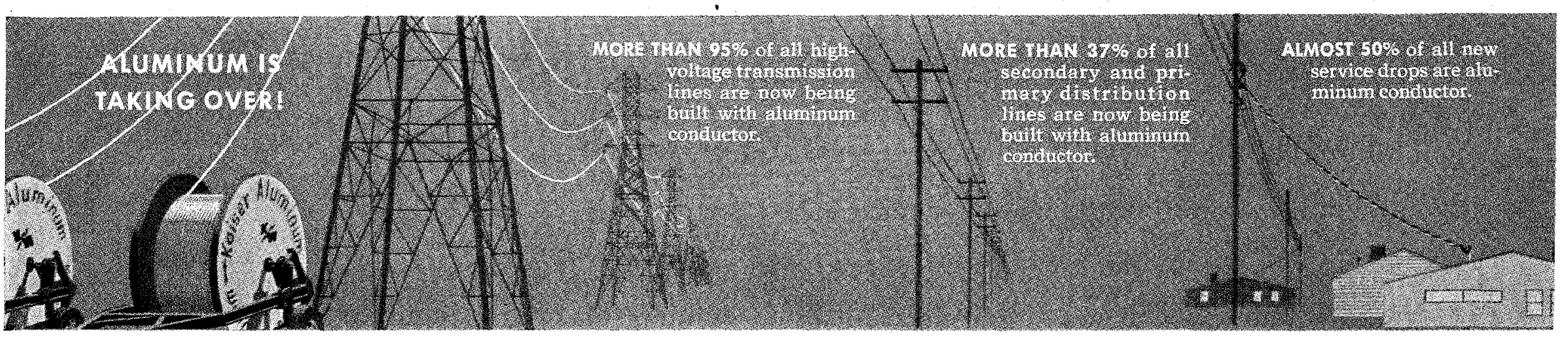
If it must conduct electricity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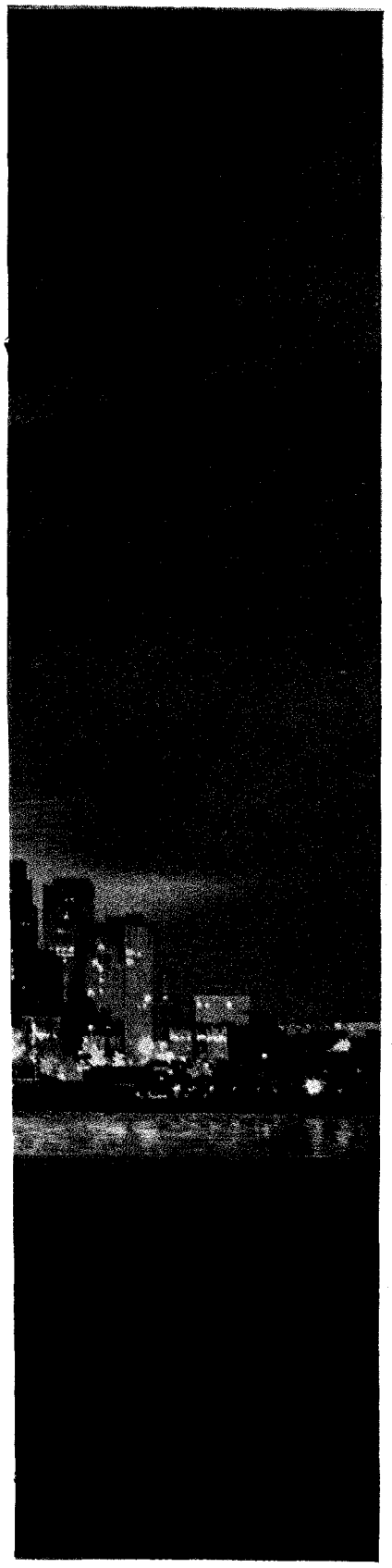
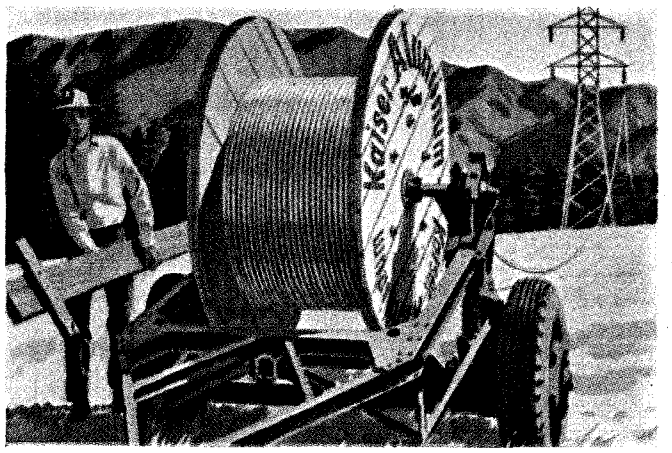
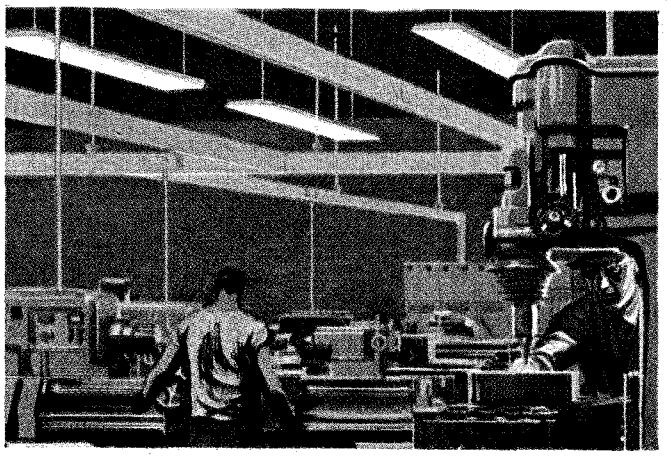


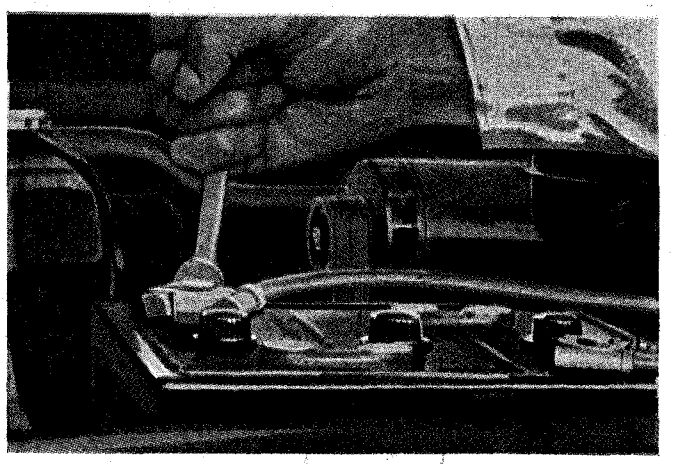


Electric transmission lines of lightweight Kaiser Aluminum are cheaper than copper lines. And aluminum cuts construction costs by making possible longer spans, fewer structures.

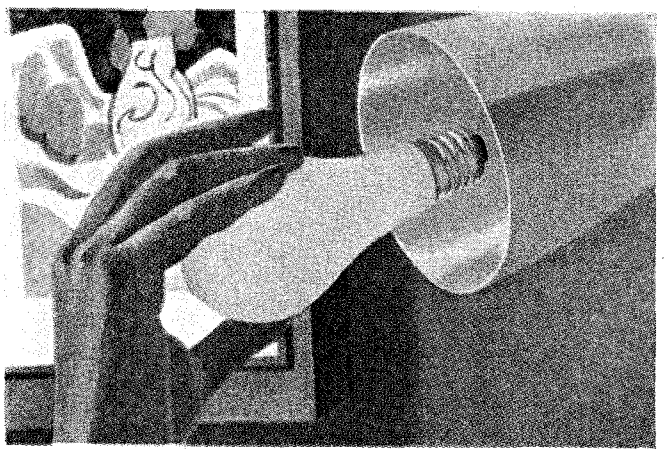
Service drops using Kaiser Aluminum Triplex cable combine 3 wires in one assembly. Cost less than copper, are easier to install, look better.



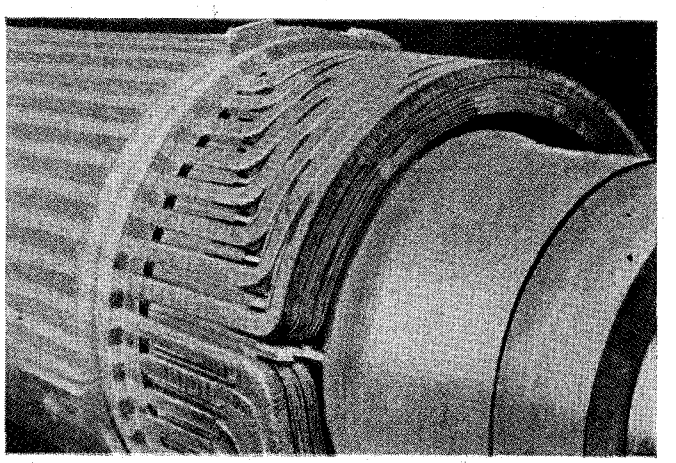
Bus bars of Kaiser Aluminum carry large amounts of current in industrial plants, power stations, to large electric furnaces, etc.—do it safely, efficiently, at low cost.



Auto battery cables made with Kaiser Aluminum conduct electricity efficiently, and also offer economies in both weight and cost.



Electric light bases made of Kaiser Aluminum assure good conductivity—*economically*. Pound for pound, lightweight aluminum gives three times more metal than brass.



Windings or coils fabricated of Kaiser Aluminum in large electrical rotating equipment combine high conductivity, strength and light weight for design economy.

think of Kaiser Aluminum

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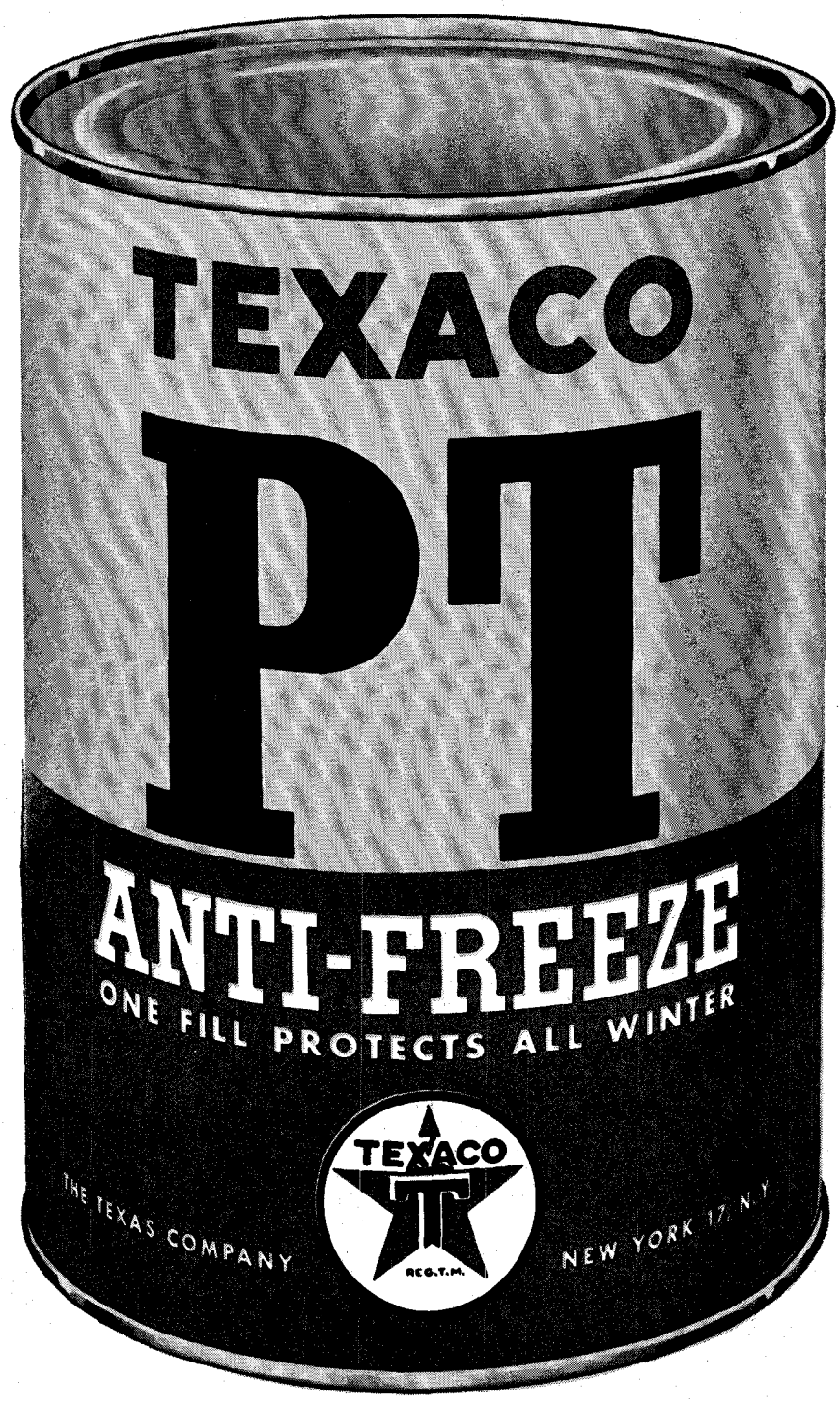

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TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE, on TV Saturday nights, NBC.

(Continued from Page 64) As Van Horne heaved and wheeled about, Rick let him have it—a right to the belly and a left to the jaw. The round jowls jiggled, but the shock did not glaze the rageful dismay in the fat man's eyes.

"You crazy?" Mr. Shafter choked, and the bellhop tried to pinion Rick's arms. The bellhop went tumbling into a row of chairs, and the chairs, clattering, drew the attention of a wizened policeman outside the door, who peered in cautiously.

Rick hit the jowls again, driven by a sudden dismay of his own—that no one would believe him. No one would believe that this was Maury Cleebore—that this mountain of blubber was his deadly enemy, the shrewd and artful man who had wormed into his confidence, watching and waiting for some clever way to kill him.

In two minutes the fat man was on the floor, moaning, his face oddly out of shape, only the whites of his eyes showing.

"Officer," Mr. Shafter croaked, shaking a finger at Rick, "come in here! Arrest this crazy man!" The bellhop took a look at the man on the floor and said, "Better get an ambulance too."

A fractured jaw, a broken nose, an ankle turned and sprained by his immense weight as he went down.

"Good," Rick said, at police headquarters. "Then he can't get away. Go ahead, lock me up, chief. But get the state police here. Get the FBI here. I'm not crazy. I don't care if he doesn't look anything like his picture; he's Maury Cleebore. He is, he is!"

Look, he told the state-police lieutenant, a man would have to know electric wiring to fix the oil burner that way. What had the man done, the lieutenant asked, and how had he done it? First, Rick said, he had disconnected one of the electrodes—a two-minute job—so that he could run oil into the firebox without igniting it. The men's room was nearby, and he could have made any number of trips in from the billiard parlor, running more oil in each time by pressing the reset button on the stack switch. Maury Cleebore had studied to be an electrician.

"There must have been at least five gallons of oil in there," Rick said. "If I'd connected the electrodes and thrown the switch, I'd have been blown sky-high. He knew I was the only one who took care of Sunday jobs. He asked when there'd be hot water, and I said I'd get to work at six. But I went earlier, and he was checking out."

Chief Lockhart wanted to know about Simmons. How about Simmons? And the state police started a check on Simmons' car and license number. For a moment, Rick lost his self-assurance, for he'd forgotten all about Simmons, but he made himself believe his enemy was the fat man. And he struck the chief's desk and stood up to the state-police lieutenant: he wanted the FBI called in. Then Mr. Shafter came in with some hindsight thoughts, remembering that the fat man had called his attention to the lack of hot water and had hung over his shoulder while he phoned Rick. And Rick knew, then, and said so, that the fat man must have overheard his daughter yell about the roller coaster.

Two ordinary young men strolled in before midnight, fresh off a plane. FBI men from St. Louis, with a dossier on Maury Cleebore. They took a look at the injured man in the hospital while Lockhart waved the three-year-old picture of Maury. The injured man, under heavy sedation, seemed unaware that his fingerprints were being taken.

And one of the FBI men seemed unimpressed by the picture Lockhart waved. He said, "I had a year of medicine before I switched to law. And I see here in the dossier that Maury Cleebore was fond of medical books. It's perfectly possible—he could have gained over a hundred pounds in two or three years. Massive doses of special hormones and a special diet. The hormones not only increase the weight—they smooth out the angular male features. They can turn coarse hair soft and silky. And they can change the voice—make a tenor out of a baritone."

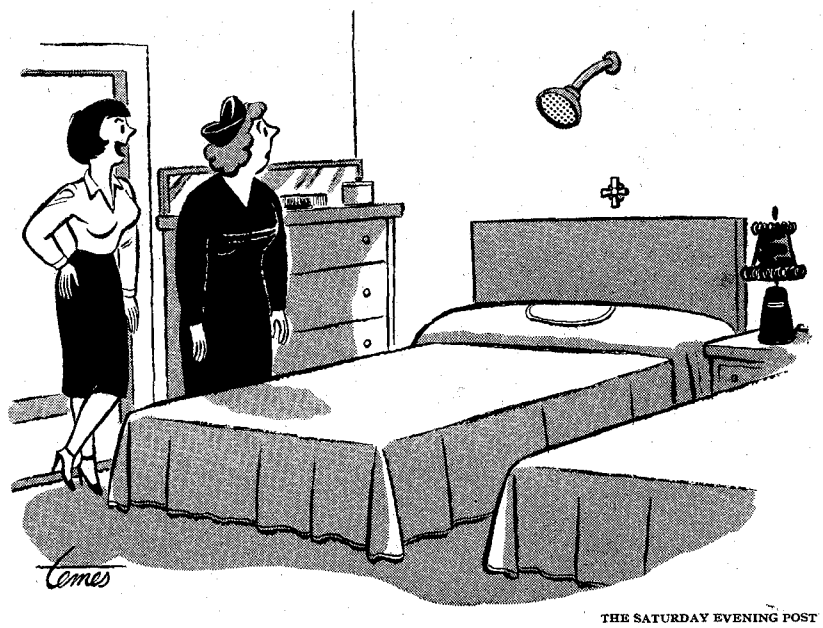
The proof was solid, an hour later, back at police headquarters, even as two state troopers marched in with Simmons, a distraught and bewildered man. Van Horne's fingerprints and Cleebore's were the same.

"Van Horne?" Simmons said. "A fat man? Why, he was the man who told me I might make a sale at Mr. Smith's house, but asked me to keep the tip under my hat."

Even the vice-president of Central Union, who flew in next day, shook his head in wonderment. For Maury Cleebore, armed with beautifully forged documents and a spurious background of investigative work in Canada and Mexico, had moved about the country under their bona-fide auspices for the past six months.

"You might be able to fool around with all the disguises in the world," Rick told Elizabeth as he piggybacked Betty round the living room, "but you can't fool around with fingerprints."

"Or something else," Elizabeth said, her old self again, humming and jolly. She gave Rick a mischievous wink. "Funny mirrors, hon." THE END



"John smokes in bed."

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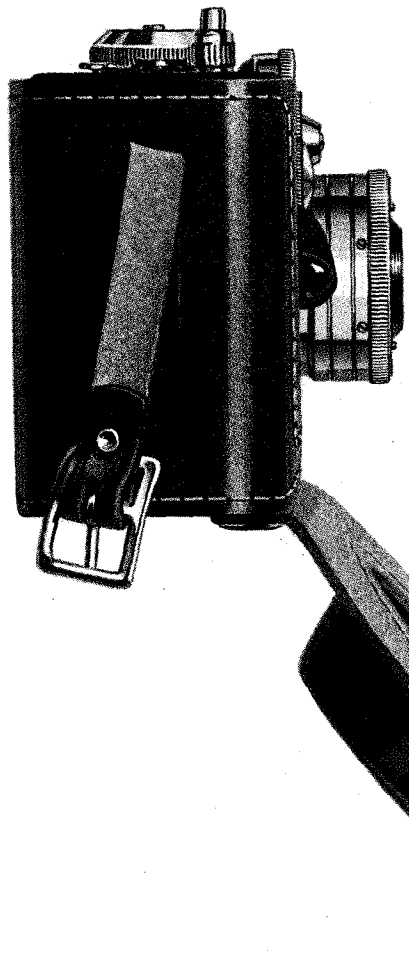

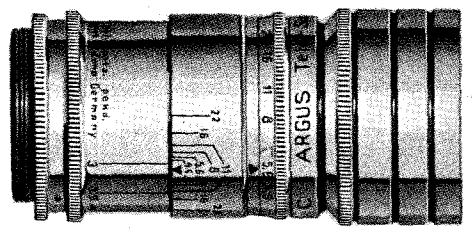

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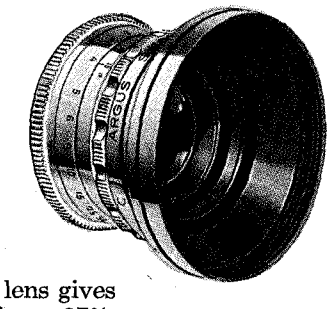

Argus C-3 Wide-Angle Lens: This lens gives you a broader, taller field of view—87% more picture area—than with the standard lens. This 35mm f:4.5 lens easily interchanges with the Cintar lens and is coupled to the rangefinder for sure, easy focusing. Only $49.50. (Leather case extra.)

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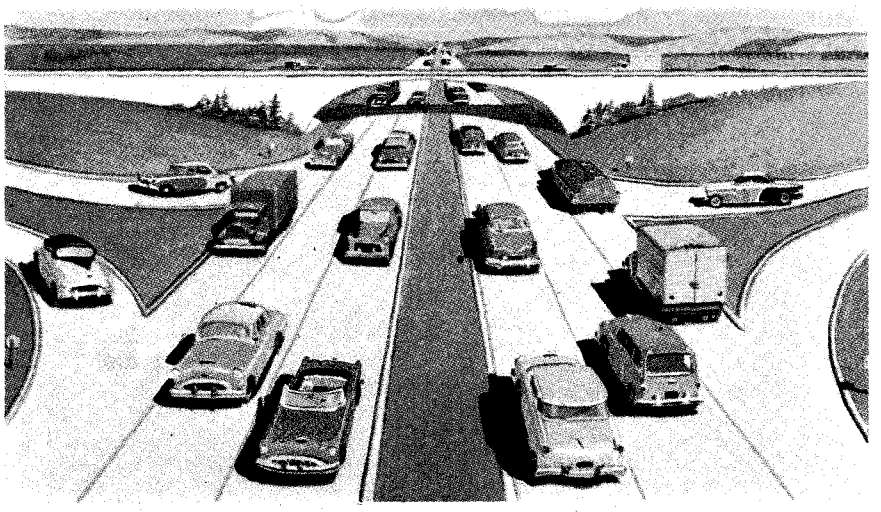

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Just one of them does as much work per day as 500 mule teams once did in building yesterday's roads—and they are assisted by an equally speedy team of scrapers, shovels, bulldozers, graders, compactors and trucks, all fast-moving on rubber.

With these stupendous machines, contractors can rapidly build the roads we so desperately need—a nation-wide network of expressways that will carry today's and tomorrow's traffic with speed and safety.

Good Highways cost money—poor Highways cost more. Here's what the 1955 Governors' Conference resolved about the *need* for Highways:

"The Governors' Conference appreciates the problems of Congress in providing revenues for the functions it is called upon to support, but we must emphasize that the Nation's Highways are grossly inadequate and must have the combined and cooperative attention of the President, the Congress and the Governors of the various states."

So the sooner we tell our lawmakers to get the job started, the sooner driving will be a pleasure again.

American Trucking Industry,
Washington 6, D. C.

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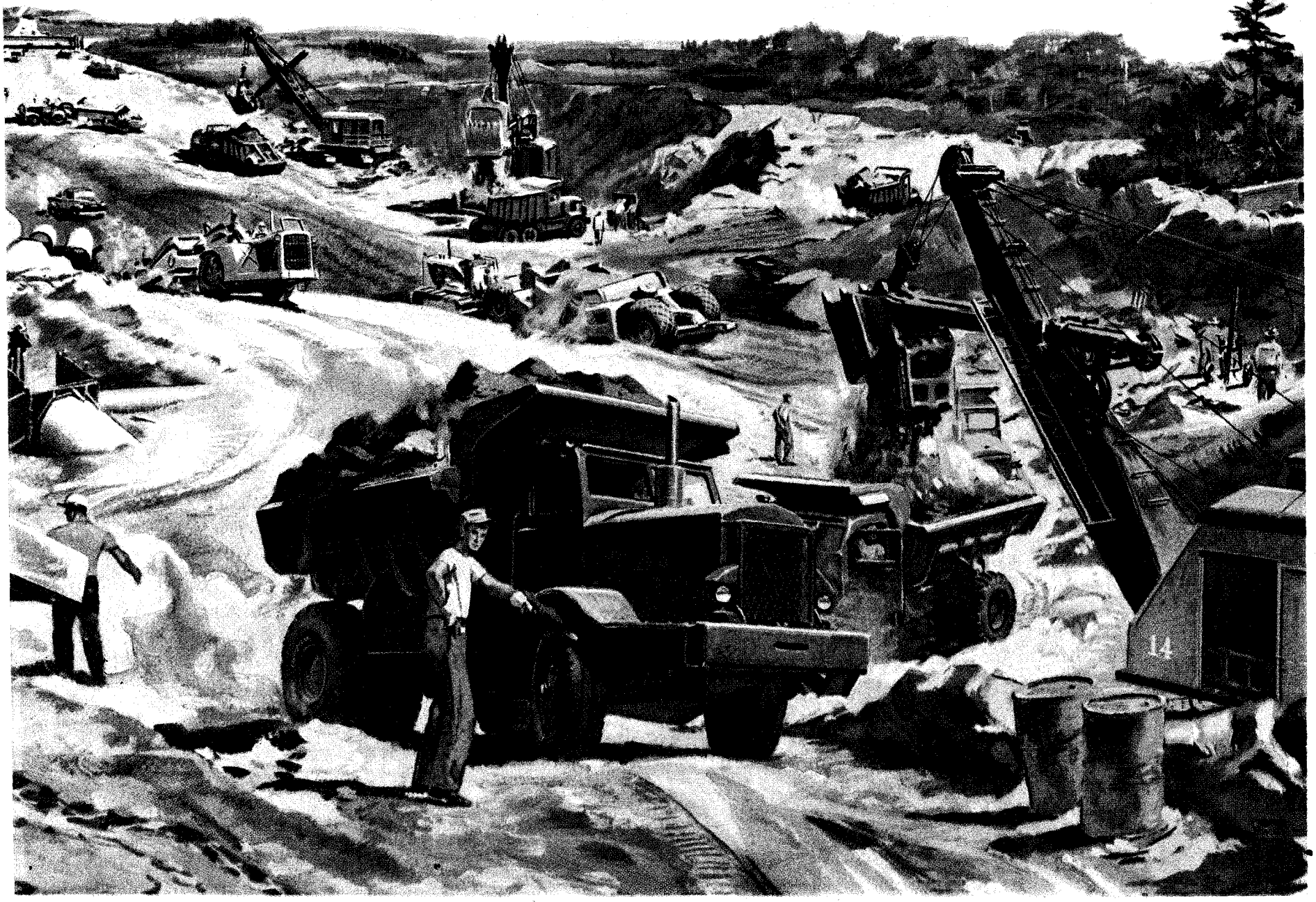

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Good News for Disabled Wage Earners

(Continued from Page 25)

covering Joe LeBlanc, offers whatever combination of diagnostic, surgical, restorative, psychological and vocational assistance is needed to bring about physical and economic self-sufficiency. The offer is seldom refused. Joe LeBlanc did not refuse.

Specialists found that Joe had a herniated intervertebral disk—the gristle which served as a cushion between his fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae had been dislodged and mashed. Some of his spinal nerves were being crushed, which accounted for the pain and numbness in his leg. Surgery was prescribed. The damaged tissue was removed, the rest of the disk was tidied up and, in a few days, Joe was out of bed, still listing from force of muscular habit, but free of pain.

A rehabilitation nurse from the insurance company explained that Joe's days in a power-shovel cab were probably over. If he liked, the insurance company would rebuild his body, underwrite the best possible vocational training and place him in a new job. Sedentary work would be best. No heavy lifting.

News of this sort can devastate a man. Joe LeBlanc had worked at one trade for eighteen years, and now he was being told to start afresh. Start afresh at what? Left to contemplate the hazards of the situation, he might have become jangled enough to require psychiatric attention. But the insurance nurse was trained to fend off such problems. She stressed that Joe's case was not regarded as difficult. She seemed to believe that successful rehabilitation was a certainty.

For three months, from nine to five each working day, Joe sweated himself at the insurance company's rehabilitation center in Boston. He was pushed and hauled and stretched by physical therapists. He tussled with gymnasium equipment. He shoveled gravel from one side of a sand box to the other, strengthening his back and legs. One day he found that he was not listing when he walked.

Frequent consultations and many tests produced agreement that the automobile field would be a likely new career for Joe. Liberty Mutual went into a huddle with General Motors. Two weeks and several interviews later, Milton Herman, president of Porter Chevrolet, in Cambridge, arranged to sponsor Joe's attendance at General Motors Institute ("GM Tech"), Flint, Michigan. Liberty Mutual would pay the $800 tuition and would continue the $32.50 weekly compensation payments, maximum under Massachusetts law.

Elizabeth LeBlanc took a factory job, and Joe LeBlanc went to Flint to study sales management, sales psychology, employee relations and other esoteric subjects. It was a two-year course in which two-month school terms alternated with equal periods in the shop of the sponsoring agency, where Joe greased transmissions, demonstrated new cars, greeted customers and, in myriad other ways, had his nose rubbed into the industry.

Joe was at the top of his class, but he did not finish his senior semester. Milton Herman's $12,000-a-year service manager left the firm, and Herman, who had been bug-eyed over the report cards from Flint, wired the star pupil to come home without further delay and be service manager.

The entire rehabilitation cost Liberty Mutual $1318.55, including the $800 tuition. Joe was paid $4258.93 in compensation, which stopped when he became service manager. Liberty estimates that, without rehabilitation, compensation and medical costs would have reached at least $16,000. Men no less talented and no less resolute than Joe have suffered identical injuries and, in the absence of rehabilitation, have dragged out their days as semicripples living on the submarginal compensation benefits allowed by law, and costing the insurance company as much as $35,000 in compensation payments and medical expenses.

Naturally, not all occupationally injured workers fare so well as Joe LeBlanc. For every LeBlanc, there are a dozen for whom rehabilitation comes as a medical or administrative afterthought, long past the time when optimum results can be obtained. Additional thousands of working people, injured on or off their jobs or disabled by sickness, do not get rehabilitated at all, either because they don't know about it or because they don't know how to arrange it for themselves.

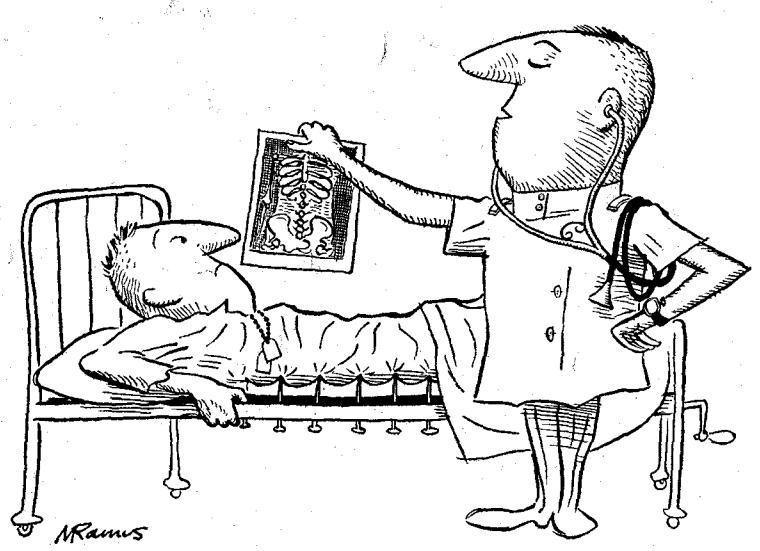
The most active services in the country are those of the Federally aided state vocational-rehabilitation bureaus. Their job is to help anyone whose ability to earn a living has been drastically limited by illness, injury or congenital handicap. Though their budgets vary from state to state, these bureaus are uniformly short of funds and short of trained help. They nevertheless manage to retrieve about 60,000 human beings every year and place them in useful employment.

The effects on the nation's economy are impressive. Mary E. Switzer, director of the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, reports that of the 61,308 men and women rehabilitated by state bureaus in 1953, 11,350 had been on the relief rolls at an annual public expense of $8,700,000. To convert these people from tax consumers to taxpayers cost state and Federal treasuries $6,400,000. Try that on your adding machine and then consider that the persons rehabilitated by government during that one year contributed 12,000,000 workdays to the nation's productivity, earning a total of $114,000,000 and paying Federal income taxes at an annual rate of $10,000,000.

These statistics are all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that most of the state vocational-rehabilitation cases are people who either have not worked in years or have never worked at all. Many of them, though obviously rehabilitable, are less likely candidates than would be found in any group of newly injured industrial workers.

It is not pleasant to imagine an unrehabilitated Joe LeBlanc today, three years after his accident, still sitting doubled up. Even were someone finally to advise him of his legal right to rehabilitation, and even were he to be accepted promptly by a state bureau, it is almost inconceivable that, after years of unproductive moping, he could qualify for the General Motors management course.

Nobody seems to know exactly how many rehabilitation centers exist in our country, but the latest and most authoritative unofficial count is sixty-three, located in only twenty-seven of our states. This is a frightful shortage, (Continued on Page 76)



The Perfect Squelch

When young Doctor Masters transferred from private practice to the Army, he took his tough, I-must-be-shown attitude along with him. No soldier was exempt from his quick suspicion that most military ailments were imaginary. So, when he came to the case of Private Morest, who had painfully strained his back in basic training, he was relentless.

Each day he stopped at the private's bed in the base hospital and made him explain just how his back felt. Each day he ordered new tests, metabolism, kidney, blood sugar, and X rays. And each day the private patiently and cheerfully answered all his questions.

Finally, after he had studied a third set of X rays, Doctor Masters pointed an accusing finger at the private and announced, "Soldier, I've been over all your tests three times. I just examined your last X rays thoroughly, and I can't find a thing wrong with your back."

"Sir," the private said politely, "it might just be that the X rays don't show pain."

Melvin R. Thacher

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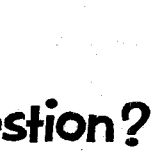

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Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

(Continued from Page 72) considering the nation's needs. Yet it cannot be said that all the centers are being used to capacity, or toward the most useful ends. For example, I was flabbergasted one day this summer to find that two of our most famous centers, the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, New York, and the Kessler Institute of Rehabilitation, West Orange, New Jersey, had a combined total of only thirteen workmen's-compensation cases on their in-patient rosters—because only thirteen such patients had been referred for treatment.

Dr. Henry H. Kessler, internationally celebrated orthopedic surgeon who has been a rehabilitation specialist for thirty-five years, feels that the situation will not improve until the medical profession shows the way.

"To prescribe rehabilitation," he says, "a physician must view his patient as a human being. Too many of us see the patient merely as a wound to be patched up and forgotten. The physical, emotional and economic problems caused by the wound seem to escape us entirely."

The Board of Regents of the American College of Surgeons feels the same way. As long ago as April of 1952, it said, ". . . The discarding of disabled workers is an economic extravagance detrimental to the welfare of our country, wholly aside from the personal effect on the worker and his family." It urged the profession to "adopt the concept that the responsibilities of the treating physician extend over the entire period of disability, to the end that the patient is restored to gainful employment at his highest attainable skill."

In November of 1954, the A.C.S. Regents went a step further, recommending that state workmen's-compensation boards be empowered to police the quality of medical care given injured workers. The boards would see that rehabilitation was offered to every injured worker who needed it.

One highly regarded rehabilitation center is taking another approach to the case-finding problem. Since 1950, the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, New York, has been propagandizing workmen's-compensation-insurance-company officials in an effort to implant the idea that rehabilitation is not only humane but profitable. When it started the campaign, the institute was treating only one injured industrial worker. At this writing, it is providing artificial limbs or braces, physical and occupational therapy and vocational training for more than 100. Miss Arpie Shelton, the center's co-ordinator of compensation cases, says, "Companies which almost never suggested rehabilitation to an injured claimant are now beginning to consider our services as soon as they get the accident report."

The farthest-flung and most aggressive of all case-finding efforts is that carried on by the Welfare and Retirement Fund of the United Mine Workers of America, which provides pensions and medical expenses for about 400,000 miners and their families—1,500,000 people in all. Rehabilitation is one of the major activities. As soon as a case arises, the fund refers it to the appropriate state rehabilitation bureau. If the bureau fails to act promptly and effectively, fund experts begin pounding desks for better service—and they usually get it.

Kenneth E. Pohlmann, the fund's chief rehabilitation consultant, says, "When we started, back in 1948, rehabilitation was almost unknown in the coal regions. There were no local facilities, but there were more than 50,000 chronically ill or badly injured men, most of them in desperate need of help. We sent medical teams out looking for them. Look at one of the letters we got in those days."

I am writing to see if there is any chance of my getting hospital aid. I started in the coal mines at the age of fifteen. On May 18, 1933, I received a broken back in a slate fall that killed my buddy. Both my feet are paralyzed. If you can help me anyway at all I would like to hear from you. I suffer every day in the world.

Dr. Howard A. Rusk, director of the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, New York, treated many of those first miners. He says, "They were the toughest cases that anybody ever saw, bar none. One man was forty years old, and his back had been broken twenty years before. He had eleven bedsores, stones in both kidneys and his bladder, and his lower extremities were almost up to his chin. You might ask, is it worth fooling with a person like that? He thought it was. He wanted to live. And we felt we had an obligation."

Not all such cases were successfully rehabilitated, of course. As Pohlmann says, "Rehabilitation means restoring a man's body and re-equipping him to earn his living. Many of those early cases had been staring at blank walls for too many years to return to employment. But, of the 1579 worst cases, no fewer than 600 are now back at work. Only 637 require continued medical care at home. We'd call that success."

... ...

Rioting for a Fall

By LUKE NEELY

Just now, as I admire the
leaves—
The gay, flamboyant shows
of them—
A sobering thought leaps up
at me:
Soon I must dispose of them.

... ...

I recently met one of the successes, Jim Lacy. He is a thirty-seven-year-old West Virginian who has been completely paralyzed from the waist down since January, 1940, when the coal seam in which he was digging caved in and broke his back.

"I laid half dead in the hospital for ninety-three days," he says. "On the first day they told my wife and child that I wouldn't live through the night. Every morning they were surprised to see that I was still there. All they could do for me was give me morphine. For two months I ate no solid food. It got so I lived only for that morphine. I finally was moved over to Huntington, to a bigger hospital. The docs there helped me lick the morphine habit. But they didn't do anything about getting me up on braces and crutches, to walk. I just stayed in bed. My medical benefits expired and I had to start sponging on my family. I finally got the braces and crutches, but nobody knew how to teach me to use them."

In 1948, the miners' fund sent him to the Kessler Institute for proper braces and proper training. He now has three jobs. By day he works at the institute, teaching other handicapped men and women how to become physically self-sufficient. By night and on weekends, he and Allen Ruprecht, a polio paralytic, manufacture their Auto Hand, a simplified set of automobile hand controls which they sell by mail. In spare moments Jim sells automobiles. He almost never sits in a wheel chair. He is rehabilitated.

The welfare fund has long since disposed of its backlog of old cases, and seven years of desk pounding and legislative lobbying have brought increased budgets to the rehabilitation bureaus of bituminous-coal states.

Even with the most advanced medical care, however, many miners are unable to return to their dangerous trade. They require training in new skills and, to get this training, they have to leave the communities in which they and their fathers and grandfathers were born and raised. Nor can they return home later with any great expectation of finding work. One of the fund's most poignant problems is that of trying to persuade an injured miner to go afield. Most of those who take the chance are rewarded for their courage. They learn new skills, get new jobs and sink new roots. But some fail, usually through no fault of their own.

In Williamsport, Pennsylvania, I met such a man, who had better remain nameless. He had gone into the mines on his sixteenth birthday and had worked for twenty years and then had come down with arthritis and could no longer bend over to dig coal. The medical prescription had been simple: "No more mining." The welfare fund sent the man to the Williamsport Technical Institute, a huge school with a widely diversified curriculum. There it was found that work as a machinist would suit his tastes and aptitudes. He studied for two years, successfully. He became a top-notch machinist. When I met him, he had been looking for work for six months. He and his family were on relief. He was bitter.

"My two years of training wasted my time and wasted the taxpayers' money," he growled. "My arthritis doesn't bother me now that I don't go underground any more, but nobody will take a chance on me. Some of the guys are lucky. They get jobs. I'm not lucky. That's life."

The man's problem is identical with that of thousands of other so-called handicapped people—employers are afraid to hire them. Nevertheless, Kenneth E. Carl, director of the Williamsport Institute, has managed to place hundreds of his disabled graduates in good jobs throughout the state. "Our batting average is far from perfect," he says, "but employers are learning that vocationally re-educated handicapped people are not really handicapped at all. These people have been thoroughly trained in trades which permit them to compete on an equal footing with able-bodied workers. How many beginners come into a factory with that kind of advance training, and with long, successful work histories besides?"

It is expected that the next few years will bring a sharp upswing in job placement of the handicapped, along with greatly improved treatment at every stage of rehabilitation, from the moment of injury onward. The philosophy of rehabilitation gains greater acceptance every day.

Last year President Eisenhower proposed, and Congress adopted, a program designed to treble the capacities of the state bureaus, erect new rehabilitation centers where none exist, and train thousands of sorely needed physical therapists, occupational therapists and vocational counselors. The Government goal is to provide wherewithal for rehabilitation of 200,000 Americans a year, by 1959.

With parallel spurts in activity on the part of industry and labor, it is entirely possible that, within the next decade, America's skilled working men and women, its most precious resource, will all be protected by rehabilitation programs.

"And why not?" asks S. Bruce Black, president of Liberty Mutual. "Rehabilitation benefits everybody. It is an unequaled example of human gain coinciding with business gain. And, above everything, it is a true reflection of our democratic economy, because it is concerned with the self-respect and initiative of the individual worker." THE END

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Look who has the most wonderful taste in pineapple juice!

Never too tart, never too sweet—always extra refreshing. Because the gloriously plump, pedigreed pineapples for DEL MONTE are picked *only* when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance. Compare DEL MONTE for true-to-the-fruit flavor — *soon!*

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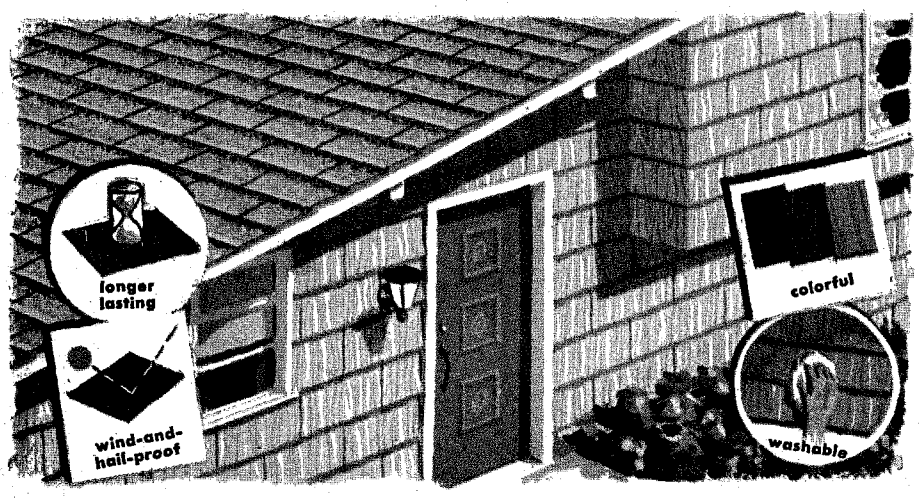
SHOW-HOUSE®

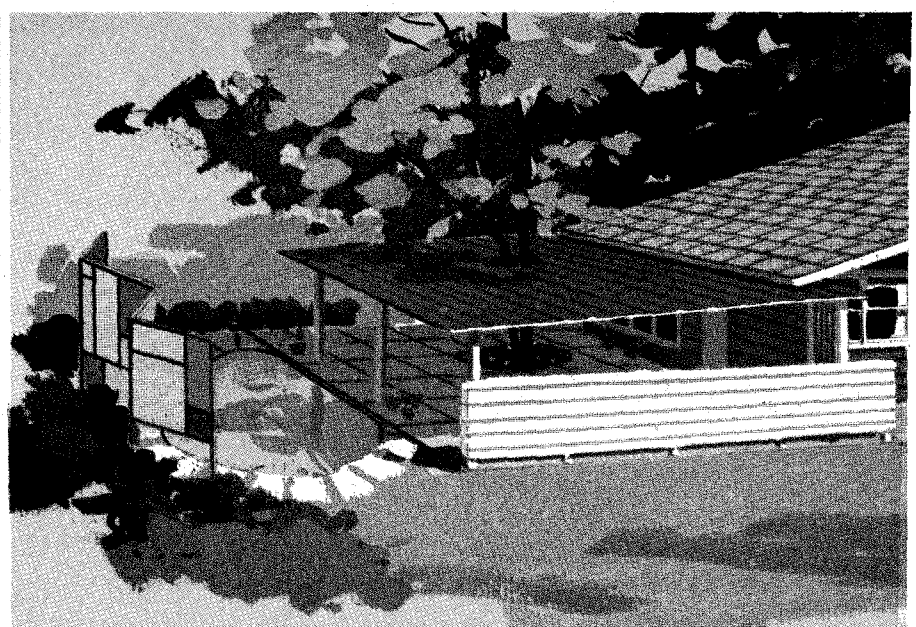
TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

NUMBER 14 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED BY SHOW-HOUSE, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17



Our house walls are washable! Detergent and water will keep them spanking new, for they're Ceramo *glazed* asbestos siding made by Carey. They'll never need painting! Never burn, crack, warp. Ceramo colors are an integral part of Ceramo's glazed ceramic surface (to thwart fading and staining); range from deep tones to pastels. Matching our Ceramo Siding are Carey Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic shingles, in a handsome range of colors. Outlast ordinary shingles several times over . . . even hurricanes won't budge them! Use rugged Fire-Chex and colorful Ceramo on your new or old house. See coupon. **The Philip Carey Mfg. Co.**

Our patio roof is a "bit of heaven". . . Softly translucent Alsynite panels of Fiberglas and plastic bathe the whole patio in daylight . . . free from heat and glare. What a change from an old darkening porch roof! And what an adaptable, glamorous product: it can be sawed, nailed, and bolted—just like plywood! The roof here is Alsynite Steplap—a new pattern with many uses (we've used it as a bar front, too.) The patio door has a corrugated Alsynite panel and the garden screen is flat Alsynite. Elsewhere, look for sliding Alsynite panels in our hobby room, screen wall in the nursery . . . many other uses. Send for the booklet by **Alsynite.**

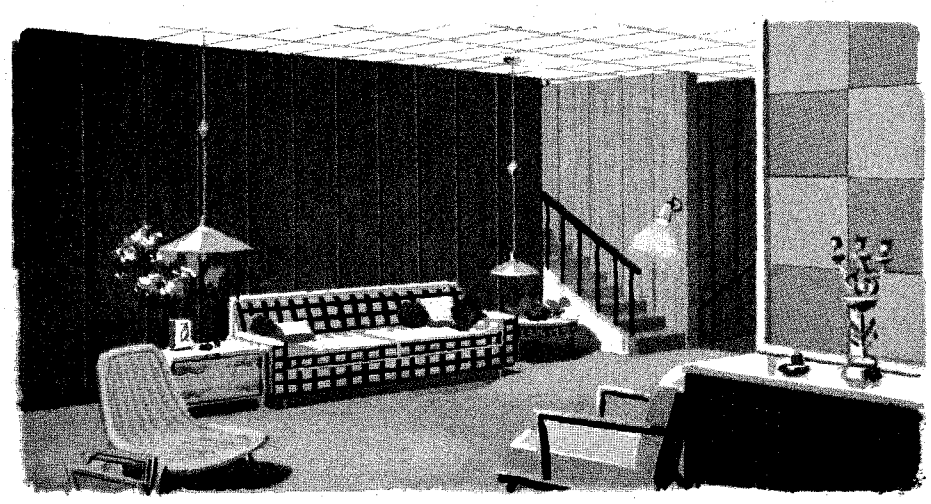


SPLIT-LEVEL, SEVEN ROOMS, TWO BATHS

Building a house, they say, is an education in itself. Success, or failure, depends on the "teacher." One of the best teachers is your local lumber dealer. His knowledge of home construction, financing . . . his ability to suggest competent architects and contractors . . . can start you off towards trouble-free building. And, of course, he also sells many of the products that go into the modern home. We show some on these pages: You'll see Balsam-Wool insulation for greater comfort and fuel savings, all year 'round . . . Rugged Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic shingles and colorful Ceramo everlasting asbestos-cement siding—both by Philip Carey . . . Carr, Adams and Collier's Bilt-Well cabinets (for every room in the house), and wonderful Bilt-Well awning windows . . . Amerock hardware for every door and drawer in the house (there are over a hundred!) . . . Versatile Formica—the do-it-yourself plastic for dream kitchens and ring-free table tops . . . Masonite Peg-Board panels and fixtures—to make every

ART: GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH ASSOCIATES

Here's a wonderful way to add a touch of elegance in the best of taste to your cabin built-ins, furniture. Handsome new "Contemporary" Cabinet Hardware by Amerock . in rich ebony black with gleaming gold finish accents . . . in key with contemporary furni ings and accessories. We show them above. Mount Amerock's Contemporary Cabinet Ha ware in any of a variety of positions, to gain highly individualized, custom-styled effects. Wh you build, remodel, or paint, install Amerock on old or new cabinets . . . it's easy! At ha ware and building supply stores. Check the coupon. **American Cabinet Hardware Co**



These Marlite walls will keep their beauty for years! Imagine having walls that eliminate refinishing, that always keep their fresh color, or wood-paneled look . . . that can be made bright-new with a damp cloth. You can have such walls easily with Marlite. Our handsome, mahogany-grained living room walls are Marlite Planks . . . rigid panels with a baked-on plastic finish that stays like new for years . . . saves time and money. The pink and blue squares are Marlite Blocks. Planks, Blocks or Panels can go right over new or *old* walls. See other Marlite colors, wood and marble patterns all through the house. Send for free folder. **Marlite.**

You're looking at Inspiration-Lighting© . . . created by Moe Light. Just see what Inspiratic Lighting can do: Single and twin spots accent wall paintings and provide local area lighti . . . a recessed ceiling fixture spotlights a coffee table . . . reel lights (easily raised or lower give general or reading light . . . In short, here's dramatic, flexible, bountiful lighting for ev family mood. All through the house, we show Moe Light fixtures at work. But good lighti starts with good wiring. Don't skimp! Plan enough to meet lighting needs. A full-color bo shows how to achieve Inspiration-Lighting, 25¢. **Moe Light, Div. Thomas Industries, I**

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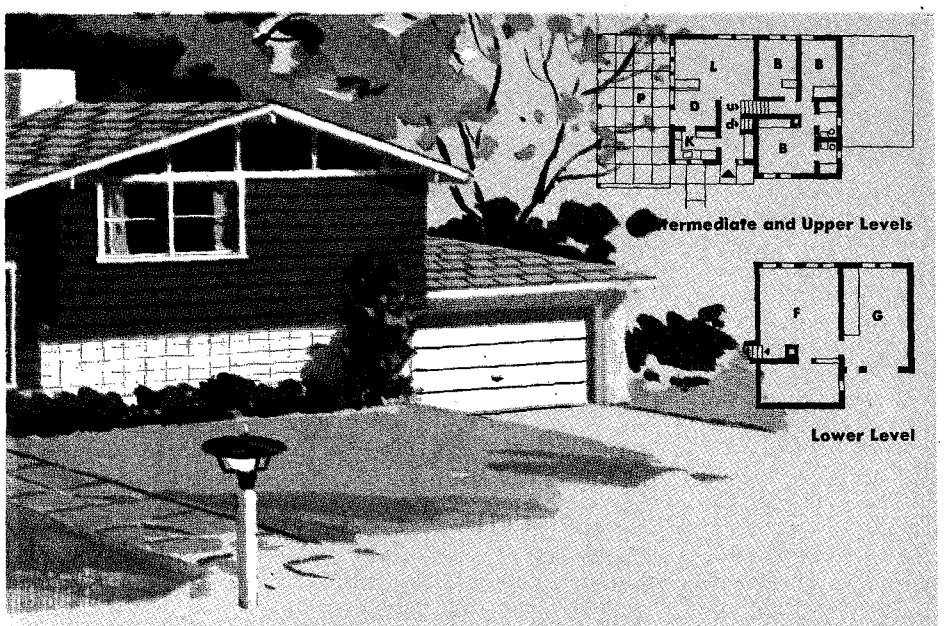

2-CAR GARAGE

wall a show piece; to help double your storage . . . Marlite Planks, Blocks and Panels for lustrous, lifetime walls for *any* room in the house . . . Electric fixtures by Moe Light, creators of Inspiration-Lighting . . . And Alsynite panels of Fiberglas and plastic for a day-lighted patio roof, garden and room screens, light panels, and many other uses.

There's another "teacher" who can also help you obtain a better house. He is your Janitrol dealer—an expert in heating and air conditioning. Finally, there is the house itself. Our house this month is a Lu-Re-Co house, designed to conform to the new, faster, more economical system of house construction sponsored by the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association. It's a split-level (growing in popularity), with three bedrooms, two baths, a 2-car garage. Check our coupon for a scaled blue-plan. It's only 25¢. For these many fine products and a hundred others, see your local lumber dealer today.

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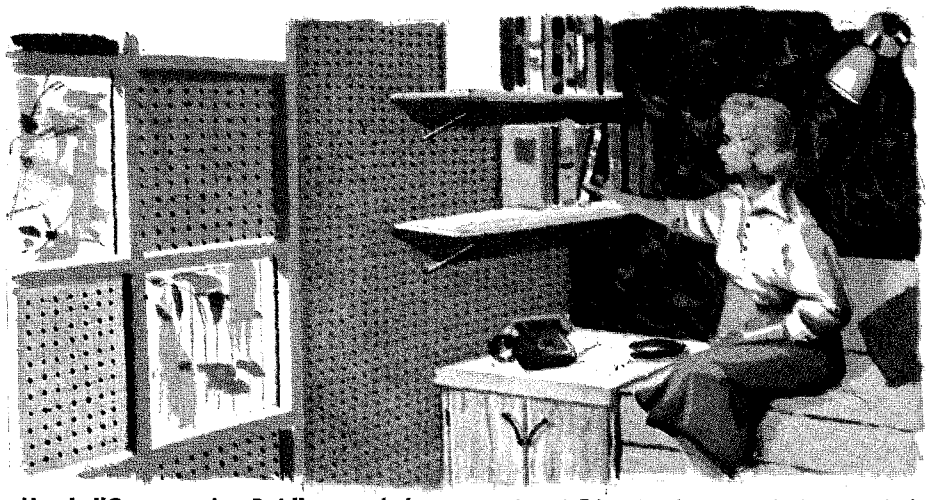
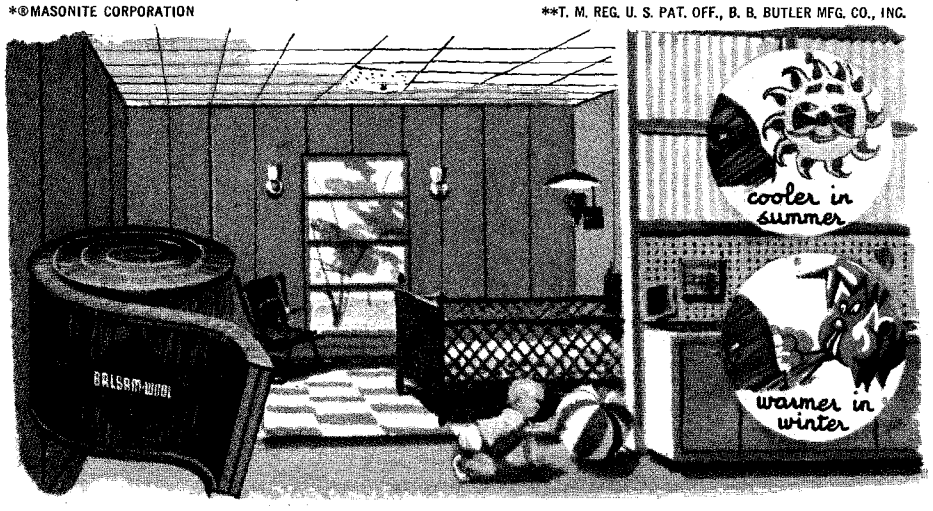


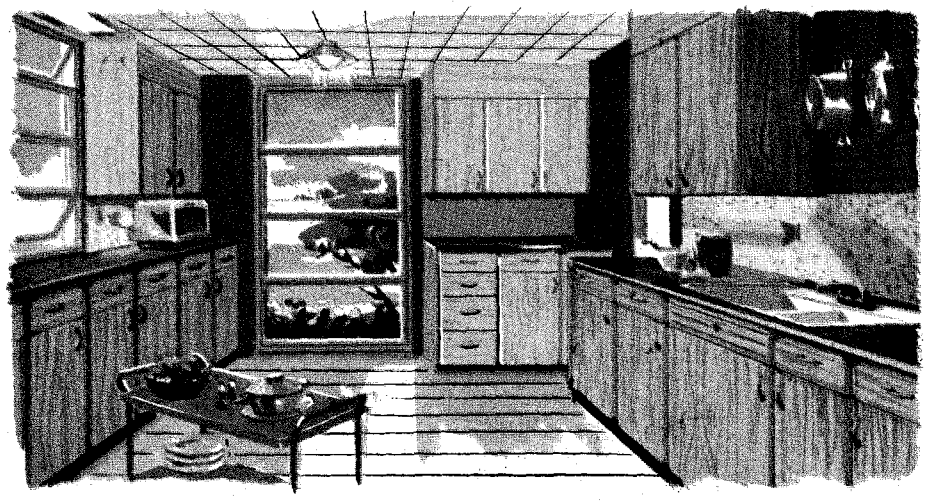
Here's "Conversation Bait" . . . and *sheer convenience!* It's our oh-so-practical Masonite* Peg-Board** "interest wall". Peg-Board panels create a striking, modern wall pattern . . . and (used with Peg-Board fixtures that lift on and off in a jiffy) provide a perfect place to hang cherished knick-knacks, family memos, pictures . . . even bookshelves. In our house *every* room has its own Peg-Board panel: In the kitchen, hobby room, nursery . . . Peg-Board panels are durable, easy to install, paint beautifully. Look over the many sizes, types and thicknesses for countless uses at your lumber dealer's. Get the booklet. **Masonite Peg-Board.**

*®MASONITE CORPORATION **T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF., B. B. BUTLER MFG. CO., INC.

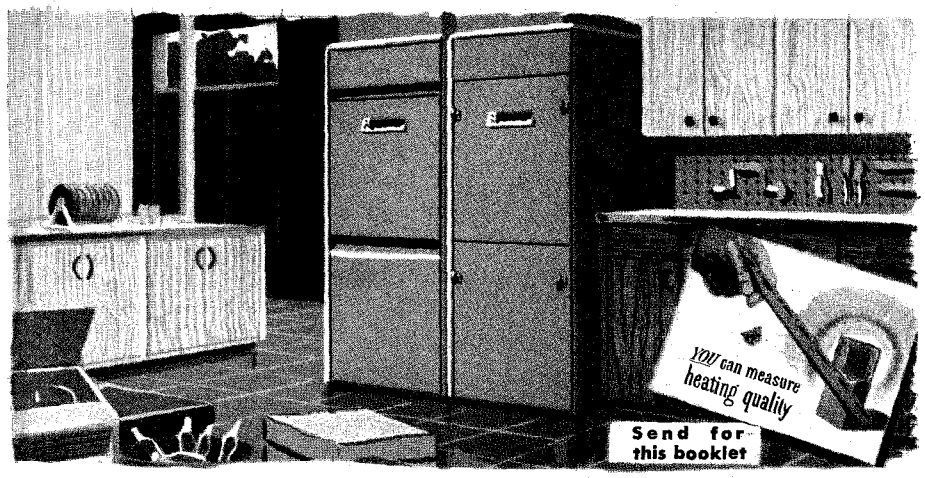


This youngster is healthier and more comfortable, because every outer wall, every ceiling of our house is Balsam-Wool insulated: Balsam-Wool can keep a house up to 15° cooler in summer. (Which babies appreciate!) In winter, it curbs chilling drafts. Balsam-Wool can also cut winter fuel bills (by as much as 30%), and in an air-conditioned house such as this, greatly slash cooling costs. Balsam-Wool is made by the Wood Conversion Co.—which also makes Nu-Wood Tile used on our ceilings. Both are fine for either new or old houses. They're sold only by lumber dealers. See coupon for insulation booklet. **Wood Conversion Company.**

Do-it-yourself with genuine Formica® laminated plastic. With simple tools and Formica Contact Bond Cement, you can put colorful "Show-House" surfaces on worn, shabby furniture . . . rejuvenate an ancient bathroom with a sparkling Vanitory® unit . . . make screen walls and table tops. See, above, how we've transformed an old kitchen with Formica counters, walls and stools. (Picked from *dozens* of Formica colors and patterns!) To help *you* use Formica, ask your dealer for Easi-Bild Patterns of many Formica projects. (Formica for a coffee table costs less than $6.00.) For samples and illustrated instructions, just check the coupon. **Formica.**



You won't shut the door to this kitchen when company calls. For its banks of Bilt-Well cabinets of Ponderosa Pine are as handsome as fine furniture . . . That's why we've also used them for handy storage *throughout* our house. These modern multiple-purpose units come individually cartoned ready for quick, easy "Do-it-yourself" installation. Carr, Adams and Collier Company, which makes Bilt-Well cabinets, also makes the Bilt-Well windows used in our house. These come in a variety of sizes, including a special awning window unit made especially for Lu-Re-Co homes. See your nearest "Bilt-Well" lumber dealer, and check coupon. **Bilt-Well.**



Our Janitrol Win-Sum Twins® . . . a year round air conditioner that both *heats* and *cools* our entire house, takes up *no more* floor space than a small desk, or a kitchen range! And it's *clean*, with nary a smudge to remind you that this good-looking, compact unit will, year in and year out, keep your home at comfortable, healthful temperatures. We've put our Janitrol Win-Sum Twins in the lower level hobby room, but they could have been placed in almost any room in the house—even the attic! You can install them (with their blessed summer cooling) in either a new or old house for only a few dollars a month. See coupon. **Janitrol.**

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N.Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

- ☐ BLUE-PLAN of entire house, 25¢
- ☐ CAREY: Complete color and specification chart on Fire-Chex and Ceramo.
- ☐ ALSYNITE: Alsynite Do-it-Yourself Patio Plans.
- ☐ MARLITE: Beautiful Interiors Kit: Three Folders in Full Color.
- ☐ AMEROCK: Beautify Your Home With Amerock Cabinet Hardware.
- ☐ MOE LIGHT: How to Achieve Inspiration-Lighting, 25¢
- ☐ MASONITE PEG-BOARD: Colorful "idea" booklet on Masonite Peg-Board panels and other Presdwood Products.
- ☐ WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY: Free booklet "Facts about Insulation".
- ☐ FORMICA: Free Do-it-Yourself Packet and Actual Samples.
- ☐ BILT-WELL CABINETS: Storage Ideas for Family Living, 25¢
- ☐ JANITROL: You Can Measure Heating Quality, 10¢

Your booklets will be mailed by the various manufacturers. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery. This coupon is good until January 15, 1956. **Please print clearly your name and address below:**

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IDEAL FOR THE HOME, GARAGE OR WORKSHOP!
AMP

Secret Music (Continued from Page 26)

declared Mamma Amboli. "And if the boy likes the clarinet, why cannot he play it? Myself, I think it is most beautiful."

"Bah!" muttered Papa Amboli. "Mothers are notoriously prejudiced. They are also blind as bats and deaf as doors." And he stomped through the wooden swinging door of Amboli's Pizzeria into the kitchen, where he could brood.

Giovanni listened, as he had listened often before, with travail and turmoil. Who was he to doubt Papa Amboli, that cornucopia from which flowed shelter, food, clothing and, as a reluctant trickle, cash for clarinet lessons? Yet there also was Mamma Amboli, sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued and bursting with confidence in her last-born.

The elder Ambolis had come to this country from Taranto, young and eager and much in love. In New York had been snow and loneliness, both of which were strange to them. So they had adventured to New Orleans, of whose palm trees and breezes and love of good cooking they had heard. In the golden '20's they had prospered. In the depression they had suffered, but had kept bodies and business together by the sale of those incredible sandwiches known as poorboys. They almost owned their own home in Metairie and had pushed five stout and unwilling boys through Jesuit High. One, Giuseppe, was in Tennessee, engaged in transporting liquids to the parched town of Knoxville. Antonio and Carlos were also disappointments, being precariously employed in Las Vegas. As for Luigi, they never mentioned his name. He was in politics, in Baton Rouge, and the elder Ambolis had not forgotten Mussolini. That left only Giovanni. Neither Papa nor Mamma Amboli wanted him to go to waste.

Papa Amboli's head thrust through the kitchen door, like a vexed Punchinello. "I do not buy another lesson for him. No music. No lessons. He has learned enough."

Mamma Amboli's hands upon her massive hips were forebodings of misfortune. "And what would you have him do? Become a bootlegger like Giuseppe?"

"He could be a chef. Even a waiter."

Mamma Amboli shushed him with a finger stroke in the air. "Giovanni did not finish high school to become a conniver of tips. And a chef must have a soul that lives in his belly. Giovanni's soul does not live in his belly."

Papa Amboli reddened and snorted.

Mamma Amboli said placidly, "Do not be so outraged. You are not a chef. All you can prepare well is your pizza pie, and that only because your father revealed to you its secrets."

Her husband considered and was mollified. True, he ached with the desire to have a great chandeliered restaurant, on whose parqueted floor sedate black-clad waiters solemnly bore the *galantine de faisan*, the *pompanos en papilotte*, the caviar and *escargots* and squab *pâtés*, the *bombes* and soufflés and glistening ice socles to hushed and reverent gourmets. But an unattainable dream, he knew, springing from vanity and pomp, not from an inextinguishable lust of creativeness. So might a ferryboat pilot, at the foot of Canal Street, yearn to captain one of the white cruise liners that followed the brown crescent of the Mississippi.

"No, I suppose I am not a chef," he sighed. "Perhaps Giovanni might like to sell used cars. Giovanni, one day you might be selling convertibles."

Giovanni said humbly, "I would rather not. I prefer music and to buy my own convertible."

"Imbecile! You cannot buy a dented hub cap."

"Sh-h," remonstrated Mamma Amboli. "What is the harm if he plays his music? Do you want him to spin wheels every night, like Antonio and Carlos?"

"Pah!" said Papa Amboli, and disappeared again.

So, as you see, at that time it appeared most unfortunate that Giovanni preferred music. Unlucky Giovanni. With the drums, with the tuba, even with the glockenspiel, his path would have been less thorny. But the clarinet, that today hovers in a limbo somewhere between the blatant saxophone and the piercing piccolo—a sad occasion, that long-ago day when Mamma Amboli had tried to save a few pennies at a pawnshop on Rampart Street, and had selected the clarinet instead of the cornet.

The wind and the gray twilight rain whipped down St. Anne's Street against the grilled balconies and the shuttered windows and the sorrel-fronted houses. It stung the plate glass of Amboli's Pizzeria—Pizza Pies a Specialty. Inside, under the bare bulbs, the oilcloth-covered tables glistened wanly, the chairs huddled emptily. At this hour, in this weather, customers ate downtown. Tourists ate steaks in hotel grills. Neither the hour nor the weather for adventures among exotic foods in the Quarter.

Mamma Amboli said tenderly, "You could practice now, Giovanni. I would not mind if you played the Ave Maria."

Giovanni rubbed the mouthpiece of his clarinet on his sleeve. His eyes were young and sad, but undefeated. His mamma's head came but to his shoulder. "Today I went to WDSU."

"Ah-h-h! The television station. You would look so beautiful on television, my Giovanni. And what did they say?"

Giovanni adjusted the mouthpiece. His dark eyes grew sadder.

"No need to tell me what they said," murmured Mamma Amboli.

"No one said anything, mamma. I spoke to no one, except to give my name to the girl at the desk. Then I waited, but no one asked to interview me."

"Ah-h-h," said Mamma Amboli.

Giovanni played the Ave Maria for his mamma. He played gently and truly and, for a clarinet solo, quite beautifully.

Do not be deceived. This is not a story of Giovanni's struggles. It is not a tale of his long, faithful hours of practice, and what matter if in the kitchen a moody Papa Amboli worked with fresh white cotton in his ears. Although to be true, once there had been hope, even in Papa Amboli's heart, that Giovanni's clarinet might refurbish the name of Amboli. Nor is this a recital of how Giovanni stanchly had toiled in his high-school band, valiantly had trod the littered pavement of the Quarter, freely had offered his services in the grand restaurants and the small, in the bars, in the dusky little clubs on Bourbon Street, where the pictures of the negligently clad dancing girls stood life-size and beckoningly outside the doors. And these pictures were the cross Mamma Amboli bore for her dreams, as her husband suffered his cotton plugs.

The director of the Municipal Auditorium knew Giovanni well. At the radio and television stations, he was greeted by his first name, but only by the sympathizing receptionists. A clarinet player? There was no place for a clarinet player when the whanging guitar, the shrill ocarina, even the skirring bagpipes, were available. Giovanni had touch. He had expression. He had a fire of genius. He also had a clarinet.

Perhaps Giovanni might have despaired and turned to selling cars or pralines or even have learned to prepare pizza pies himself. But behind every successful man, in the bleak black days, is a woman who polishes his ego, nourishes his ambition and fattens his courage. In Giovanni's life were two—Mamma Amboli, of course; and Theresa.

Red lips had Theresa Pichoni, and dark eyes, and hair like dark swamp water under the moon. Her figure. *Ah, bellissima!* Gentle curves over which a man's palm could move in ecstasy, and many a palm had furtively tried in the restaurant with the big columns of the hotel where she was a waitress. But none of that for Theresa. She loved Giovanni and when she went to morning mass at the Jesuit church on Baronne, the candles she lit flickered under her murmured prayers for him.

Ridiculous, thought Papa Amboli in hot fury before his great wood stove, that these two burning young idiots did not marry and settle down. Perhaps Giovanni would then forget his foolishness of the clarinets. Long ago Papa Amboli, a man of good sense and well aware of the world's difficulties, had relinquished his chandeliered restaurant for a brood of bambinos. To one of them he would someday reveal the recipe of his (Continued on Page 82)

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Keefer—I must have your complete confidence."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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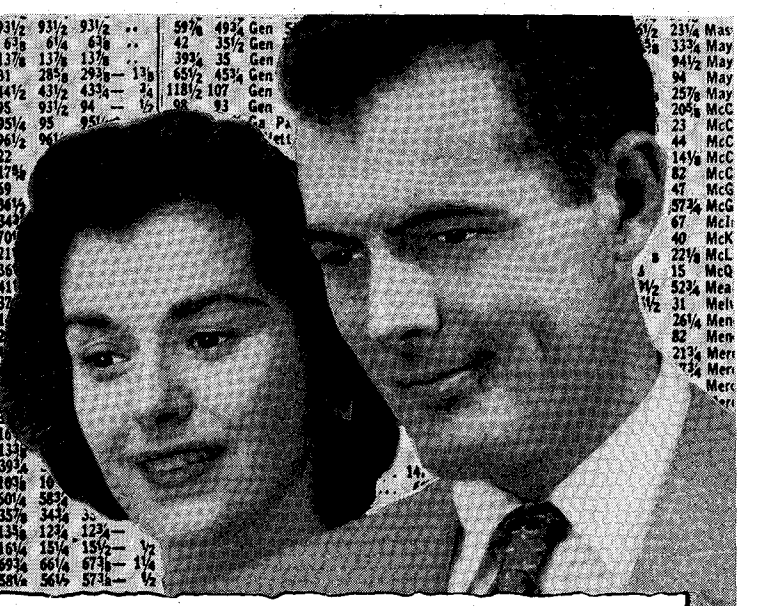
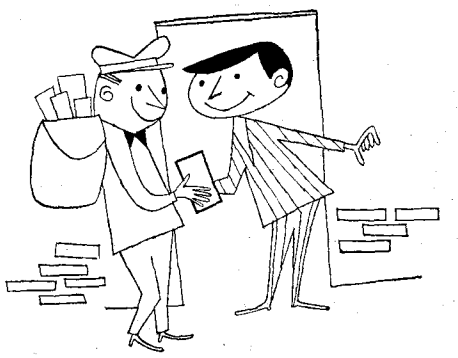
A recent nation-wide survey showed that at least 19 million Americans would like to know more about investing in stocks. This advertisement, one of a series being published to help broaden understanding of the stock market, explains how and why dividends are paid. We hope you'll find it informative and worthwhile.



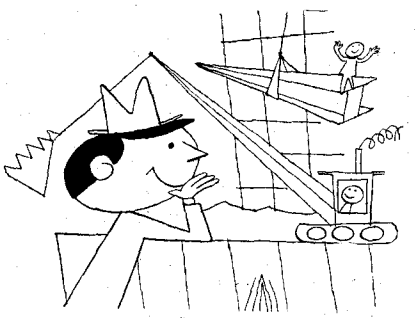
What are dividends ...*who gets 'em?*



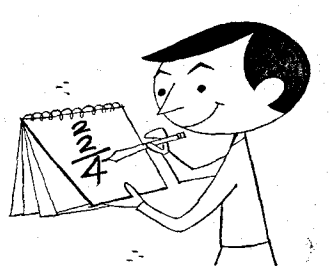
1. Dividends are the return on your investment you get from a company when you own its stock. You can't be sure of getting them, and, of course, they may vary from year to year. However, 298 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have paid dividends in every year for 25 years or more.

2. Who decides if they'll be paid? That's the job of the company's board of directors. As a share owner, one of your privileges is the right to vote and help elect these directors . . . as well as help decide other matters which may be referred to stockholders.

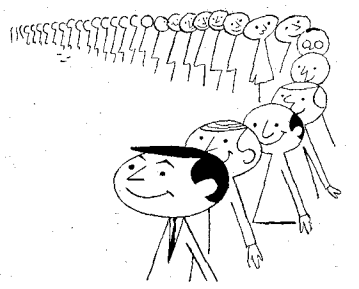
3. Dividends come from profits. A company, like a family, earns a certain amount and spends most of it meeting expenses. What's left over is the profit which may be used for the payment of dividends to share owners. Of course, some years a company may not earn any profits at all or may even operate at a loss.



4. Do all profits go to dividends? Usually, only part. The board of directors may decide to keep part as a reserve. Another part may be earmarked for expansion. Some years, most or all of the profits may go into expansion.



5. How much do stocks pay? The past is no guarantee of the future, but here's how the common stocks now listed on the Exchange have been paying recently. These figures are based on August 1, 1955, closing prices and total cash dividends (including extra dividends) paid for the year ending June 30, 1955. Of 1,079 stocks, 141 paid 6% or more, 201 paid 5% to 6%, 288 paid 4% to 5%, 190 paid 3% to 4%, 95 paid 2% to 3%, 49 paid under 2%, 115 paid no dividends at all.



6. There are 7½ million owners of common stocks in publicly owned companies, according to the latest estimate. Over the years, millions of investors from all walks of life have helped supply business with the capital needed to provide the jobs and the steady stream of new products that keep our standard of living high.

Before you invest, get the facts. Investing is a serious business. Stocks can go down as well as up. So before you invest, be sure you have adequate savings to cushion you and your family against emergencies. And be certain, too, to get the help of a partner or a registered representative of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He can supply you with information about the 1,522 common and preferred stocks and the 739 corporate bonds listed on the Exchange. He'll be glad to help you plan a balanced investment program – including both stocks and bonds if you desire. And remember, his information and advice won't cost you a penny.

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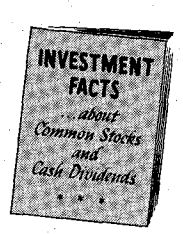

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(Continued from Page 80) pizza crust, for which you need first the fresh goat milk, then —— No! More cannot be revealed, for it is still Papa Amboli's secret.

But Mamma Amboli —— At the thought of Theresa, she would fold her arms, her cheeks would swell, her mouth would tighten. But to a mother, what girl is good enough for a youngest son who is a genius?

The rain was gray spears plunging into St. Anne's Street. A spiteful, wind-churned rain. Incredible for such a brute of a day to bring golden fortune to the Ambolis. Yet it did. The door opened and Theresa entered, galoshes squelching, raincoat dripping, the chill breeze and the rain thrusting behind her. But her eyes were shining, her lips were smiling, and Giovanni, seeing her, welcomed her with the last soaring rapturous notes of the Ave Maria. Then he lowered his clarinet.

"Hello, Theresa," he said.

"Hello, Giovanni," she said shyly.

Mamma Amboli said, "Let us hope there is no mud on your shoes, Theresa."

"There is no mud," said Theresa. "I came by taxi."

"Taxi!" sniffed Mamma Amboli. "And does not the bus pass here?"

"Sh-h-h, mamma," said Giovanni.

Mamma Amboli grunted and went to sit in the farthest spot, which was the tall wooden stool behind the cash register. Papa Amboli, who had peered from his kitchen at the prospect of a customer, was striding across the room, arms wide, mustachios vibrating. "Ah, Theresa, my dear."

Smilingly Theresa kissed the stout cheek. The tall wooden stool scraped fretfully on the floor. Giovanni said, "But a taxi, Theresa. That is really expensive."

Theresa went up on her tiny toes, as if to dance. "This could not wait, Giovanni. Today at the table I waited on for lunch were Signor Stravini and the other four Stravinis."

Of course the Ambolis knew of the Five Stravinis who were at the end of a two-week engagement at the Blue Room of the hotel. For once the critics of the States, the Item, and the Times-Picayune had been in agreement. The Stravinis were marvelous, were superb. But then, the critics had attended only their opening, for there were other musical matters of importance in New Orleans. Which was a break for the Stravinis and their future bookings.

"And for that," snapped Mamma Amboli, "she takes a taxi to tell us. A dollar she spends, perhaps two."

A sharp little sidewise glance Theresa flicked at Mamma Amboli. "Seventy-five cents. But there is more to tell, Mrs. Amboli. The Stravinis ordered pizza pie, and when I asked them how they liked it, Signor Rodolfo Stravini, who is their leader, said that it was fair, but they were disappointed. They love pizza pie, but after eating it in Florida and Alabama and Mississippi, they declared they were losing their love. In New Orleans they had been full of hope, but compared to their mother's pizza ——"

"Pah!" snorted Papa Amboli. "The Stravinis come from Corsica, and the pizza pie of Corsica ——" He held his nose. "They should taste mine."

"That is what I told them," said Theresa. "And tonight Signor Rodolfo will be here to do so."

"And that is the great news for which you rushed by taxi?" scoffed Mamma Amboli. "Pouf!"

And even Papa Amboli appeared a trifle disappointed in Theresa. Giovanni blew wanly into his clarinet.

Angrily Theresa plumped small fists upon round hips. "Such blindness! It is an opportunity for Giovanni. When Signor Stravini arrives, then Giovanni will play for him. I have heard the *signore* raging at rehearsals at his clarinet player, who drinks and blows sour notes and who has convinced him that the clarinet is a burden to be dropped from his orchestra. Giovanni's music, Papa Amboli's pizza pie and a sip of good wine—perhaps Signor Stravini might hire Giovanni."

Hastily Mamma Amboli clambered from her stool. Papa Amboli grumbled, "With my pizza, he will not need the wine," but no one heeded him.

"My little fig," gushed Mamma Amboli. "My smart Theresa. You are fortunate, Giovanni, in having such a sweetheart who plans so splendidly for your future." Briskly she kissed Theresa's soft cheek.

Giovanni held Theresa's hand. "It is only what I have been telling you for a long while, mamma," he said.

Mamma Amboli coughed indignantly. "But never when I was in a mood to listen. Tell us, Theresa, how you were able to speak all this with Signor Stravini."

Theresa lowered her dark eyes modestly. "He pinched me as I was serving his coffee, and I permitted it. Naturally, that led to conversation." Tenderly she rubbed her hip.

Giovanni's hand dropped. "He pinched you," he said in horror, "and you permitted it?"

"And what is the harm?" demanded Mamma Amboli peevishly. "It is not as if our Theresa permitted it through pleasure. Much have I been pinched myself, when younger, and I did not object. What is a pinch? A little black-and-blue mark that no one sees and soon goes. Theresa is a good girl, who suffered for love."

"I do not like such suffering," muttered Giovanni.

"Men are big fools," sputtered Mamma Amboli. "Are you certain he will come tonight?"

Theresa murmured, "He is coming because he thinks it is a date with me."

"Smart girl," beamed Mamma Amboli, and patted her arm.

Giovanni had turned gray as ancient bread. "Now that is too much. I forbid it."

"That is right," said Papa Amboli.

"Idiots!" snorted Mamma Amboli.

"But he is an old man," protested Theresa.

"Hah! Those are the worst of all," said Giovanni.

"Giovanni! Watch your tongue," said Papa Amboli.

"I'll see what I can do," sighed Theresa.

So that night Amboli's Pizzeria was tense with anticipation—Mamma Amboli watching the clock, Giovanni gnawing his fingers, even Papa Amboli, between snortings of impatience, sensing a small tickle up and down his backbone that at first he had believed to be an ant.

Also a beautiful night. The rain had fled and the warm breeze crept whispering up from the Gulf. On St. Anne's Street the couples strolled past, arm in arm, skirting the puddles.

But the evening dwindled, the diners and the strollers disappeared and Papa Amboli yawned and muttered and pulled irritably at his mustache. It was near midnight when the stranger entered.

Immediately the Ambolis knew. The haughty air, the appraising glance, the fur-collared coat of an artist and a non-native—who could it be but Signor Stravini? Mamma Amboli gave a little gasp and touched her heart. Giovanni perspired gently, held his clarinet tightly, and observed gratefully that Theresa had understood and was not along. Papa Amboli calculated that, at the most, only an hour lay between him and his bed.

The stranger was thin, stiff as cardboard, and his nose was peculiarly mottled. He sat himself at a table, not the one with the vase of fresh roses that had been prepared for him, but at another. Papa Amboli, not a man to be overawed when he was sleepy and, moreover, the only Amboli capable of words, said, "Are you Signor Stravini?"

The visitor started. "I am, but how ——" Then he smiled condescendingly. "But of course. In your small city, one rapidly becomes recognized."

Bravo for Papa Amboli. His feet hurt, his bed beckoned, and his adopted city was not to be slighted in his presence. But also he was a loving father. He merely said stiffly, "Then you have come for pizza pie?"

"If you please. The waitress at my hotel has told me it is quite passable here."

Mamma Amboli paled. Giovanni paled. "Quite passable?" said Papa Amboli. Then he took a deep breath, clamped his tongue, and headed for the kitchen. Behind him, Signor Stravini frowned faintly.

Truly, not an auspicious beginning. But trust a mother's resourcefulness. From the crypt beneath the cash register Mamma Amboli drew forth a long-necked, a dusty, an ancient bottle.

"A present, *signore*," she said, "from the house. We do not often have such a distinguished guest."

Signor Stravini looked. His eyes glistened, as they should have. For the label proclaimed this to be a Hospice de Beaune Burgundy, priceless as rubies with whose fire it glowed, a treasure slipped to Papa Amboli by a friend, and that he had presumptuously presumed to be safely hidden at the bottom of the potato bin.

"A thousand kisses, *signora*." And Mamma Amboli blushed as though she had been kissed a thousand times. "With wine like this," said Signor Stravini, "even the dusty food of Texas would be delightful."

Carefully he poured, appraisingly he sipped. Signor Stravini breathed deeply and closed his eyes.

Triumphantly Mamma Amboli glanced at Giovanni. She nodded. And Giovanni lifted his clarinet to his mouth.

The first note came trillingly forth. Mamma Amboli shivered delicately with pride and pleasure. Not so the *signore*. His eyes popped open, he jumped, the wine-glass he knocked over, while the red mottlings of his nose became a dark purple. "Sapristi!" he cried. "All day I listen to the blattings from horns, and now, when I wish to eat —— Stop that devil's yowling."

"Stop my Giovanni and his clarinet?" asked Mamma Amboli unbelievingly.

"Instantly. Ah-h-h, that is better." For Giovanni's mouth had dropped open and the sounds had ceased.

"You do not like the clarinet, hein?" And Mamma Amboli's voice was a perilous purr.

"Like it? Would I like the toothache? Or gas pains?"

"Toothache?" said Mamma Amboli. "Gas pains?" said Mamma Amboli. "You speak so of my Giovanni and his clarinet?"

"I only ask that he be silent and permit me to eat in peace."

Mamma Amboli snatched the bottle of Hospice de Beaune Burgundy. "Poo, you Corsican. And this I was going to waste on a frog like you."

"You dare to call me a frog?" yelped Signor Stravini.

"No," said Mamma Amboli. "I have changed my mind. You are a caterpillar."

In such circumstances, how should a gentleman act before a lady? "The wine was sour, the clarinet was off key, and the pizza pies doubtless are too full of garlic," said Signor Stravini. He wrapped his fur-collared coat about him and departed.

So it was that Papa Amboli came from the kitchen, bearing a pizza pie. He looked for his guest. His eyebrows rose.

"The worm said that my Giovanni's playing is off key," muttered Mamma Amboli. "Consequently, I asked him to leave."

"Oh," said Papa Amboli. He eyed the wine-stained and empty table. He regarded the bottle Mamma Amboli was holding by its neck. He twirled his left mustache. He said calmly, "So there is no safety even in the potato bin?"

Mamma Amboli said nervously, "It was for our son, papa ——"

Papa Amboli nodded. "Of course." Then over his cheeks came a sudden alarming plumpness that both his wife and his son recognized and from which they recoiled. He said, "My pizza pies are insulted, my best wine is wasted, I miss my sleep, and a customer leaves without paying. And what is the cause? This." Whereupon Papa Amboli seized Giovanni's clarinet and lifted it high.

Mamma Amboli shrieked. Giovanni ducked. But Papa Amboli's target was the top of the nearest table. There was a crash, a dainty tinkle, then silence.

"Now," said Papa Amboli, "I think we lock up for the night."

Mamma Amboli was weepingly checking the cash register, Papa Amboli was harshly thrusting a bowl of pizza dough into the refrigerator, although everyone knows it becomes tasteless and tough as a board when kept overnight, and Giovanni was yearning to test his bruised clarinet but fearful of his father's explosion should one tiny note reach his ear, when suddenly there came a knocking upon the door.

"Whoever it is," barked Papa Amboli, "tell them we are closed."

"It is Theresa," said Giovanni, peering through the glass.

Mamma Amboli began to swell. "That creature! Giovanni, you heard your papa!"

But Giovanni had already opened the door. Theresa entered, smiling like an angel, and at the sight, Mamma Amboli ached to throw something, only her hands were full of nickels and quarters, and Mamma Amboli could never lose her temper enough to be that incautious. Behind Theresa was a plump, authoritative little man with eager eyes.

"We serve no food at this hour," yelled Mamma Amboli. "Go home and cook with your friend."

Theresa's smile fled. "But I have brought Signor Stravini ——"

"Hah!" from Mamma Amboli. "Signor Stravini has been here and left without paying."

The plump man frowned. "But I am Signor Stravini. Who was that impostor?"

"He has a nose like chopped beets mixed with potatoes," said Mamma Amboli, "and a physique like uncooked spaghetti."

The plump man's smile was suddenly broad. "That (Continued on Page 84)

Convalescent

By Richard Armour

No doubt about it now, no guessing,
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Although not ready yet for standing,
He's meaner now, and more demanding,
More fretful once his bell is rung,
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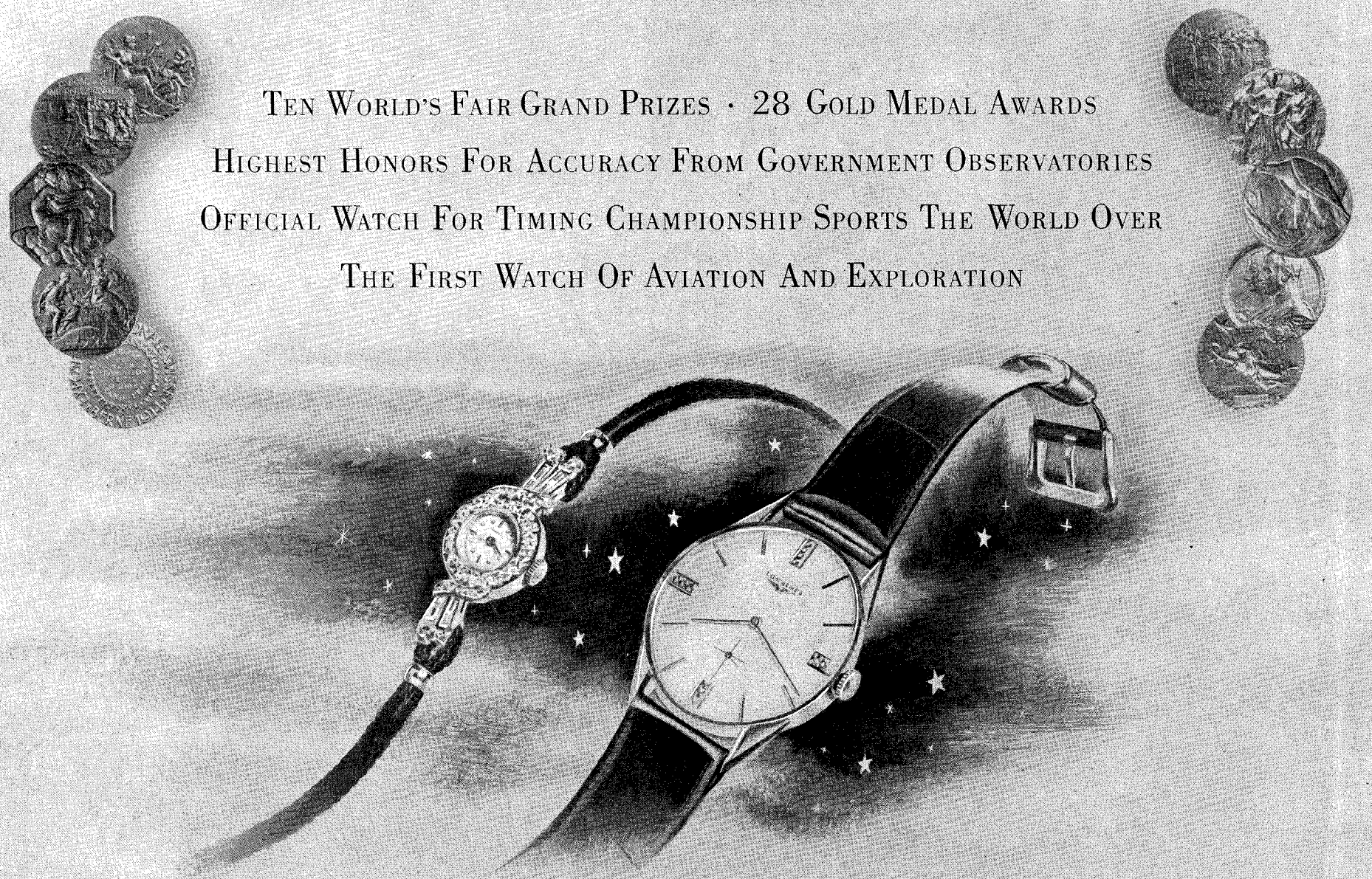

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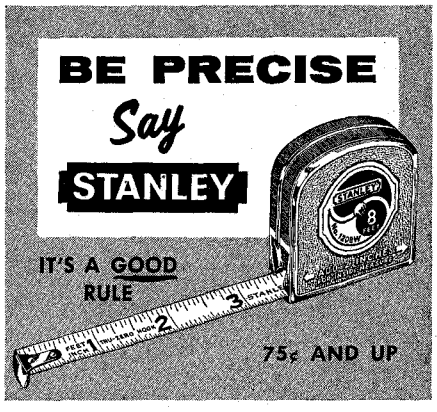

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(Continued from Page 82)

describes my younger brother Alfredo. I am Rodolfo."

On her high stool, Mamma Amboli shrugged unforgivingly. "He is still a Stravini and a Corsican, and he insulted my Giovanni's playing on the clarinet. He said it gave him gas pains. We are closed for the night."

"But, Mamma Amboli ——" began Theresa.

"I am not your mamma, and tomorrow I start masses that I never will be."

Immediately Theresa began to weep. Giovanni, who had been hostilely analyzing Signor Rodolfo Stravini's charms and finding none (although one could never be sure of a girl's tastes) instantly put an arm around her and glared at his mamma, who glared back. Signor Stravini looked and sighed, spread his hands, and said, "It is so simple, *signora*. Alfredo bears no love for clarinetists at the moment. Tonight I told him that so soon as I find a replacement for him in our orchestra, he returns to help Uncle Andrea in the wholesale groceries. I am the one who has come to listen to your son and to eat the superb pizza pie of which I have heard."

"Oh," said Mamma Amboli, and was so upset that she dropped a half dollar from her hand and did not look to see where it rolled.

Then of course there followed apologies and explanations and Papa Amboli moodily pulling the pizza dough from the refrigerator after a persuasive kiss from Theresa. Signor Rodolfo Stravini was seated at the table of honor where once the mayor had sat. Before him was placed the bottle of Burgundy, a bit muddied now from its handling. He sipped, smiled, relaxed. "Ah, wonderful," he said. He leaned back. And to Giovanni, he said, "So you are the young man our Theresa has spoken so much about tonight and so has broken my heart. Now let me hear if you are as favored with a clarinet as you are with a pretty girl."

Giovanni's eyes turned to Theresa's. They begged forgiveness for his doubts. "Of course," hers answered him. Only then did he pick up his clarinet.

Have you ever heard a clarinet with an eighth of an inch crack in its ebony surface? It wheezes. It whines. As Giovanni blew, the sound was as the wail of a drowning man in stormy seas.

"Yi-i," ejaculated Mamma Amboli, while Theresa wrung her hands, and at the table of honor Signor Rodolfo Stravini shivered and grated his teeth until it is a miracle they did not shred like onions. In the kitchen Papa Amboli, slicing a shallot, cut his thumb and swore.

Giovanni stared at the glittering mutilated instrument and in his eyes was first incredulity, then agony. "I am a lost man," said poor Giovanni into the room's silence. "It is hopeless. Fortune has kicked me, perhaps because she is a lover of music. Papa is right, and hereafter I will sell used cars."

Could any mother stand by and watch her son's heart break? Could any wife meekly hear that her husband is right and she is wrong? Maybe. But not Mamma Amboli. She snatched the clarinet. "This devil's device!" she cried. "It is your papa's doing. With this machine that he has so desecrated I will pound the concrete of his skull until his brains curdle."

"That is a matter between you and papa," said Giovanni listlessly.

Theresa gave a shriek and scurried into the kitchen on her heels. From behind the swinging door came tempestuous voices—Theresa's pleading soprano, Mamma Amboli's outraged contralto, Papa Amboli's defiant basso. At the table of honor, Signor Stravini took three swallows of water, then rose.

"I think I had better go," he said.

"I understand," murmured Giovanni unhappily. "Good night, *signore*."

But through the swinging door was coming Papa Amboli, red of face and breathing noisily, but nevertheless advancing with the stately stride of a Roman tribune preceded by the fasces of office. On the tin tray he carried rested a pizza pie. From it wafted a titillating scent, of pungent herbs and spiced meats, a soupçon of garlic, a touch of thyme, a hint of —— But remember, these ingredients are still Papa Amboli's secret. That scent sufficed to drop Signor Stravini back into his chair, and even in Giovanni's numbed eyes the glaze disappeared and, in that moment of bitterness, he understood his father's pride of creation.

"My friend!" cried Signor Stravini. With no other word, he broke the crust. The steam floated upwards and he inhaled and tasted and was lost to the world.

And then from the kitchen burst Mamma Amboli, and behind her was Theresa. "Do not despair, my son," cried Mamma Amboli. "Here, play." And into Giovanni's bewildered hand she thrust the clarinet.

Almost he dropped it. "Wh-what have you done, mamma?" he asked.

"Play, Giovanni," commanded Mamma Amboli.

Hypnotized, Giovanni raised the clarinet. He blew. And so the first notes of the Enchanted Clarinet rang out, purely and sweetly, at midnight in Amboli's Pizzeria on St. Anne Street.

Signor Stravini's laden fork fell to the table. His mouth halted its munching. Over his face came a dreaminess and a happiness. And his free hand beat gentle time.

"But your pizza pie," protested Papa Amboli, after a moment. "It is becoming cold."

"Pizza?" said Signor Stravini. Blankly he gazed on the congealing dish. "Pouf on your pizza," he said. "At the moment, I am absorbing food for the soul."

"I understand," said Papa Amboli humbly.

And he went and stood in a corner and pulled at his mustachios.

Then Giovanni had finished and there was the applause and the bravos and Mamma Amboli's rapture and Theresa's sweet kiss and Signor Stravini bowing low over his hand. Another melody, with midnight passing, and still another, until across the way someone telephoned and the police came.

So that night was born the legend of Giovanni Amboli and his Enchanted Clarinet, was born the debut in the Blue Room, the recordings and the television spectaculars and the picture in Hollywood. As for poor Papa Amboli ——

But listen. You may believe that the credit for Giovanni's success must go to Mamma Amboli and to Theresa—Theresa, who thought of the pizza dough as a filler for the eighth-of-an-inch-wide crack in Giovanni's clarinet; and Mamma Amboli, whose impulse it was to thrust the clarinet for some five minutes into the hot oven so that the dough might harden and not drip out. But without that crispy, perfect, porous dough, Giovanni's clarinet would be only a damaged pawnshop item. Only the Amboli recipe will work the magic, as sorrowing imitators have learned. And so therefore to Papa Amboli goes the credit.

His reward? Someday you should visit the new Amboli's Pizzeria in the Quarter, with the glittering chandeliers, the black-clad waiters. But be warned in advance about the prices. And do not expect to see Mamma Amboli. She will be out in Metairie, making mudpies in the sun with Papa Amboli and the two bambinos.

THE END

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The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 39)

He hung up and Paul pitched furiously into the work upon his desk, trying to conquer the nervousness that kept recurring. He left at five, and was at Kirkland's office by the half hour. Kirkland himself showed signs of agitation, and Paul's certainty increased that the reason for this meeting was not politics, but Anne.

The older man plunged in at once, "There is one phase of our plan which I have taken most seriously from the start. I told you when I first proposed it to you that I, personally, would hold you free to withdraw from the—marriage if, after three years, Anne's condition is unchanged. I am taking an enormous risk in tampering with her life. But it is a calculated one."

He paused and Paul's heart began to beat uncomfortably. It would seem so logical, so simple to tell this man the truth: that by some miraculous chance he was in love with Anne; that, as far as he himself was concerned, there was now no deal, no bargain involved. But there was the danger of some shade of unbelief, some hint of skepticism in Kirkland's eyes, if the confession were made, even while he would accept the news with joy. If this happened, Paul knew he would shrink from the shadow of it, as though the wonder and the brightness of the miracle had suffered soil. No, he could not tell him.

Kirkland was speaking again, slowly, weighing each word. "You have made a quick—I might almost say hasty—decision to go on with this, due, as I believe, to my daughter's attractiveness. But as an older man I realize more than you what may ensue as time goes on, if there should be no improvement in her case. You are young, strong, virile, active. You may come to feel restless and dissatisfied, even trapped by such a marriage. It is this situation which I will not permit Anne to face. I know her pride. I also have my own."

Paul started to speak, but the other silenced him.

"It is to insure the preservation of my daughter's dignity that I wish this to be clearly understood between us. In fact, I have decided to commit it to writing, so there will be no question ever as to the exact intent of our agreement."

"I would never put my name to such a paper!" Paul's tone was harsh.

"You don't need to. It's my name that's important. I'm the one making the statement. All I want you to do is to keep the paper and remain conscious of having it. I suppose I might as well admit that I believe there is a psychology involved. I don't think you will be as likely to feel trapped at any time if you know this written agreement is in your possession. Here it is. Read it for yourself."

Paul slowly picked up the sheet.

To Paul Devereux: If, after a period of three years, the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical conditions, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in that status if you desire to be released therefrom.

JAMES KIRKLAND

"Remember," Kirkland was saying, "this is no legal document. It is never to be seen by anyone but ourselves. But it will be a definite reminder to you, in case you should ever feel uncomfortably indebted to me, that I hold you entirely free after ——"

"But look here!" Paul burst out. "This is absurd. What about Anne in all this?"

Kirkland's face suddenly seemed to thin and whiten to that of an old man. His voice, when he spoke, was like steel. "I thought I had made it clear that the first chance, which represents the only hope in the world for her, I must take. The second chance I will not."

There was silence, and then Paul said slowly, "And what if we should eventually be in love with each other?"

"Ah," said Kirkland in a long-drawn breath. "Ah—that!" He smiled for the first time during the interview. "Ah!" he breathed again.

Then, as though he did not dare to comment upon this possibility, he said briskly, "After three years you can destroy the paper. No matter what comes, it will then have served its purpose. I have my own copy. And don't worry about things. That's my business. I'm not good at saying what I feel, but I guess you know. There's a change in Anne already. Brighter, more like her old self. Well—thanks, Paul." He wrung the young man's hand.

When Paul reached his room, he closed the door carefully, took the paper from his inside pocket, held it over an ash tray, lighted a match under it and watched it burn to nothing.

"And that," he said aloud, "is that!"

Then he turned quickly to the telephone and dialed a number. All at once the entangling forces which were gathering in upon him from all sides fell away. He was

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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only a young man in love, eager, listening, waiting, to hear the one voice which rang in his heart.

As March moved on toward the budding promise of April, a number of things happened to Paul. For one, he found himself now a professional speechmaker, listed on the Speakers' Bureau, ready to do active campaigning for his party whenever the occasion arose. In his first real conference with Arno, during which they sat alone in the back office and quite patently liked each other, the latter gave him a rough outline of the months ahead.

"The chief thought I might be of some use to you," he said, with a smile that changed the sinister expression to one of friendly candor. "I've been with him for a good many years now and I sort of know the score. You knew the chief was at the capitol this week?"

Paul nodded.

"He's having a conference with Senator Hunt about Halsey—for governor. The chief feels sure he can be nominated, but we have to step lively. The Barker interests are backing Dunham. I suppose you know what that means?"

"We have business dealings with the Barker Bank, of course, but naturally I have had no reason, so far, to know more than that."

"Well, that's all most people know. But the bank is just the front. Behind it there's a hook-up with about every big financial concern in the country. Utilities, insurance companies, railroads, and so on. They've got plenty of power all right, of a kind, but they don't always know how to use it. That's where the chief outsmarts them. I think he'd rather beat old Barker than anything else in the world. And he's after him this time all right! No punches pulled!"

Arno grinned appreciatively.

"If Halsey gets the nomination—and I always bet on the chief—then the idea is for you to start right in with your speeches boosting him for governor. You'll hear from the bureau more and more as time goes on, but use every chance you get to talk him up. See? Of course, the chief's killing two birds with one stone. Campaigning for Halsey and getting you in the public eye."

Paul laughed. "He's pretty clever, isn't he? Well, I'll do my best to work for Halsey and myself at the same time. Since the word sort of got around that I'm available as a speaker, it's amazing how many invitations have already come in."

There was a discreet knock on the door. Arno looked irritated.

"Come in."

Miss Sayles appeared. Her face was flushed and her manner agitated.

"C is in there," she said in a stage whisper.

Arno jumped to his feet. "You're crazy," he cried. "He's never been here in his life!"

"I'm telling you he's in the chief's office right now, and he's mad. Arno"—her eyes suddenly gave her secret away—"Arno, I'm scared for you. Watch your step. Be careful."

"What in the devil are you talking about?" he said fiercely. "Don't be a fool. I was going to see this fellah today anyhow," he said, turning to Paul, "and he's just come to save me the trouble, I guess. Sorry to stop our talk, but I'll have to get on in there. You mind going out with Sayles through the reception room? Well, so long. Be seein' you."

In a flash, he had pushed her unconsciously restraining hand aside and was gone through the door.

Paul got up to leave, and then stopped. "Miss Sayles," he said, "what's going on? Is there likely to be trouble in there? I'm pretty husky. Hadn't I better stick around?"

She tried to look calm. "Oh, no. I'm sure everything is all right. This man makes me nervous, that's all. He—has such a temper. I'll show you out."

"Who is he?" Paul asked as they reached the outer room.

"Oh, just a—a sort of politician. There are all kinds, you know. Good-by, Mr. Devereux."

Paul went slowly through the hall toward the elevator. He had an extremely uncomfortable feeling. Sayles' fright had been genuine, no matter how she tried to cover it now. Arno had been startled and upset, and had gone to the caller with a speed which betokened his importance. These were the only facts to go upon at the moment.

Once back in his own office, he had an overpowering urge to talk to old Hartwell. He went in before closing time and found the old man sitting staring at the ceiling and twisting the ends of his mustache.

"Never grow old, Paul," he began characteristically. "Or if you do, be sure to have a family about you. This thing of being a bachelor in the city is a lonesome business."

"I'm only in diggings, sir, but if you'd ever be willing to spend an evening with me, it would be doing me the greatest favor! The woman where I stay would serve us a little supper in my sitting room. Do consider it!"

The very real affection Paul felt for the old man showed in the warmth of his voice.

"I wasn't hinting," Hartwell smiled, "but I'll take you up on that sometime, my boy, and thanks." He sounded moved. "Now, what's on your mind?"

"Well," Paul began, "I just wondered what you knew about this man Halsey, or Dunham either, for that matter. I'm for Halsey and aim to do a little campaigning for him if he's nominated. I just wondered how you stood."

Hartwell laughed shortly. "It's like the old story of the ass and the mule—not much to choose between them. I'm going to vote for Halsey."

"'You feel he's a good man, then?"

"Not especially. He's a pleasant fellow. I've known him slightly for years. He'll make a fine impression on the public and if he's elected he'll probably do about what he's told." Hartwell fumbled in one of his desk drawers. "Ever look up a definition of politics, Paul?" he asked.

"No," Paul smiled, "I'm afraid I never have. It's one of the words we usually take for granted somehow."

"I've got a note or so here for you. I copied these out of an old dictionary that I still hang on to."

He read: "'Politics: the administration of public affairs in the interest of the peace, prosperity and safety of the state.'

"Then listen to this. It's a quotation underneath, supposed to illustrate and illumine the definition.

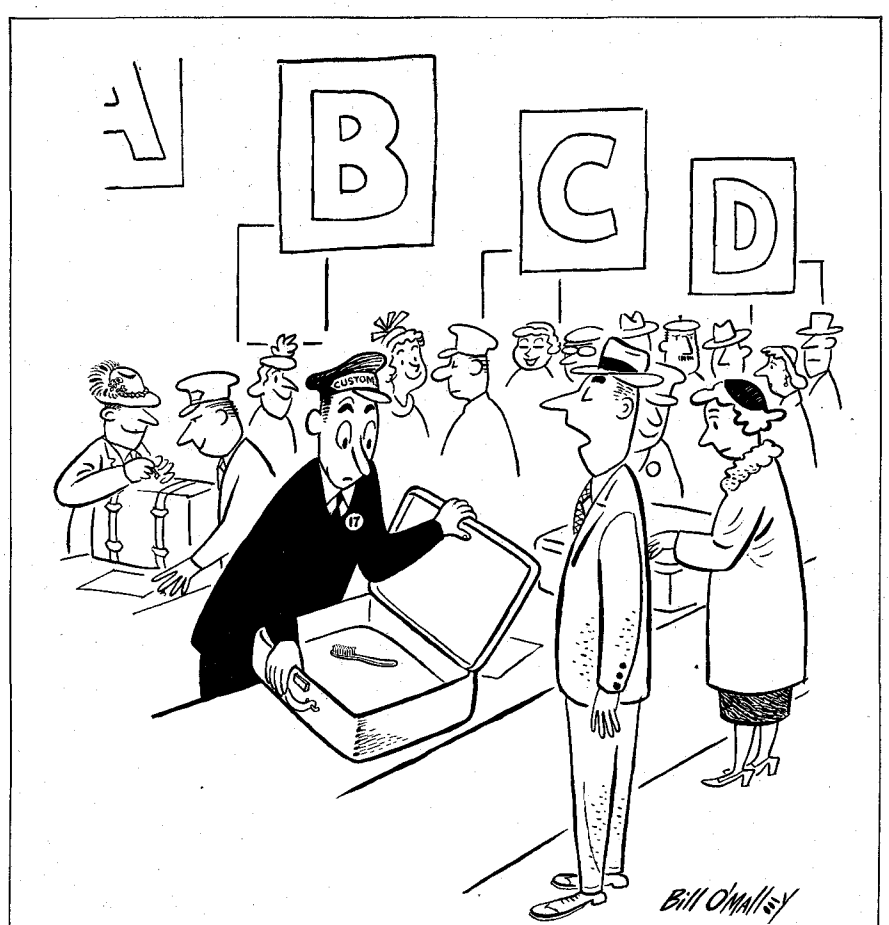
"'I regard politics also as the principles by which nations should be governed and regulated, as only a branch of ethics; or rather as a special application of the principles of morality and religion.'

"There, my boy," he said, handing Paul the slip of paper, "put that in your pipe and smoke it as you think of your own career. Well, good luck to you."

Paul recognized the signal and left at once. He put the paper carefully in his inside pocket, smiling faintly as he did so. For a hardheaded, successful lawyer, old Hartwell held some pretty idealistic views. It would be interesting, though, to discuss them with Anne tonight, since he was to see her at dinner.

As a matter of fact, his friendship with Anne was growing beyond his fondest hopes, and he knew also that Kirkland was inwardly jubilant over his progress. His calls had become steadily more frequent, until now he was dropping in several times a week; often, at her invitation or Kirkland's, to dinner. On some evenings when he had work he stayed for perhaps an hour only. This was possible because he was now the owner of an automobile. It had become clear to him that a car was a necessity both for his courtship and for his speechmaking, and he had lost no time in making the purchase. Johnny Bovard, who knew everybody, had steered him to a really good model which a friend of his wanted to sell.

He drove up to the big house that evening at 6:30, his usual eagerness intensified by Anne's promise of a surprise. "Two of them," she had amended.



"I travel light."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The sudden glimpse of a large car parked a little way beyond where he himself came to a stop gave him a feeling of disappointment. In Kirkland's absence, he had looked forward to dining alone with Anne. Now apparently this was not to be.

Hackett, who was already his sworn friend, received him with a broad smile and showed him toward the library. From the doorway he saw an old lady with a beautiful, thin, patrician face sitting opposite Anne.

"Surprise!" Anne cried as soon as he had entered. "I've talked so much about you, Gran, that I'm sure Paul will recognize you on sight!"

"It seems to me," the old lady said with a twinkle, as he bowed over her hand, "that I've heard occasionally of you too."

As he went over to Anne he saw that the kitten was curled up, asleep, on her knee.

"Just as you predicted," she said, stroking the small tiger gently. "He's here most of the time, and I love it, especially when he purrs. . . . I believe dinner is announced," she added, as Hackett appeared. "We're skipping cocktails, since Gran doesn't take them. Will you help her in, Paul?"

As they moved slowly through the hall, Mrs. Catherby looked up at him.

"I'm very much interested in what Anne told me of your political ambitions," she said. "I don't know much about such things, but from the news in the papers every day, it would seem that we could use some good young men in government. May I ask if you're a crusader?"

"I'm afraid not," Paul laughed. "I'm just an ordinary fellow who hopes someday to run for office. Of course," he added, "if I ever reach any goal of that sort, I'll try to do an honest job."

Anne leaned forward, her lovely face animated with interest.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Since we have Gran here, we must talk sense. Let's have a dinner 'topic' as the French do. How about the perfect state and how to arrive at it?"

"Excellent," said Mrs. Catherby. "The idea of perfection always gives one a chance to talk without knowing facts. Where do we start?"

"Why not at the bottom, with the individual," Paul said, "and build up from there?"

They argued and wrangled happily through the courses, with Paul watching Mrs. Catherby with more and more respect.

As they sat over dessert she made a summary, "Well, we have now arrived in our rosy fancy at a society of perfect citizens who freely elect perfect representatives who on all levels administer government perfectly. Maybe we should have considered how a young man entering politics"—she glanced shyly at Paul—"can improve conditions as they already exist."

"First, get himself elected to office," Paul said promptly. Then he suddenly remembered the slip of paper in his pocket. "Say, I have something apropos to all this right here. I forgot about it. Mr. Hartwell, our senior partner, gave it to me this afternoon, and I brought it along. Definition of politics."

He read the statements and then paused for comment.

Mrs. Catherby's face was grave. "'A branch of ethics,'" she repeated slowly . . . "'a special application of the principles of morality and religion.' The quotation is even more startling than the definition. I wish, sometime, you would show that to Mr. Kirkland."

An uncomfortable silence fell, each knowing that if Kirkland had been present the conversation would not have taken place.

To break the embarrassment, Mrs. Catherby

(Continued on Page 88)

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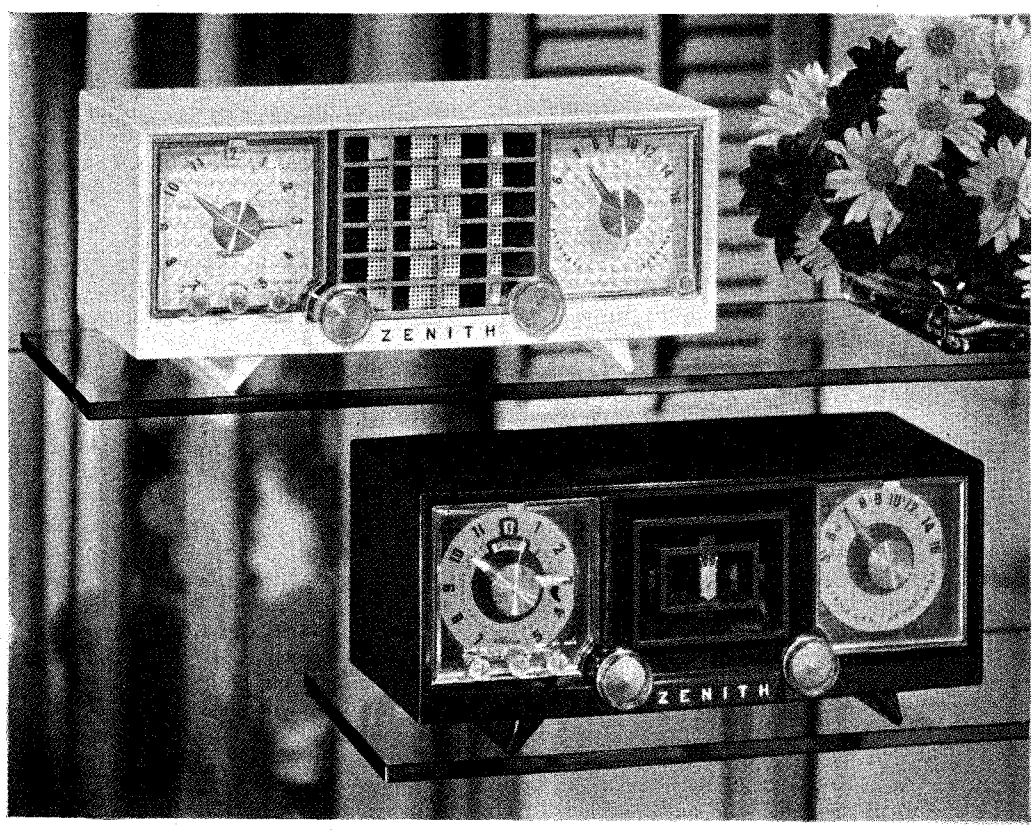

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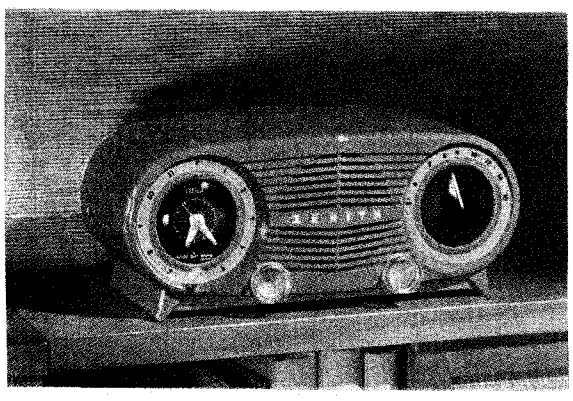

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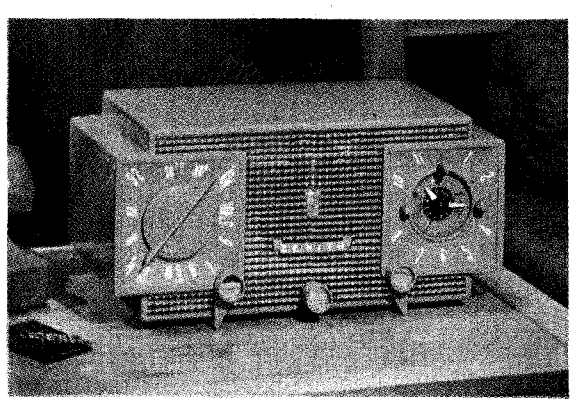

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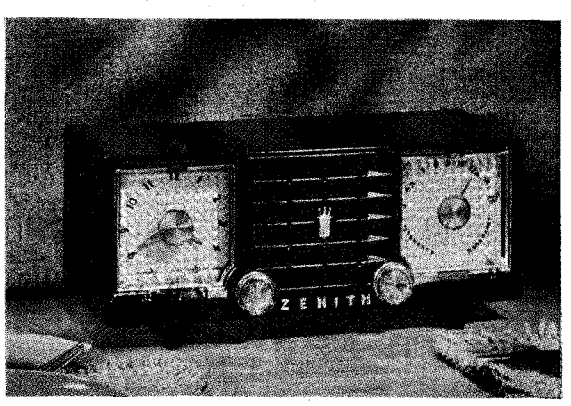

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(Continued from Page 86) rose to her feet. "I must be going now," she said. "It's been a delightful evening, Anne . . . and, Paul, it's been so very nice meeting you. I've been reveling in the book you lent me. May I keep it a little longer? I'm hoping," she added with a smile, "that sometime you'll read the Meredith poem aloud to me. Will you?"

"If it would give you the least pleasure I would be glad to," Paul said. "May I be of any help to you going back?"

"No, thank you. Hawley watches over me like a hen with one chick."

When she had gone, Paul pushed Anne's chair back to the library and they settled to themselves.

He tried to speak casually, "I've been wanting to ask you something. You know this new play that's running at the Empire? Johnny Bovard tells me it's very amusing and full of meat too. Would you go with me some evening, perhaps next week, if I can get the tickets?"

She turned her face toward him with a look of horror. "What do you mean?" she asked in a low, unsteady voice.

"Just what I say. It would be very simple. Here am I, strong as an ox. Here are you, a mere featherweight. I could carry you to the car. We would have aisle seats, go in just after the curtain goes up, then, at the end, we could sit and chat a few minutes, till the theater empties. Perhaps, instead of my car, we could use one of your father's; then it could be drawn up just ready for us when we got out. You see? As easy as that. What do you say, Anne? I want terribly to take you!"

She still sat, her face frozen and drawn as with shock. "I couldn't possibly," she managed at last.

"But why? You need diversion. Besides, I want so much to have the pleasure of taking you. I'll arrange everything. Please say yes!"

Her hands, he could see, were trembling in her lap.

"I'm not ungrateful," she said painfully. "Thank you very much. I'll—I'll think it over."

"No!" The word exploded from him. He caught her small, shaking hands in his strong ones, holding them tightly. "That is just what you must not do. You'll think up all kinds of foolish obstacles. I want your promise now that you'll go. Nothing except cowardice would make you refuse. And you're certainly no coward." He leaned over her. His voice was tender and commanding. "Anne, do as I ask this once. I won't urge you against your will again."

She was looking up at him dazedly. "You wouldn't be—embarrassed?"

"Embarrassed!" He repeated the word with a great, upstanding vehemence. Then he waited for a moment, as though considering how to answer. At last he put a hand on each arm of her chair and bent toward her until his face was near hers.

"Do you suppose," he asked, very low, "that I would not like to carry you, to feel you in my arms?" Then quickly he straightened and assumed his usual tone. "I must be going. I'm always keeping you up too late. I'll see about tickets tomorrow and let you know. There's quite a run on this show, I hear. Well, it's been a beautiful evening. Thanks for everything, and good night."

He walked quickly to the doorway, afraid she might break the unspoken promise with a word. But she did not speak again, only watched him with a strange expression in her eyes as he turned, waved his hand and went out.

Once back in his room, he put on his dressing gown, lighted the gas logs in his fireplace and sat down to think. He had never felt more completely and richly awake. There was first of all to consider the thrill of winning Anne's consent to go to the theater, for he knew from her eyes that it was consent. His heart beat faster at the thought of having her beside him in the car, at the play, just like any other girl. If this first experiment was successful, there could be all sorts of delightful ones to follow. Perhaps before too long he could confess his love itself. She must surely guess something of his feelings from what he had said tonight.

He got into bed, drawing a long sigh as he put out the light. The complications of his life had certainly multiplied in the last weeks. In spite of them, however, and with a last young thought of the coming theater date, he fell instantly to sleep.

The next day, as happened now once a week, he was lunching with Johnny Bovard.

"I'm taking you to a dive," the latter announced as they drove in his car. "Little joint down on Third Street, but they've got the best Italian food in the city. We might see a hood or two. Not that I'm personally acquainted with them."

"A what?" Paul queried.

"Hood. Short for hoodlum, gangster, underworlder or whatever. You know, I suppose, that we've got a few in this fair city. And they pretty darn near run it too. . . . Oh, here we are."

They went down steps to a basement restaurant, where Johnny greeted the proprietor. "Hi, Nick. How's the ravioli today? Say, this is a good friend of mine, Bill Smith. What a gang here today! Can you give us a table?"

Nick patted Johnny's shoulder. "Always a table for you, Mr. Bovard. Right this way."

"You know," Johnny remarked when they were seated, "I always have more of a feeling of being among the big shots when I'm here than when I'm with father at his D.D. Club. That's bad."

"What made you give me an alias?" Paul asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Just hit me that if you're going into politics you'd better keep your nose clean all round, if it's possible. How's the speech coming?"

"Nearly done, but I'm not satisfied with the end. I've been working like a dog on it. Maybe next week I can have it ready for you to look over. Of course, it will sound better, I hope, as I give it."

"I think the whole jamboree's going to go over big. I'm seeing to the ox roast. Seems there hasn't been one round these parts for thirty years. Oh, say"—he leaned closer—"to coin a phrase, don't look now, but behind us at the corner table is the kingpin himself."

"Who?"

"Why, Camponelli! He's known as C. He's head of the numbers racket and Lord High Everything Else in this burg. He's the one in brown."

When they got up to go, Paul glanced around. And Arno's visitor was called C. Paul had the uneasy feeling that they were the same man.

Kirkland returned two days later from the capital and immediately sent for Paul. The older man breathed power and near jubilation.

"How are you, my boy? Well, the news is good right down the line. I'm sure Halsey's going to get the nomination. As soon as that is fact, I'll have the two of you to lunch and you can get acquainted. Then, until fall election, you can campaign in earnest and get the feel of it. Like the prospect?"

"Very much, sir."

"But I've heard good news since I got back. Anne tells me she's going to the theater with you."

"Yes. She finally agreed. I got the tickets yesterday. I'm certainly looking forward to it."

Kirkland's face looked almost young in its pleasure. "The whole plan, Paul, is proceeding beyond my wildest hopes. She has resolutely refused to go out before. She is proud and terribly sensitive, of course. Now, the fact that she has consented to go to the theater with you is nothing short of a miracle. I simply can't tell you how happy I am! Don't rush her, of course, about—the other, but so many small things point to the fact that she will ultimately consent. You've handled it all wonderfully, my boy. Wonderfully!"

Paul smiled and thanked him, and then turned serious. "Mr. Kirkland, there's something I want to discuss with you, if you'll allow me. It has nothing to do with Anne."

At once, Kirkland's usual guard was up. "Of course," he said crisply.

"The other day while I was talking with Arno in his office Miss Sayles came in greatly agitated. She said C was here. Arno said it was impossible, but she insisted he was, and that he was mad. Arno tried to cover, but it was clear he was upset too. He left his office like a shot to confer with this man, who I have reason to believe was Camponelli, the numbers racketeer. Can you explain what connection he would have with this office?"

Kirkland's voice, when he spoke, was composed and casual. "Arno's quite a character," he began with a reminiscent flavor. "Never really told you about him, did I? Well, he grew up, one of eight, in three rooms on Water Street, toughest part of the city. He's got a lot of friends from his old background. I never pry into his personal life. I've no idea what he does when he leaves here. Do you see what I'm getting at? If this fellow came to see him, it's none of my business. You just forget the whole thing. . . . Well, I see my desk looks as if I'd been away."

Paul rose at once. Kirkland stood also and grasped his shoulders affectionately. "My boy, let me tell you again that my heart feels lighter than it's ever been since Anne's accident. Count on me for anything—anything!"

"Thank you, sir," Paul said gravely. "If the trip to the theater turns out all right, I'll try to think of other things we can do. She needs to get out of the house. I must be running along now. It's good to see you back."

Paul moved slowly through the hall toward the elevator, thinking. He was not completely satisfied with Kirkland's explanation of Camponelli's visit to the office, yet it all sounded plausible enough. He knew it would be wise to drop it from his mind for the present. As a matter of fact, while he did his daily work faithfully and labored most evenings in polishing up and practicing the Memorial Day speech, his thoughts reverted constantly to the coming date with Anne.

The evening itself, when it came, could not have been finer. It had already been arranged that the large Kirkland car with the chauffeur would be waiting at the front door, so Paul parked his own at the back and went, with a vast sense of trepidation and fear, into the small morning room to the left of the front door and nearest to it. This, Anne had planned.

She was seated on a small sofa, and he gave an exclamation of pleasure as he saw her. She was strikingly dressed and close to her face she wore the violets he had sent earlier.

"I never saw you look so lovely!" Paul cried. "Are you as excited as I am?" He caught her hands in a firm grip and sat down beside her. "Let me just take you in for a minute."

Anne laughed shakily and ignored his compliment. "Excited!" she said. "Why, I haven't been able to sleep for thinking about it! And oh, I love my violets!"

"Let's get started, shall we?" Paul said. "There's no telling about traffic, and if we get to the theater too early, we'll sit in the car until curtain time."

He stood, and then quite easily lifted her in his arms. "Are you sure I've got you?" he asked, laughing. "I can't feel a thing!"

But he did, though, and his heart beat fast. He felt her soft hair against his cheek; he felt her tender body against his own.

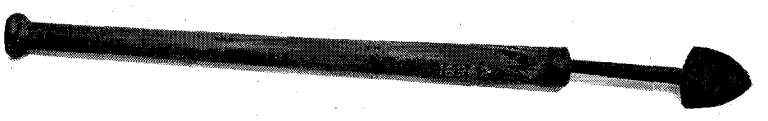
"Put your hand around my neck. It will be more comfortable for you."

In the hall, Kirkland was waiting with the supreme grace of casualness, to see them off, as Hackett, smiling broadly, opened the door.

"Good-by, Mouchie! Have fun! . . . Good-by, Paul. Hope you like the show."

Just as he'd seen her off a hundred times before!

Morley, the chauffeur, opened the car door impas- (Continued on Page 91)



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

The spearlike implement shown here played such a considerable role in early American life that it is preserved in the Americana treasure house of the Bucks County Historical Society, Doylestown, Pennsylvania. This one has a twenty-inch wooden shaft and an iron head six by two and a half inches. Can you name it and identify its use?

It was called a	*It was used to*
Small whaling lance	Kill baby whales.
Creaser	Put leather grooves in old-style book covers.
Antiboarding pike	Repel boarders attempting to capture sailing ships.
Pewter cutter	Cut and tool pewter tableware.

—Barlow Bridges.

Correct Answer:

A creaser, used after heating to groove leather book covers.

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does more for you
than any other
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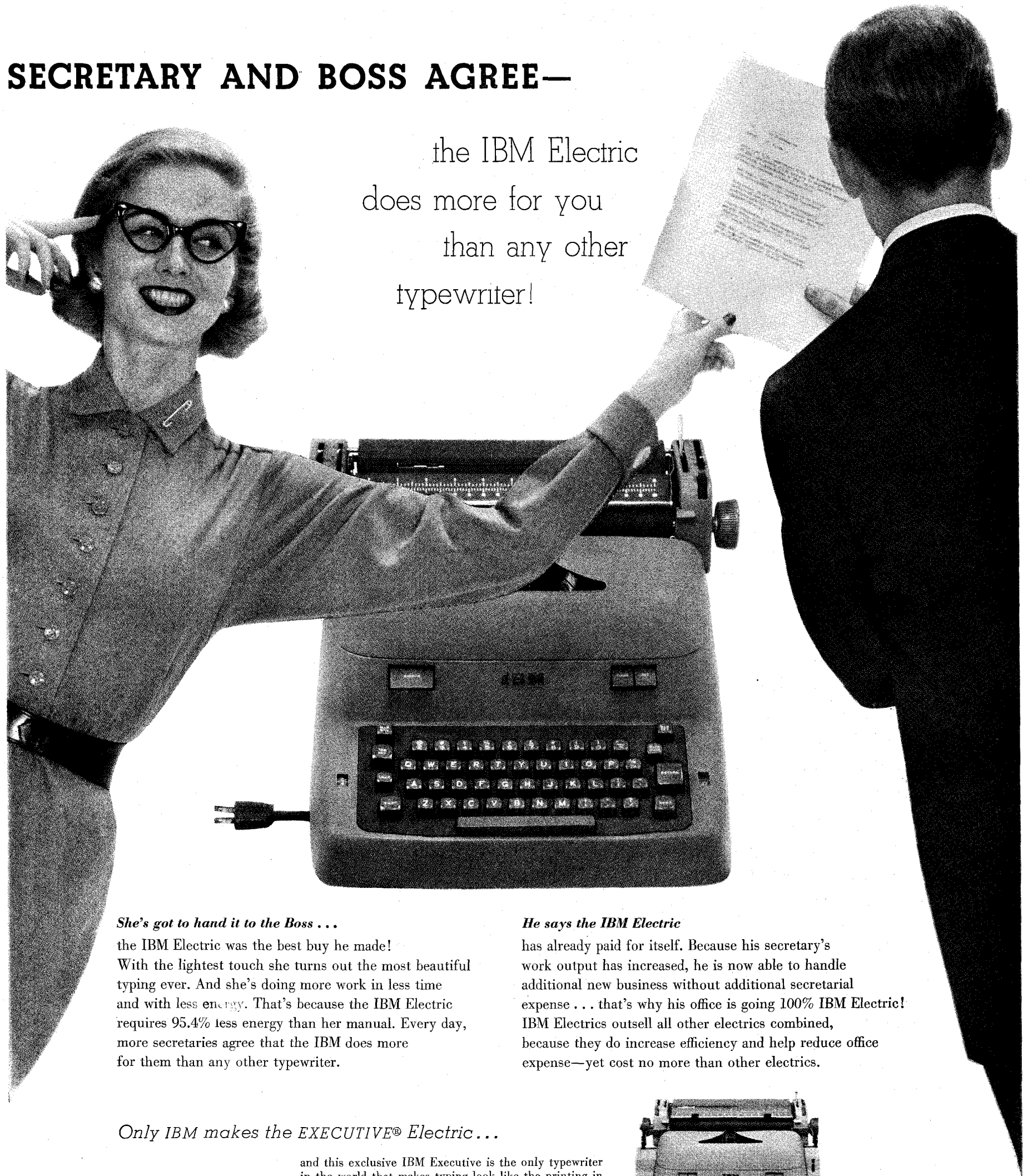

She's got to hand it to the Boss . . .
the IBM Electric was the best buy he made! With the lightest touch she turns out the most beautiful typing ever. And she's doing more work in less time and with less energy. That's because the IBM Electric requires 95.4% less energy than her manual. Every day, more secretaries agree that the IBM does more for them than any other typewriter.

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and this exclusive IBM Executive is the only typewriter in the world that makes typing look like the printing in a fine book. Letters typed on the Executive build company prestige . . . make striking first impressions . . . open doors. For more information and a demonstration, call your nearest IBM office *today*.

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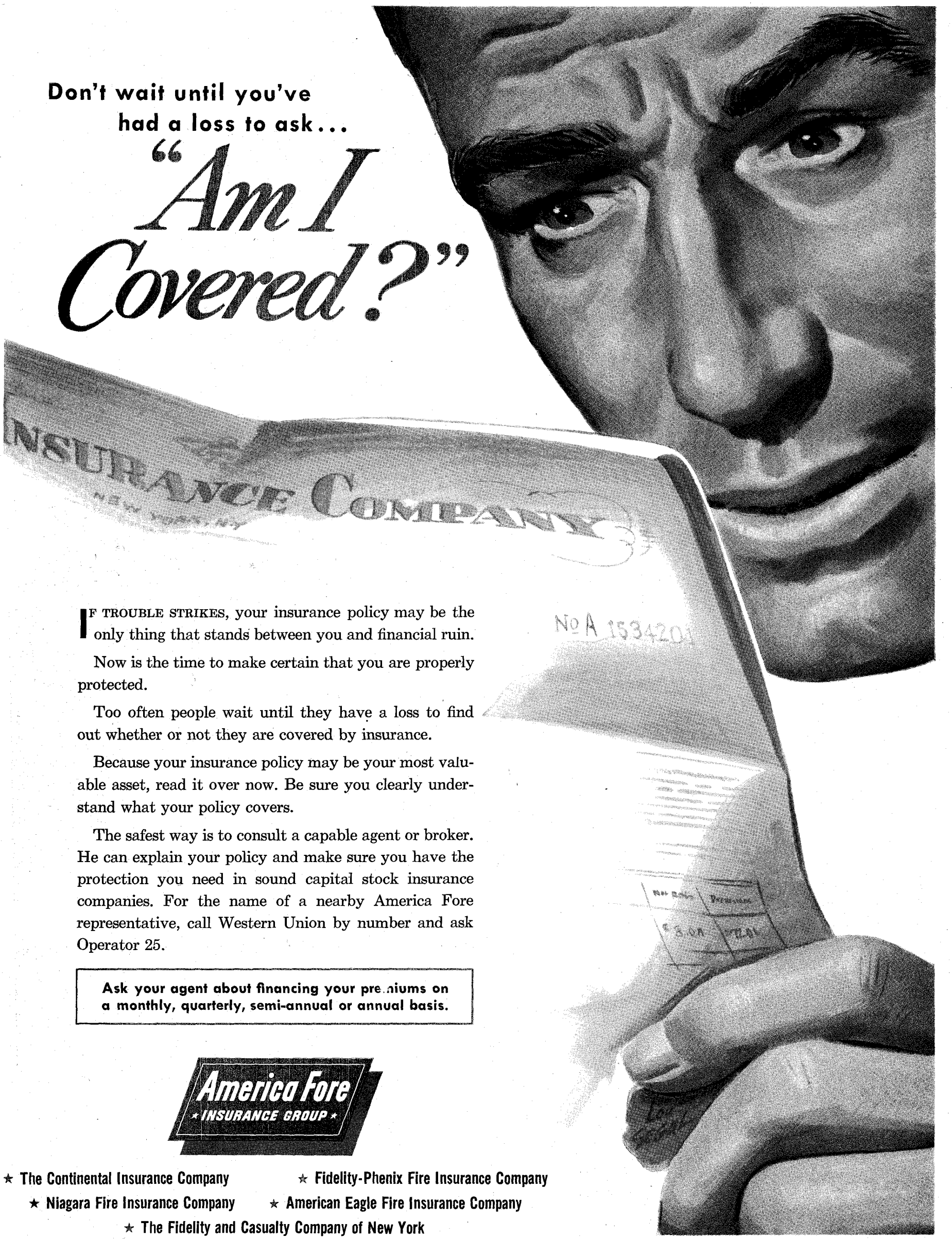
Don't wait until you've had a loss to ask...

"Am I Covered?"



IF TROUBLE STRIKES, your insurance policy may be the only thing that stands between you and financial ruin.

Now is the time to make certain that you are properly protected.

Too often people wait until they have a loss to find out whether or not they are covered by insurance.

Because your insurance policy may be your most valuable asset, read it over now. Be sure you clearly understand what your policy covers.

The safest way is to consult a capable agent or broker. He can explain your policy and make sure you have the protection you need in sound capital stock insurance companies. For the name of a nearby America Fore representative, call Western Union by number and ask Operator 25.

Ask your agent about financing your premiums on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis.

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

★ The Continental Insurance Company
★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company
★ American Eagle Fire Insurance Company
★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

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(Continued from Page 88) sively. Paul set her gently on the seat, hurried around the car and climbed in beside her. They were off. They did not speak until they were down the drive and out upon the wide street. Then Anne, watching intently from the window, drew a long, quivering breath.

"It's more wonderful than I can ever tell you, to be doing this! I think I have been a coward, and a vain one. But really, it is different going out with you this way than it would have been with father."

"I hope so!" Paul said.

And then suddenly the tension broke and they laughed immoderately together. Paul put his arm through hers and held her hand

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Contrary Things

By RACHEL MACK

NEWS ITEM: An astronomer named Dr. Seth Nicholson, operating at Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar Observatories, has found a new moon of Jupiter, the twelfth. It is a little moon . . . but it is moving in the wrong direction . . . counterclockwise.

I have a fondness for contrary
things—
A migratory bird that does
not go
South with the autumn flock,
but waits the spring's
Coming where it nests, braving
the snow
And old urgencies; a tree
growing aslant,
Rooted in a rock crevice where
the soil is scant
And poor; a sudden stream in
a desert place,
Flooding with a rush its dry bed
for space
Of a few days' time, and best
of all,
Oh, most delightful! that new
small
Twelfth moon of Jupiter's that
mocks
Astronomers by motion opposite
the clock's!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

while they went on with complete ease to talk of inconsequential things.

When they drew up before the theater, it was exactly the hour for the show to begin. Morley had done his timing to perfection. In spite of a spattering of latecomers, the outer lobby looked deserted.

"Here, you take these," Paul said, putting the tickets in Anne's hand. He got out quickly, took her again in his arms, and then, in the briefest of moments, they were in the already-darkened theater. The usher led the flash-lit path to aisle seats halfway down. Then they were in their places, Anne's coat unbuttoned and draped behind her, her violets pinned to her dress, and their bodies instinctively leaning toward each other as their eyes fastened upon the stage. So easy, so uncomplicated it had all been.

When the lights came on, Anne turned toward Paul, full of animation about the play.

"I love it!" she exclaimed. "It's beautiful and yet completely realistic! It has ——"

The young man directly in front of Paul turned suddenly around in his seat, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Anne!" he said. "Anne! Where did you —— How did you —— I didn't know you were ——"

Anne's voice broke in very calmly and, as it seemed to Paul, coolly.

"Oh, hello, Bill. How are you? This is Paul Devereux, Bill Lamson."

"And Sally McBride, Anne. I think you've met."

"Of course," Anne said pleasantly. "It was after a game once, at a fraternity party. I remember we all had a lot of fun."

The introductions were completed, but Paul noted the constraint in the air. When Anne finally leaned back in her seat as though to terminate the conversation, Bill still persisted, "How are you, really, Anne? I haven't seen you round. Nobody's told me a thing. I'm completely in the dark."

"I haven't been around, Bill. This is my first sortie. I'm still not automotive, but"—with the lightest possible side glance toward Paul—"I'm finding life extremely interesting, even so."

This time young Lamson colored crimson for some reason, and turned abruptly around as the lights again went out. Anne leaned closer to Paul.

"Do forgive me for that, but I had reason. I'll tell you about it later," she whispered.

"You couldn't have said a nicer thing, reason or not," he whispered back, and though she seemed to hesitate, he managed to capture her hand again.

When it was all over, they sat still. Anne chatted on brightly as the people just beyond passed out in front of them and the aisles became crowded. Paul saw young Lamson pause as he stood up, trying to catch Anne's eye, but she was looking elsewhere. They sat on comfortably, with small feeling of being observed, until, in an incredibly short time, the theater was empty. He helped her into her coat, eying the low-cut wool dress that matched it.

"I think this is the prettiest outfit I ever saw," Paul remarked, "and the most becoming I've seen you wear. That's saying quite something."

"I'm glad you like it," Anne smiled. "It was exciting to have a real reason for buying something new."

"Shall we go now?" Paul asked. "I imagine Morley will be waiting."

He picked her up again easily, and in a few minutes they were in the car.

When they were out of the worst traffic, Anne turned toward him.

"Paul," she said, and her voice broke a little, "I simply haven't words to tell you how much this evening has meant to me! I can't thank you enough for planning it and making me go!"

"It's meant even more to me," he answered, "and if it made you happy, I'm infinitely more so."

They rode on in silence for some time.

"I must explain about Bill Lamson," she said at last. "It was all very awkward, and yet I'm wicked enough to be glad he saw me there. You see, we were practically engaged before my accident."

"So that was it," Paul said slowly.

"I know now," Anne went on, "that I didn't really love him, but I was fond of him. I'd known him since dancing-class days, and it seemed rather inevitable. I had not accepted a ring, but it was all somewhat—settled." She was looking away from him. "When I was hurt, no one could see me for several weeks. Of course, Bill telephoned then and sent flowers. But when the word got out that I couldn't walk, and might never again, he stopped calling up, and he never once came to see me. I think he was scared to death for fear in some way he might be involved."

"The dog!" Paul gritted between his teeth.

"No," Anne said slowly, "he's young and extremely (Continued on Page 94)

CARNIVAL

KENFLEX TRADE MARK VINYL ASBESTOS TILE

Colors shown: Frolic and Pinwheel

Carnival Kenflex Vinyl floors brighten kitchens, defy grease, dirt, and wear...yet cost only $21.50†

There's new beauty, new color, for your home from basement to attic in this glowing, grease-proof vinyl floor. The rugged long wearing tiles will keep their sparkling colors fresh through hardest wear and clean like magic... even hot grease spatters, staining spills wipe up without a trace! See CARNIVAL KENFLEX plus its famous Kentile, Inc. guarantee...in 8 wonderful color variations at your Kentile Dealer's now. His name is listed under FLOORS in your Classified Telephone Directory.

†Price for average self-installed 8′ x 10′ floor.

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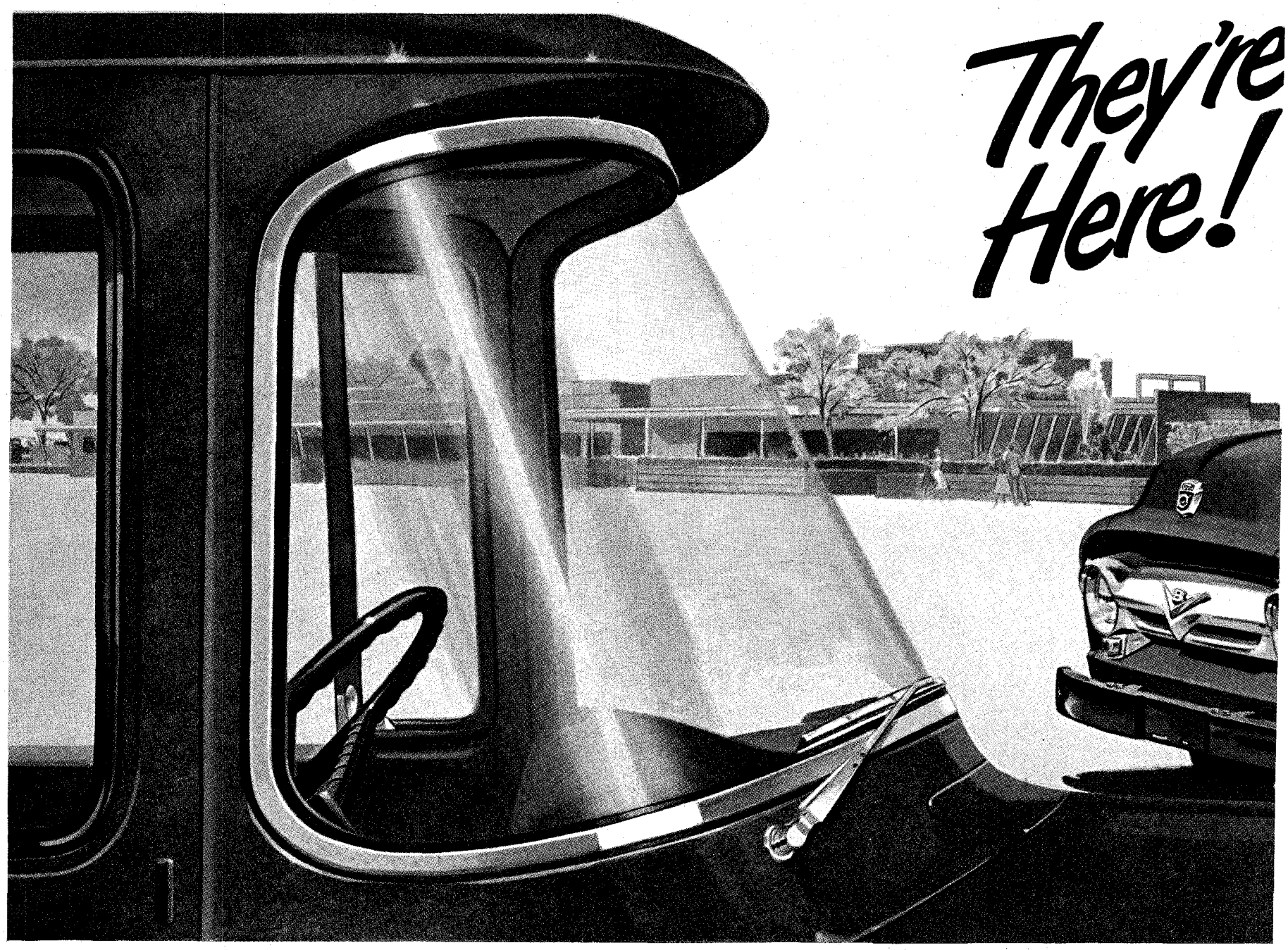

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Now! More horsepower per dolla

NEW POWER! More horsepower in every model . . . up to 26% more! Only Ford Trucks give you *proven* Short Stroke power in *every* model.

NEW CARRYING CAPACITY! Bigger payloads throughout the line. New higher-capacity tubeless tires on *all* models.

NEW COMFORT AND SAFETY! New DRIVERIZED Cabs! New, exclusive *Lifeguard* Design safety features give you protection not found in any other truck.

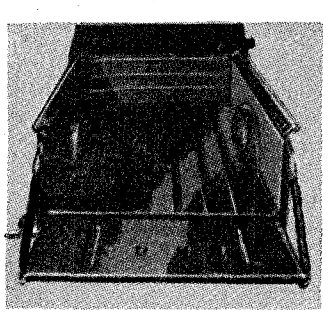
NEW STYLING! New "leadership look" in a complete new line of Ford Trucks from Pickups to 65,000-lb. G.C.W. tandem-axle Big Jobs!

Behind Ford advancements for '56 is a single goal . . . to make Ford Trucks better money makers for you than ever before.

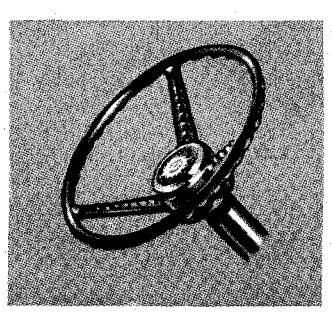
For instance, Ford now offers *eight* Short Stroke engines. Only Ford lets you choose from a full line of seven Short Stroke Y-8's and a Short Stroke Six, to suit power needs more exactly. Horsepower increases of up to 26% mean you get rolling faster, have more reserve power, too. Result: more time saved, more work done.

The built-in convenience of new DRIV-

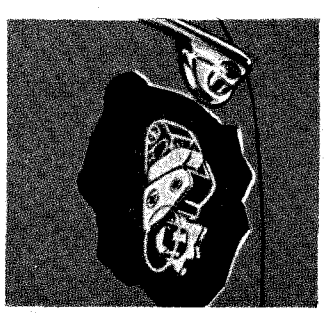
Only Ford gives you all these great truck features



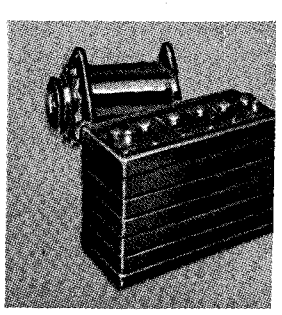
NEW! 8-ft. ½-ton Model F-100 Express for bulky loads. 6½-ft. Pickup also available. GVW rating 5,000 lbs.



NEW! Deep-center Lifeguard steering wheel protects driver from steering column. Only Ford has it! No extra cost.



NEW! Lifeguard door latches give added protection against doors jarring open on impact. A Ford safety exclusive!



NEW! 12-volt electric system for better startin better performance, great electrical reserve.

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New Ford Trucks for '56

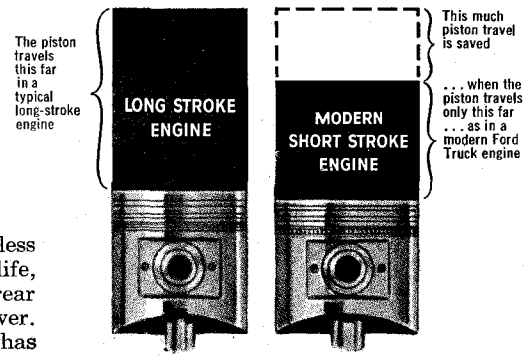
than any other truck line!

Powerful eyeful! Comparisons of all makes of trucks, based on horsepower and suggested list prices, show that Ford gives you more power for your money than any other truck line.

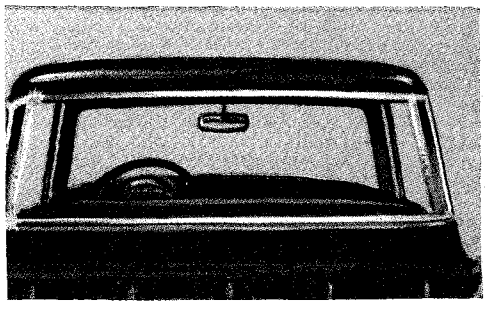
ERIZED Cabs with full-wrap windshields cuts driving strain, makes work easier. New *exclusive* safety features such as Lifeguard steering wheel and Lifeguard door latches give you a measure of protection never before available in any truck.

New styling . . . for duty, as well as beauty, stamps Ford Trucks with a new eye-catching "look of leadership" that builds prestige for your business, makes you prouder than ever to own a Ford Truck.

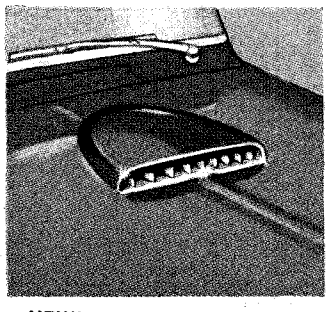
New Ford Trucks for '56 are better money makers than ever because they have new capacities to carry *more* load . . . new power to move it *faster* . . . and new driving comfort plus safety features you'll find in no other truck. They're on display at your Ford Dealer's now!


The piston travels this far in a typical long-stroke engine
LONG STROKE ENGINE
MODERN SHORT STROKE ENGINE
This much piston travel is saved
. . . when the piston travels only this far . . . as in a modern Ford Truck engine

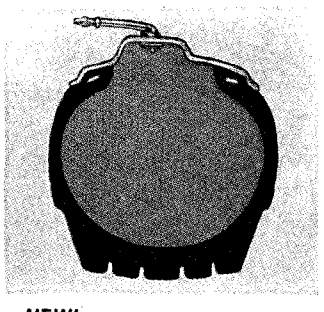
Less piston travel means less friction. And less friction means less wear . . . longer engine life, greater gas savings, more usable power for the rear wheels. Today's trend is to Short Stroke power. But only Ford, pioneer in modern truck power, has had over four years and *five billion miles* of on-the-job experience with Short Stroke engines.



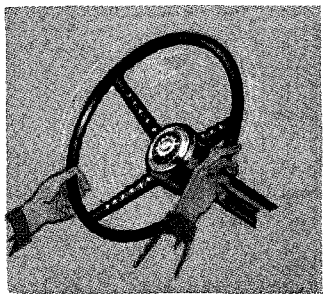
NEW! Full-wrap *rear* window for greater visibility, easier backing, parking, maneuvering. Available at slight extra cost. New wrap-around windshield standard on all Ford cabs.



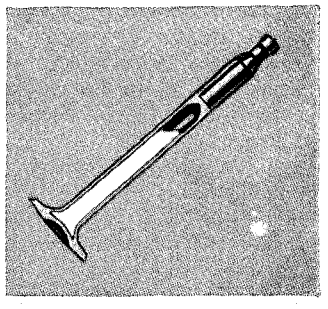
NEW! Hood air scoop, 4-barrel carburetor, and dual exhaust system available on Series 750 and up, for extra reserve power!



NEW! Tubeless tires run 25° cooler, give extra mileage, resist blowouts! Standard on every Ford Truck!



NEW! *Master-Guide* Power Steering now available on most Cab Forward BIG JOBS, as well as most conventional BIG JOBS.



NEW! Sodium-cooled exhaust valves in heavy-duty engines operate as much as 225° cooler, last far longer!

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(Continued from Page 91) athletic. Most of the time we spent together we were doing something active—you know, golf, tennis, skating, dancing. I loved doing them all so much too." Her voice caught in spite of her. "At first it hurt unmercifully, but gradually I began to realize that a marriage with him would have been the greatest possible mistake. So it was best that he broke clean. I'd never seen him since I was hurt, and it did my pride good somehow to meet him out, like any other girl, with an escort. Oh, you don't think too badly of me, do you, for that?"

For answer, he drew her close. His throat was too choked to answer. The tragic little sentence—"I loved doing them all so much too"—rang in his heart like a knell. Never until this moment of her confession had he felt the full weight of her enforced renunciation.

"And then," she was saying, "that last little innuendo I used, dragging you in, as it were. You must forgive me for that, under the circumstances."

He said, "You mean it was not true?"

Anne laughed. "Oh, the witness refuses to answer on the grounds that she may —— Why, here we are at home! The ride went so fast."

The car had stopped and Morley was holding the door. Paul went around to Anne's side, picked her up again and went in. "To the library?" he asked.

"If you can hold out that far."

Once in the quiet room, Paul stood, making no move to put her down. His face was so close to the sweet beauty of hers; his arms clasped her body against his own. It was too much. He pressed his lips to hers with all the strength of his passion. Again and again, with long, merciless ardor.

Then he set her gently down. Speech was impossible. He saw that under her drooping lids the tears had started. His own eyes were blinded with them as he walked to the door, through the long hallway and out again into the night. As he drove back he felt his hands trembling on the wheel, and his body shaken with emotion by what had passed. What then, later on, would be the full consummation of his love? Drunk with his desire and his hopes, he shouted his triumph to the stars.

The letter came to his desk by special messenger the next day. He glanced at the handwriting and then opened it with ecstatic haste.

Dear Paul: I have had some anxious moments before, but after last night it is necessary that I make my position entirely clear. Our friendship has given me much pleasure, but it cannot ever lead to any normal climax. Therefore, it is best that it should not continue. I cannot see you again. And if you are as kind as I think, you will make no effort of any sort to communicate with me. It would be useless to do so, for my mind is unalterably set, knowing as I do, much better than you, the full circumstances involved. This is a final good-by. May God bless you always. Sincerely and gratefully, ANNE

Paul sat stunned, holding the small note before him. The minutes passed; then, with a reactive wave of second thought, he grasped the telephone and dialed Anne's number. His heart was still thudding, but his lips were relaxed. The thing to do was to refuse to take it seriously, even for a moment.

"Hello," said the quiet voice of Miss Davis.

"Oh, this is Paul Devereux. May I speak to Anne, please?"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid you can't."

"Why not? Is she ill?"

"No." Miss Davis seemed to be having difficulty with her reply. "It is—I mean —— She does not wish to speak to you."

"I don't believe it!" Paul burst out; then added quickly, "I'm sorry, Davy, but I simply have to talk to her."

"Her orders are definite, Mr. Devereux. I cannot go against them."

There was a pause, and then Paul said, "Will you please give her a message, then?"

"I can't even do that. She does not wish to communicate with you in any way whatever, and oh, Mr. Devereux, if you are wise and kind, you will accept this intention at once."

"Wise!" Paul echoed, "Kind!" And unable to say more, he hung up the phone.

He was well disciplined. A brief had to be prepared before tomorrow, and, gritting his teeth, he went at it. As he was settling his desk for the night a message came from Hartwell. When Paul went into his office, the old man eyed him shrewdly.

"What's wrong, Paul?"

"A little tired, maybe, and I did skip lunch." He forced a smile.

"Well, a good dinner may fettle you, as the Scotch say. And about the invitation you gave the other day? Does it still stand?"

"It certainly does. When could you come?"

"Tomorrow evening, perhaps?"

"I'll consult my landlady tonight and report in the morning. It's almost sure to be all right with her. That will be fine, sir."

He tried to make his voice hearty. He couldn't possibly put the old man off, and yet he desperately wanted to keep the next evenings free for attempts to break through the barrier Anne had imposed.

He paused again in his own office beside his desk. The impulse to call Kirkland was overpowering, and yet he felt it might be better to wait a little longer. He went on home drearily enough, hope alternating with despair within him. He choked down an unappetizing dinner in the restaurant and went back to his room. Old Hartwell's visit had to be arranged for. He found Mrs. MacCloud in her small Victorian parlor and broached the matter. She was at once enthusiastic.

"It'll be no trouble in the least. In fact, it will do me good to have something special to do. How would a nice bit of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding be? With a light custard for a finish, since the pudding's so rich?"

Her blue eyes brightened, her gray bangs quivered, and all her neat, plump, capable small body seemed to come alive with anticipation.

"That sounds wonderful, Mrs. MacCloud. I do appreciate this, and I'll leave all the details to you."

He managed to get away after a few more details had pursued him up the stairs. In his own room he sat down at his desk and started a letter.

"Anne darling," he wrote with a hand not too steady. Then he crumpled the sheet and threw it away. That might strike her as being as presumptuous as his kiss.

"Dear Anne," he wrote simply at last, "I am utterly at a loss to understand the finality of your letter. That I must have deeply offended you by my action last night is apparent. I can only beg you to forgive me and let me come as soon as you possibly can, to explain the reason for my behavior. You are too kind, too just, to deny me this privilege. I need hardly tell you that I am desperately unhappy until I hear from you. I will telephone when you have had time to receive this. Yours, always, Paul."

He sealed it after several rereadings and propped it before him to give him hope. He would send it tomorrow from the office by special messenger. No, he suddenly thought, the regular mail would be more sure to reach her. He opened the envelope, selected a fresh one, and disguised his hand as he once again addressed it. It seemed a cheap enough little trick, but the necessity was heavy.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Strongest Man on Earth

(Continued from Page 37)

an Austrian whose real name was Frederick Mueller, was brought to the United States in the early 1900's by Florenz Ziegfeld. What Louis Cyr had in strength, Sandow had in showmanship, and he capitalized on it. It was he who made the world physique-conscious.

The fat-man type passed out for the most part until Anderson came onto the scene. For all his strength, however, Anderson is not fat, but big. He is an enormously developed fellow who's as solid as a rock, and the development, insists Dr. Robert L. Shiflett, the family physician, has been sudden but normal.

Anderson's thighs are as large as the average man's waist, 36 inches. His neck is as big as the waist of some women, 23½ inches. His biceps measures 22¼ inches, chest 58, waist 46, calf 20, but this human dreadnought travels in average-sized 10½, triple E shoes. He carries his 340 pounds on a chassis only five feet, ten inches tall.

This Georgia giant first made an impression on the jealous field of weight lifting in a Tennessee Amateur Athletic Union meet at Chattanooga in December, 1952. He had experimented with the three Olympic lifts for the first time only two days before. In the meet he broke most of the existing Southern records and rolled up a total of 800 pounds for the three lifts—which was phenomenal for one so crude of style—and did a deep knee-bend under a weight of 660½ pounds. This broke by 60½ pounds a world's record that had stood for thirty years. Henry (Milo) Steinborn, who later struck gold as a professional wrestler, did the first deep knee-bend of 600 pounds, and Doug Hepburn, a Canadian strong boy, had tied it in recent years. Here was Anderson, with the red clay of North Georgia still on his feet, making a comedy of it.

The first time Anderson ever hoisted a bar bell in official competition he broke the record by five pounds. This took place at a "Mr. World" contest in Philadelphia three months before the Chattanooga appearance. Anderson went to the meet strictly for a crack at the record in the deep-knee-bend. He had given no thought to the Olympic lifts at that time.

Neither record, however, is officially recognized. To establish a world's record at weight lifting there must be representatives of at least three nations competing. Anderson, then, points with consuming ambition to the world weight-lifting meet at Munich, and, of course, to the Olympic Games in Australia next year. In those two international events, Anderson's fans are certain he will establish himself conclusively as the strongest man who ever lived.

Around the R. E. Anderson residence, 912 Tugalo Street, in Toccoa, the mightiest man of them all is still attached to his mother's apron string. He lives with his parents in the house where he was born on October 17, 1932. It is a plain granite dwelling on a street of plain American homes.

(Continued on Page 96)

McGREGOR

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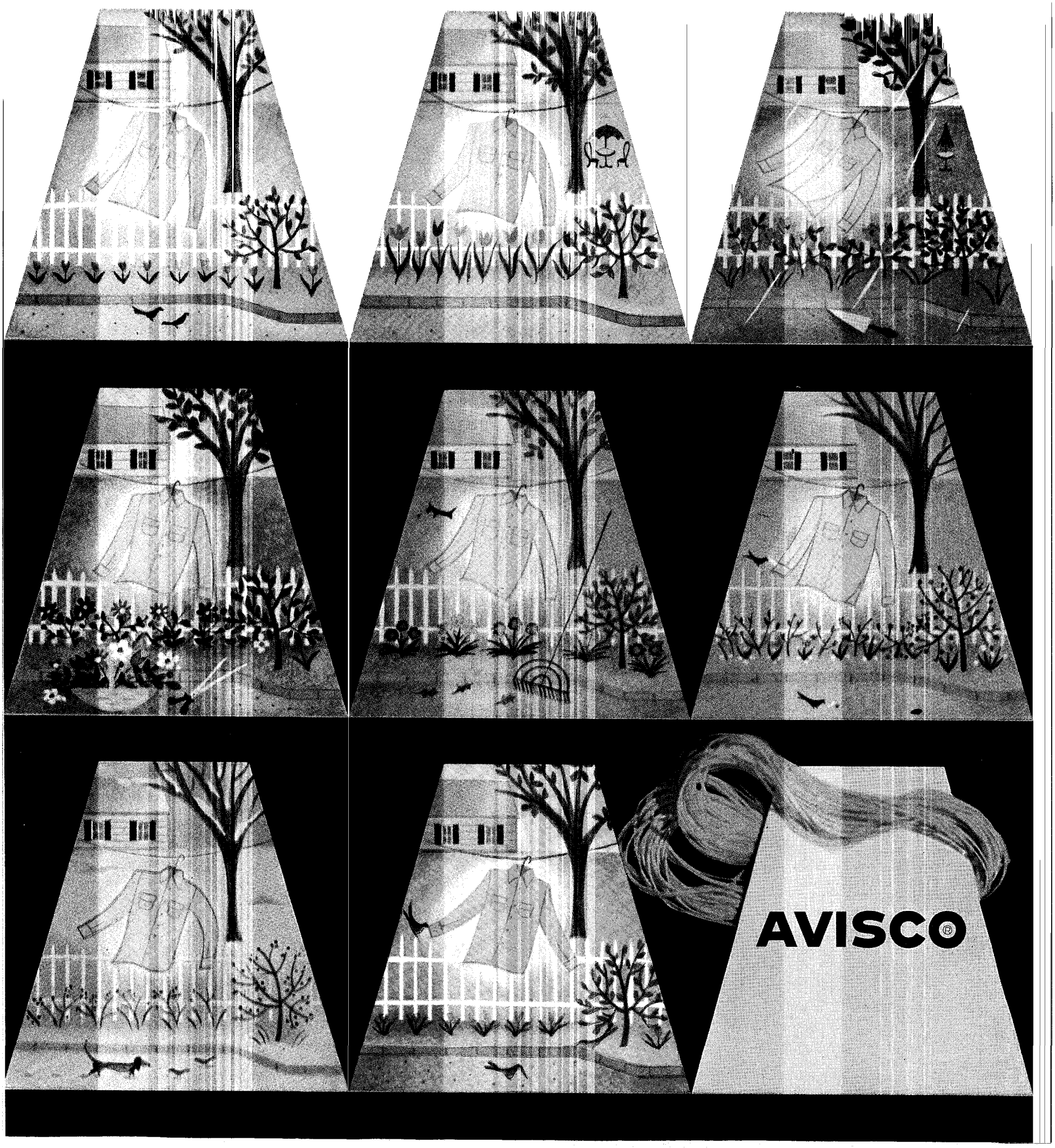

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(Continued from Page 94) His mother, a plump woman of five feet two, and his father, who's a normal five feet, ten and one half inches tall and 178 pounds, have been faithful supporters of their strong boy's career. From the first, when it was apparent that Paul was serious about weight lifting, Mrs. Anderson regimented his life and became his devoted manager. His father, a construction worker who spends much of his time away from home, made most of the improvised weights with which Paul first worked. A back bedroom in the Anderson home has been jacked up, bolstered and turned into Paul's own personal gymnasium.

When at home, Paul will get out of bed at nine o'clock in the morning, have a breakfast of four boxes of gelatin, three glasses of orange juice and a quart of milk, then spend three hours practicing lifts. During the practice he'll consume two more quarts of milk. There's dinner at six o'clock, maybe a little snack later in the evening, but little or no excitement or social life.

The life of a weight lifter with a goal is a life of complete devotion to the weights. Anderson doesn't drink or smoke, seldom has a date. Anything that detracts from weight lifting is regarded as dissipation. Such a schedule once drove Doug Hepburn to a nervous breakdown at the age of twenty. Hepburn, however, recovered and reached his "strongest man on earth" goal. It was Anderson who unseated the Vancouver muscle man, now a professional wrestler.

There is considerable disagreement in the stories about the size of Anderson's appetite. In contrast to hearty eating habits of Cyr, Saxon, Hepburn and their kind, Anderson is particularly sensitive about his reputation at the table. This unquestionably dates back to his brief college experience at Furman University in 1950.

Anderson was a ferocious guard and blocking back in high school, ranging from 195 to 210 pounds at the time. He was offered a scholarship at Furman, a Baptist school in Greenville, South Carolina, and reported for duty. He was a starting guard on the freshman team, but when he went home for the Christmas holidays he never bothered to return to college. The story goes that he complained to his family, "They're starving me to death."

The story also says that a few days' absence from the campus brought one of the Furman assistant coaches on the run for him. "We'd sure like to have Paul back," he told the family, "and his scholarship is still good, but we'll have to ask you for fifteen dollars a week to help on his board bill."

Anderson denies the story, but sources at Furman insist it's true.

"Gelatin and milk are the main parts of my diet," Anderson says. "I eat mostly high-protein food. I don't eat any lunch. For dinner I'll have a meat of some kind—beef or liver—a green salad and a quart of milk. Very seldom do I ever eat cooked vegetables. Gelatin cuts my hunger, but about ten o'clock at night, that's when I'm the hungriest of all. I usually have a milk shake at the Lone Oak Drive-In, with three eggs in it, or eat a quart of ice cream."

Anderson's capacity as a milk blotter once upset the corps of waitresses at a restaurant in New York. On the day of a meet he eats nothing, but drinks milk constantly. He walked into the restaurant and ordered two glasses of milk. The waitress brought them out in wax cartons and he dashed them off.

"Better bring me about a dozen more, ma'am," he told her.

The bug-eyed waitress delivered the twelve wax cartons of milk to the table and retired to a corner to tell her associates about it. A juke box giving out with a loud number went dead just before her story ended, and in her excited soprano the waitress' last highly descriptive phrase could be heard all over the eatery.

". . . and the guy drank all fourteen of them," she said.

Without his astonishing strength, Paul Anderson would be just another fat man who perspires like a dock worker and hates to wear a coat. There were no indications in his boyhood that a giant was in the making. Paul was a curly-haired moppet with a dog for a pal and a piano for a tormentor. His mother and sister, Dorothy, goaded him into taking music lessons. He sang solos, and these musical gambits, plus scrawny legs and ringlet hair, caused playmates to tease him and call him a sissy.

At seven he almost died of acute nephritis. When he was eight he was bitten by a dog thought to have rabies and was put through the twenty-one-shot Pasteur treatment. He was not a strong child.

When Paul was fourteen, his brother-in-law, Julius Johnson, gave him a pair of dumbbells. This was his first acquaintance with weights, and while the attachment never became acute then, it is possible that the event packed an unseen influence, for Johnson had been the South's 135-pound lifting champion in 1939.

"I never did much work with the dumbbells," Anderson said. "Even when I used to lift that 200-pound bar bell at the swimming pool I was just horsing around. I started lifting weights with a purpose after I left college in 1951, and the purpose wasn't to break any world's records.

"I had really planned on going back to Furman. I didn't particularly care for college, but I did want to play football. There was a boy at Furman named Bob Sneed, a basketball player who had a pretty good build. I'd seen him work with weights, and I decided that if weight lifting would help him, it would help me too. I wanted to get in shape for football, and so I started lifting weights."

Anderson's weights were homemade. His father built some square wooden forms and poured them full of concrete. The Andersons were living at the time in a Government village near Elizabethton, Tennessee, where the father was employed on a Tennessee Valley Authority dam project. There was a man in the community named Bob Peeples, a muscle devotee who had once been able to hoist 725 pounds with what is known as a dead lift, a remarkable feat for a man of 183 pounds. It was Peeples who first taught Paul the rudiments of weight lifting, and it was Peeples who took him to the Tennessee state meet at Chattanooga.

Here he came under the alert eye of Karo Whitfield, of Atlanta, chairman of the Georgia A.A.U. weight-lifting committee. It was Whitfield who applied the polish that converted Anderson's raw, brute strength into weight-lifting finesse. Anderson trained in Whitfield's Atlanta gymnasium and health club.

"I'm still no polished weight lifter yet," Anderson says. "Compared to John Davis, I'm just overpowering strength and nothing else."

Davis is the Brooklyn Negro whom Anderson succeeded as the strongest man in the United States. As a garage mechanic, Davis once lifted a 3000-pound truck off the body of a pinned fellow worker. For fifteen years he went unchallenged as the strongest man in the world, until Doug Hepburn replaced him. Davis set twenty-four records in the Olympic lifts, and it was considered incredible in his time that he should be able to hold 402 pounds over his head. He was the Joe Louis of weight lifting, and yet seven out of ten sports experts whom I interrogated were unable to identify him in his heyday. It remained for Anderson to force weight lifting from obscurity into prominence among people not concerned with sports at all, but who are impressed by his almost unhuman might.

"After I'd been lifting for a spell," Anderson says, "and found that I could break the world's record in three or four events, I said to myself, 'This is for me.' I never gave a thought to going back to college and football. This has done a lot more for me than being a football lineman, lost up there with six other guys while everybody watches the ball. You get a lot more out of it, and besides, you're your own boss.

"You work six or eight years at football and you're just another fellow wearing a college monogram, if you're lucky. Consider that the only thing I knew about weight lifting three years ago was that John Davis was the champion of the world, and you see that the limitations in weight lifting are only those you put on yourself."

Purely for exhibition, Anderson has hoisted 3500 pounds off the ground with a hip belt and done two repetitions with it. He has done a quarter knee-bend with a ton on his back. He has done more than 900 pounds with a deep knee-bend, 300 pounds better than the old world's record of Steinborn and Hepburn. There was a time when he practiced by lifting his quarter horse, a friendly beast named Dan. Anderson now refers to those hoists with scorn.

"That was nothing," he explains. "Dan weighed only eight hundred pounds and I was already lifting two thousand pounds. That was done just to impress people."

At no time has Anderson ever had a close contest in a major meet, and yet he feels that he has never taxed himself to the limit. He's shooting for a 1200-pound total in the three Olympic lifts, and when you reflect on the fact that 1100 pounds used to be considered as remote as the four-minute mile, the nine-flat 100-yard dash and Babe Ruth's sixty homers all wrapped in one, you see what he has achieved.

"And when I get twelve hundred," he says, "I'll want thirteen hundred."

Chances are he'll get it. On an average, weight lifters don't reach their peak until the years between twenty-eight and thirty. Enormous fellow that he is, Anderson is still developing both physically and mechanically. There's no one in sight in the wide world to threaten him. Should he follow even in a mild way the development pattern of his sport, the records he establishes between now and peak years should last for quite a while.

In Toccoa, Georgia, this realization has yet to get a foothold. It is difficult for Johnny Davis, the restaurant man, and James (Red) Boyd, his high-school coach, or even the Tom Tanners and Tom Kellys, the nearest neighbors, to visualize huge Paul as anybody but the little boy next door.

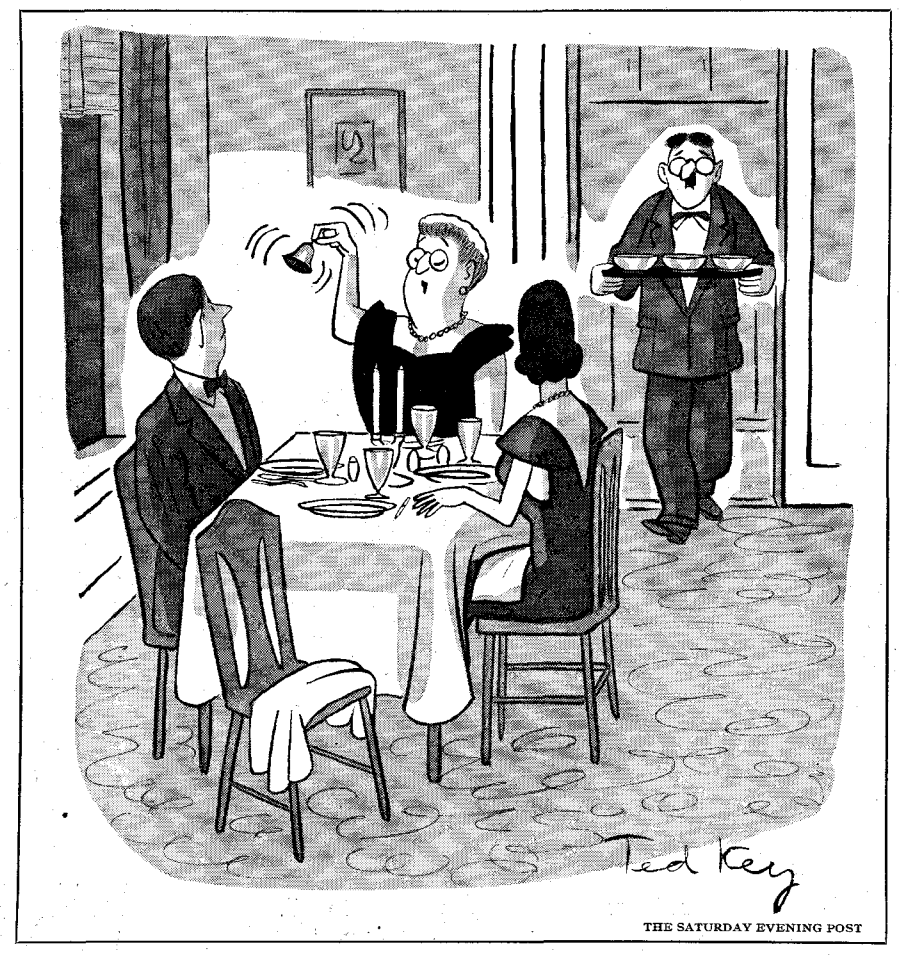
"Oh, he was a big, strong boy in high school," Boyd said. "He made the all-region football team his senior year. He helped make me a good coach too. My teams lost only two games the two seasons he played. When he played blocking back we used to line up in the T formation to give him the ball on a quarterback sneak. It was like turning a herd of elephants loose on the field. But the strongest man in the world, that's pretty big for our little town."

A filling-station operator, giving directions to the Anderson home, concluded with, "We didn't know anything about that boy around town until last month. He had to go to Russia to get famous."

Many motorists drive slowly by the granite house on Tugalo Street, hoping to get a sight of the big man. When he shows his face and figure in public, parents send their little children to feel his biceps. The first two weeks after return from abroad, the Anderson home was infested with newsreel and television cameramen, photographers, writers and friends, and invitations from all manner of people with angles hoping to get in on the ballyhoo. Anderson accepted one. He flew to Washington for an audience with Vice-President Richard Nixon to be praised for his contribution to international good-will.

Anderson's invitation to go to Russia was earned in the National Senior A.A.U. championships at Cleveland in June. Here he astonished the crowd with his first move. He asked for 390 pounds as his starting weight in the military press. Two years ago Hepburn had left the iron-heavers' world limp when he raised the record to 380 pounds.

Anderson swept the heavyweight field and went (Continued on Page 101)



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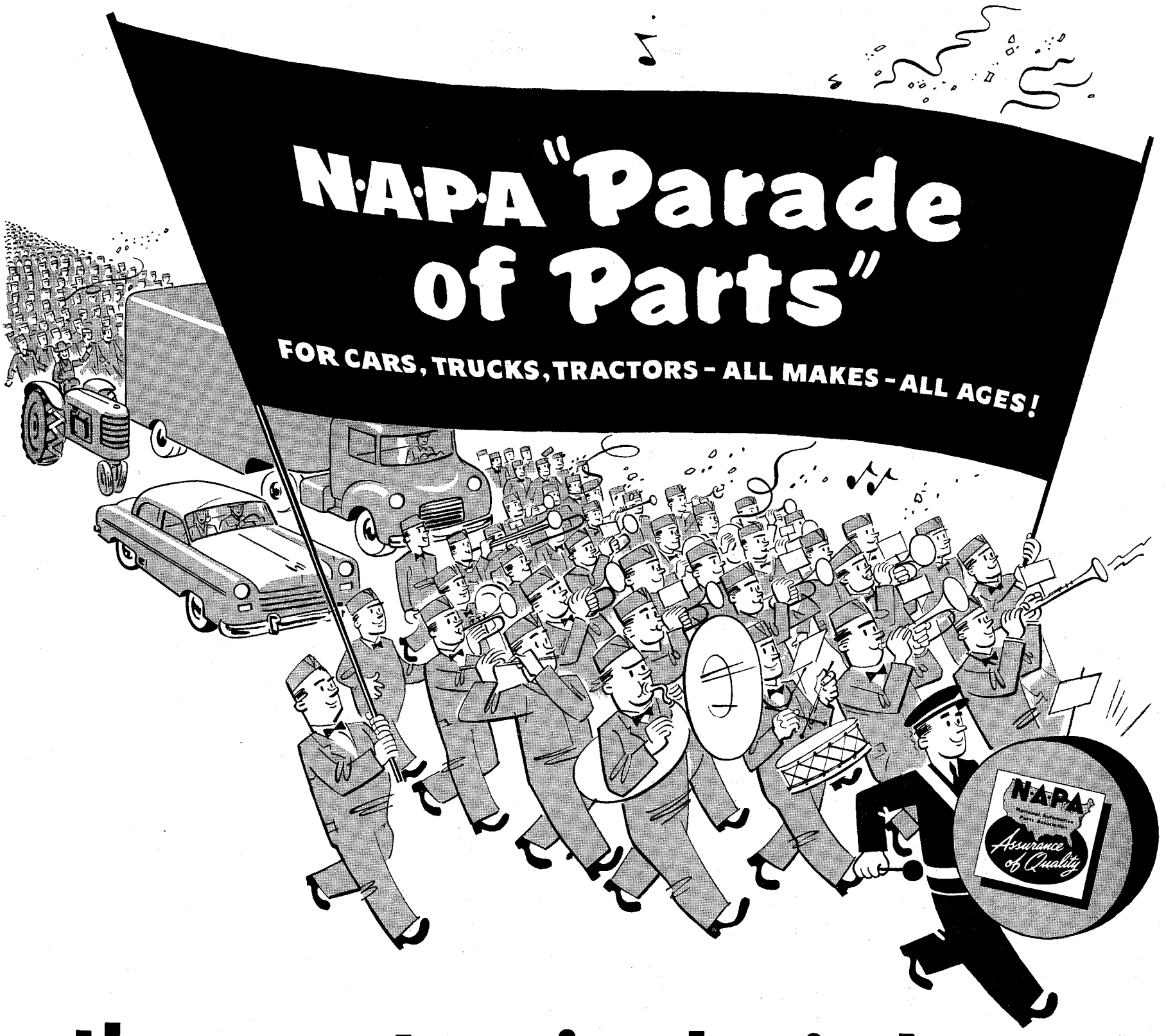
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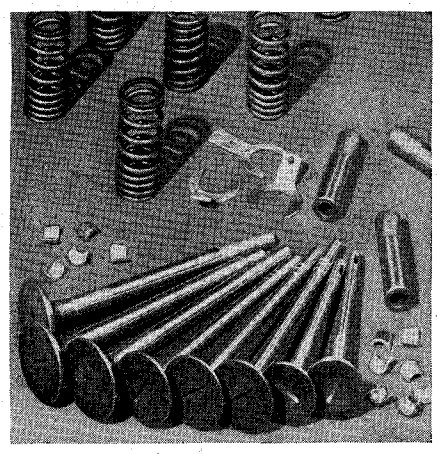

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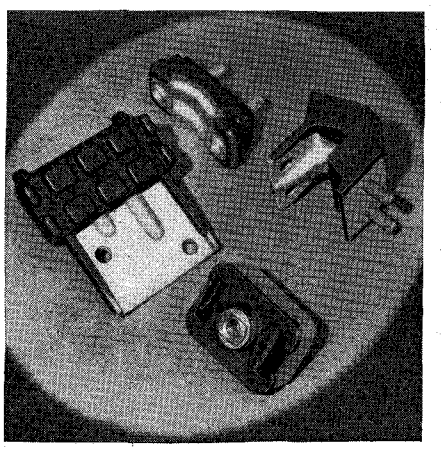

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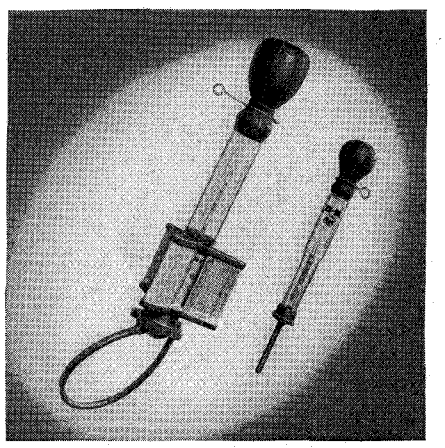

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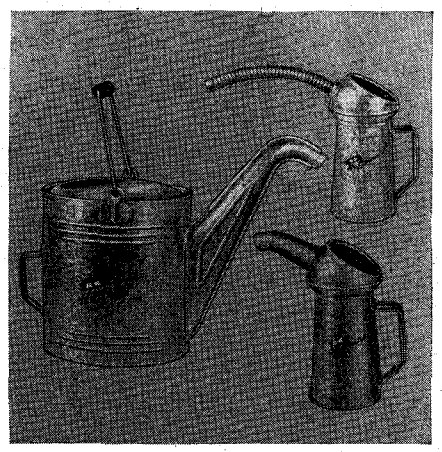

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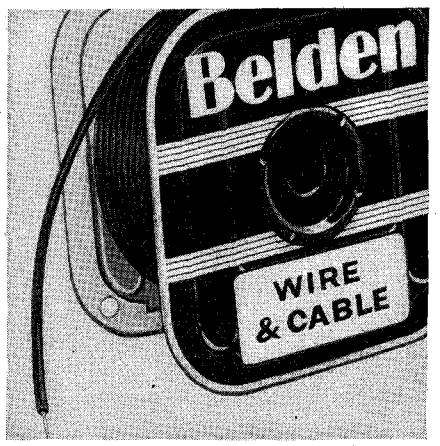

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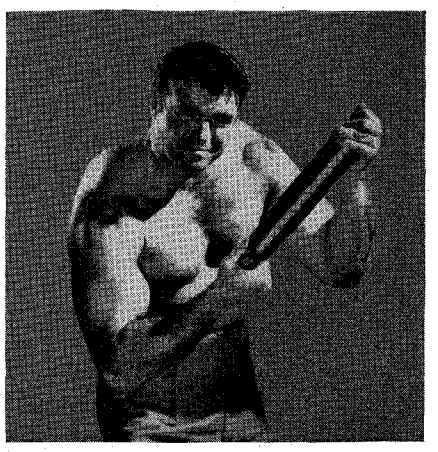

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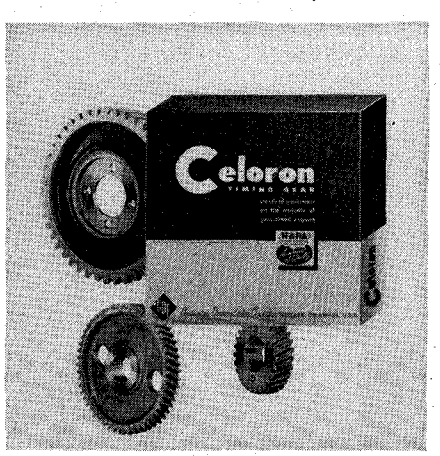

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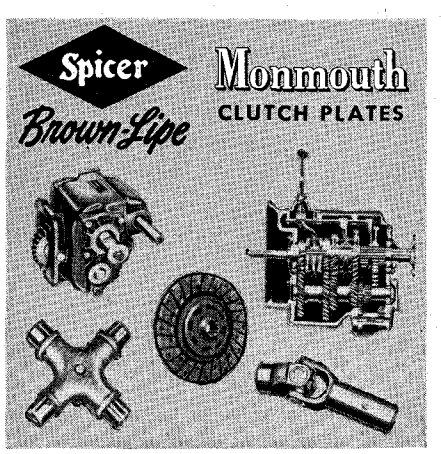

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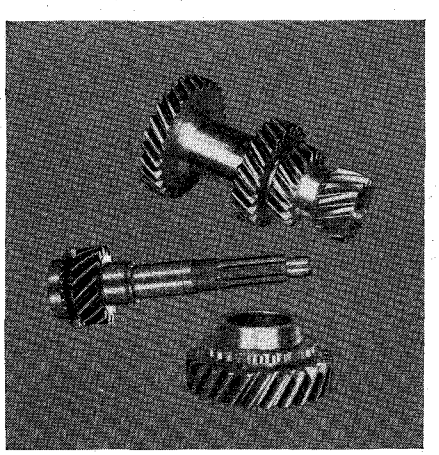

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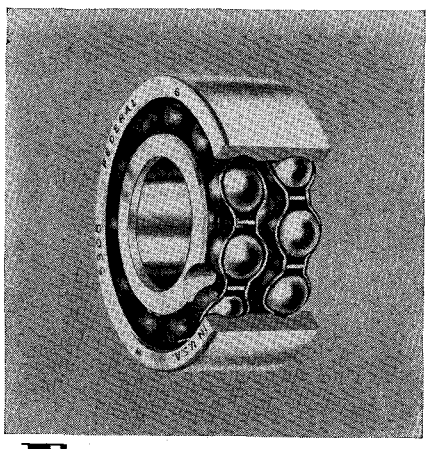

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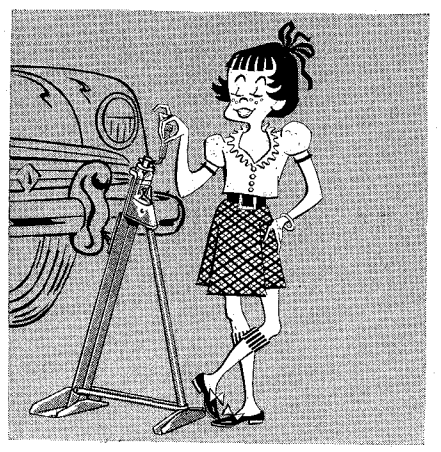

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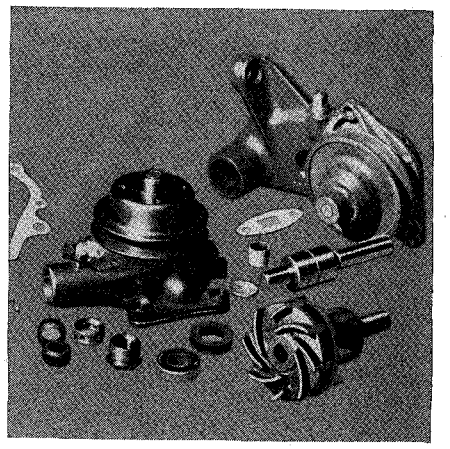

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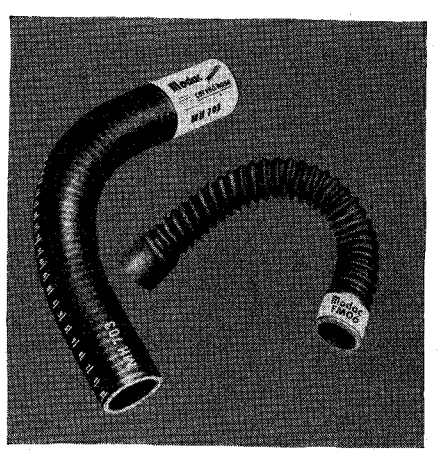

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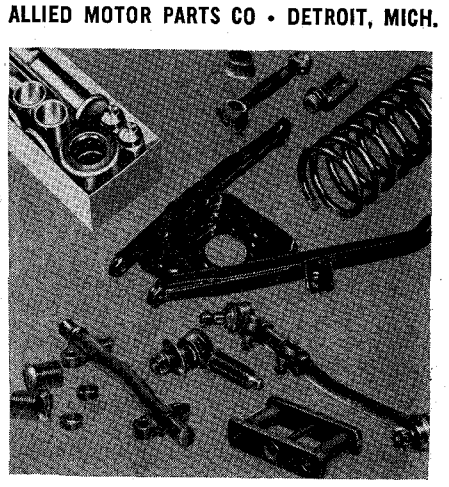

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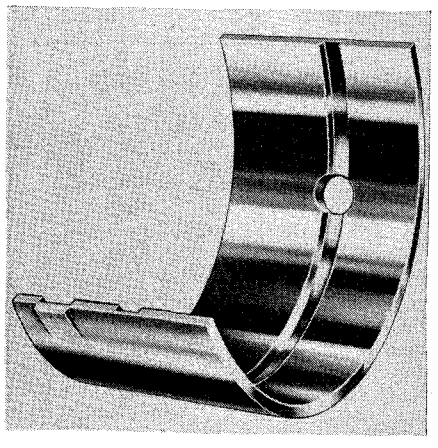

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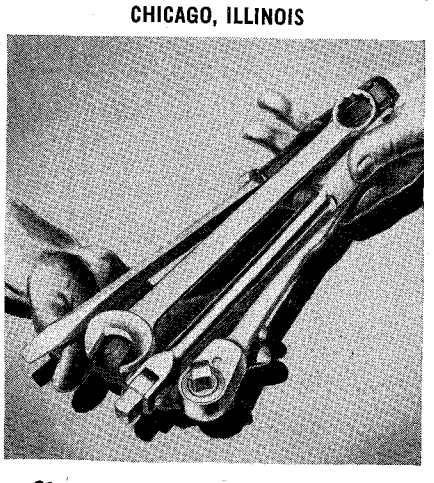

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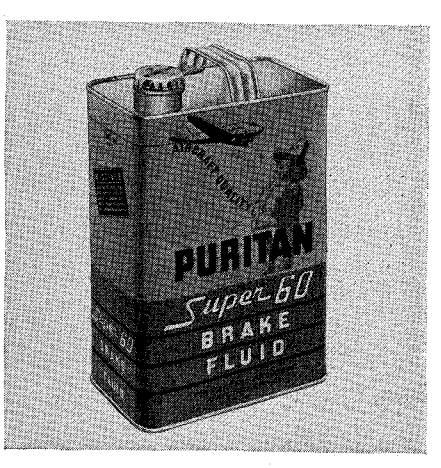

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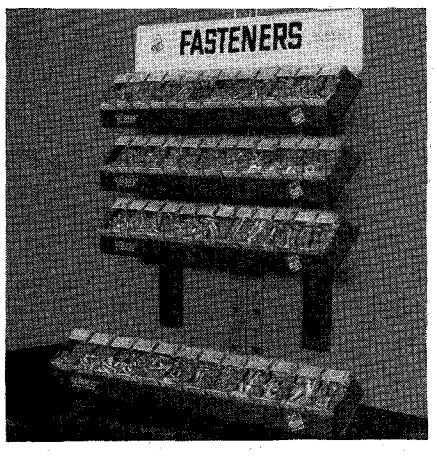

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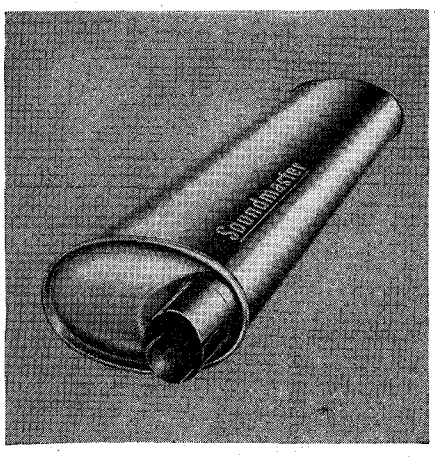

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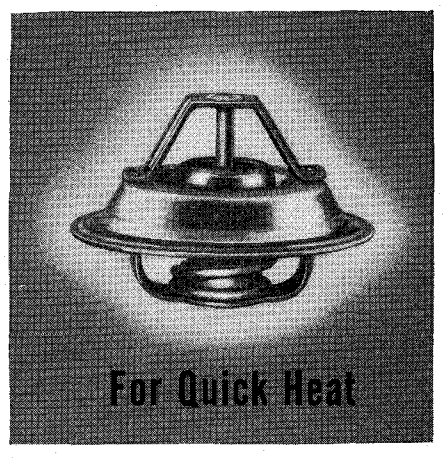

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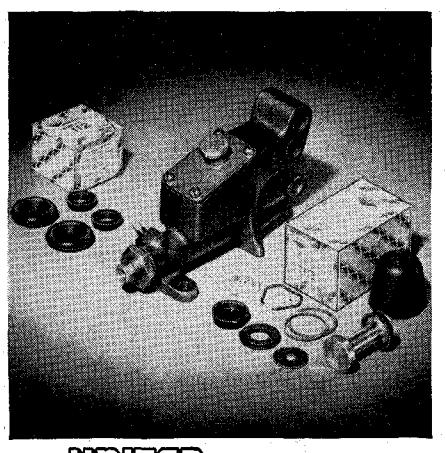

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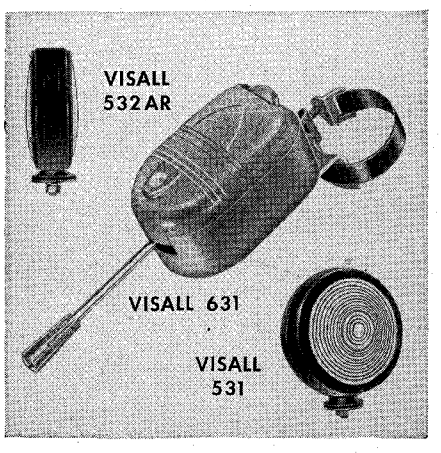

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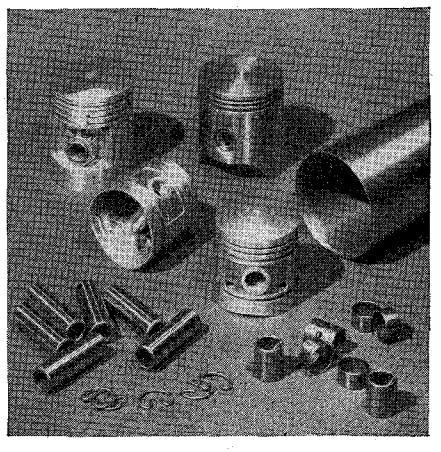

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The basic idea behind NAPA is "quality parts—quickly available." And right in your own community is a living example of this idea *in action:* the local NAPA Jobber, from whom your repairman can get—in a hurry—vital parts and supplies for cars, trucks and tractors of all makes and ages.

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NAPA "PARADE OF PARTS" (continues)

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(Continued from Page 96)

on to an 1145-pound total, 185 pounds better than former champion and runner-up John Davis, now thirty-five years old and fading. This still was not enough to get him on the plane to Russia without some delicate maneuvering that overcame internal weight-lifting politics. An oil-burner manufacturer in York, Pennsylvania, Bob Hoffman, is known as the man who gave weight lifting what popularity it enjoys in the United States. From the oil-burner business Hoffman branched out into the manufacture of bar bells and, because of him, York today is known as the national capital of weight lifting.

York and Hoffman both, naturally, are jealous of their reputation, and neither is modest about it. In a book he wrote on the subject of weight lifting, Hoffman describes an automobile wreck in 1932 in which he narrowly escaped death. "Luckily," he writes, "my unconscious body was pulled from the car or, without being immodest, I believe it only fair to say that American weight lifting would not be where it is today."

What the New York Yankees have been doing in baseball for many years, little York, Pennsylvania, has been doing in weight lifting. Hoffman has been as ardent a recruiter of talent about the country as any college football coach. When he heard of Anderson, he called the Georgia giant and attempted to align him with his York team. Anderson was simply too attached to the family to pull up stakes in Toccoa, and he turned down the Hoffman bid.

> Women not only hide their age — they sometimes forget where they hid it.
>
> AL M. SCHAEFER

Hoffman had been appointed coach of the good-will team formed for the Russian excursion and had another heavyweight in mind, but after Paul Anderson's performance in the nationals at Cleveland there was no trouble in making room on the team for the Georgian. Without him the tour would have rated a miserable mite of publicity in either country.

"The Russians were never anything but the finest of gentlemen," Anderson says. "The only time they showed any unsportsmanlike conduct was against one of their own lifters. They enjoyed their little joke too. The man who is head of all heavy sports in Russia is a former wrestling champion. One night at a banquet he said he'd surely like to see what I could do on a mat. The next day, while we warmed up for our meet, I called for three hundred and eighty pounds to practice for the military press. Now, as far as they're concerned, that's the world's record. They'd never heard of my four-hundred-pound practice presses. When this fellow sees that, he runs to his interpreter and tells him in a laughing way he's decided he doesn't care to see what I can do on the mat after all."

Anderson is almost a frightening sight in action. He puffs and blows like a steam engine, and sometimes the muscles in his neck swell so enormously that it seems the arteries will come tearing through his hide. Once in his developing days, while some friends watched him at work in the back yard at Toccoa, Anderson hoisted a big safe up and down, again and again. Finally, when it appeared he could go on forever, he stopped and blurted out in a frantic tone, "I've got to have more weight!"

His father filled the safe with concrete, and soon this 2000-pound object became easy to conquer. The more he lifted, the stronger he got, and the stronger he got, the more he lifted. He applied himself with such devoted vigor that they call him a self-made champion in his own home town. It wasn't so many months ago, though, that they called him "a fool for messing with all that junk." Now the town is planning a statue of him.

"If I can give some people some pleasure," Paul says, "I can stand the laughs. All of it became worth while to me when I stepped down from that plane in Atlanta, home from Russia."

Youth that he is, Anderson's emergence was still behind schedule, for the year 1954 was almost a total loss. He broke a wrist making a clean and jerk in Philadelphia in January. He tore a knee cartilage doing a hip lift in June. In July he was in an automobile wreck that broke two ribs and knocked a hip out of place. He missed the nationals and didn't get back in action until December.

The fast landing of this blimp-shaped man on the weight-lifting field has created a wide variety of opinions and feelings. The general impression you get from another weight lifter is, "I'd like to be that strong, but I'd hate to be that big." His body is built along the squat lines of preceding champion heavyweight lifters, giving a low center of gravity. His five-ten height compares with the five-nine of Davis and Hepburn, but only the butterball Hepburn at 290 weighed within fifty pounds of him. Davis was a trimmer 225, and for his trim physique and sporting attitude he is probably the most popular of the modern strong men.

The Anderson frame is modeled more after that of the late famed wrestling fatso, Man Mountain Dean—real name, Frank Leavitt—who came out of Hell's Kitchen in New York City and settled in Georgia. Man Mountain, though, was only fat. His professional contemporaries contend he was no wrestler at all, but a buffoon of the ring who thrived in the trade by dropping his 350 pounds on unfortunate victims.

This may be the eventual course of this Georgia Samson—to the wrestling ring. Paul Jones, one of the famous old professionals who now promotes this method of entertainment in Atlanta, has a contract ready for Anderson any time he's ready to sign. Weight has erased his quickness of foot—"He could probably do the hundred in forty seconds flat," said his college coach, Bill Young, of Furman—but professional wrestling is a medium for all manner of men with good gate possibilities.

"No matter what I do later, the world championships in Munich and the Olympics in Australia come first with me," Anderson says. "What good are all these records I have if they don't have Olympic recognition? Maybe then I'll turn to wrestling or exhibitions. There isn't much demand for the old-style strong man now, though. I sometimes think I'll go back to college and get my degree in physical education. It's just too early for me to decide what I'll do with myself."

Whatever he may choose, the Army is out. He was turned down in 1952 because the Army doesn't make uniforms big enough for him and because he's so muscular he can't be sweated down to size. Whatever he may choose, too, Toccoa can't be any more impressed than it already is from looking at pictures of Anderson and the Vice-President of the country, Anderson and the Shah of Iran, and Anderson and most any dignitary who can get in camera range with him. The folks who thought he was a "fool, piddling around with that mess of junk in the back yard" have to admit that he's gone a good way with a pile of iron. They'll be driving their friends by the house at 912 Tugalo Street for a long time and saying, "That's where the strongest man in the world lives." THE END

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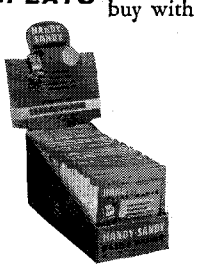

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São Paulo (Continued from Page 21)

mover and shaker, a gambler and adventurer, a dynamic optimist who thinks only in terms of big profits which he can plow back into ever bigger and more profitable enterprises.

He seems to breathe in this restless ambition with the air that sweeps across the 3000-foot plateau on which his city stands, for the Paulista spirit is not an attribute of any single blood or cultural heritage. The Paulista is many men, from many lands. He is still, basically, the Portuguese and Indian half-breed whose ancestors settled in this place 400 years ago. He is also an immigrant from Italy, a Syrian merchant, a French jeweler, a Swiss hotelkeeper, a German toolmaker, a Jewish banker, a Czech mechanic. He is a Japanese and a Swede and a Negro, and the great-grandson of an Alabama slave-owner who would not accept the Emancipation Proclamation nor the surrender at Appomattox.

São Paulo not only has been a melting pot in which all the races of Asia and Europe have mixed, it has also drawn into its orbit and imbued with its own spirit the many bloods and cultures of the other Brazilian states. To its mills and factories have come Gaucho horsemen from the plains of Rio Grande do Sul; strutting, boastful Pernambucans from Recife; dour, suspicious Mineiros from the mines of Minas Gerais; lazy, samba-loving Cariocas from Rio; hot-tempered black men from Bahia, who brought with them their weird religious rites which are half Christian, half voodoo. São Paulo has put them all to work. It has tamed the wild ones, spurred the lazy, quickened the wits of the dull and marked each one with the Paulista stamp.

While São Paulo was placing upon its strangers its own distinguishing mark, strong influences from abroad have in turn changed São Paulo. Before the last World War the Paulista's face was turned toward Europe. If he felt the urge to absorb a little culture or to study for a profession, he went to Italy or France, England or Germany. Today his city, like all Brazil, has been drawn into the cultural and economic orbit of the United States. More than 100 Stateside firms, engaged in every activity from investment banking to the manufacture of tooth paste, do business in São Paulo, and the roster of the local American Chamber of Commerce for Brazil reads like a blue-book of American industry. Bringing small original dollar investments, but making heavy contributions of brains and technical know-how, they have built up a capital investment of nearly $750,000,000.

In many ways, some basic, some superficial, the American's presence here is changing the customs and habits of the old São Paulo. For years the Paulista manufacturer was wedded to the doctrine of scarcity—the production of a few units to be sold at a whopping profit. Reluctantly he is now beginning to adopt the American theory of streamlined mass production, to keep his profits at a satisfactory level—a satisfactory profit to a Paulista being about 40 per cent on a conservative venture, such as a manufacturing enterprise. On speculative deals, such as a real-estate transaction, he expects 100 per cent.

For years, also, the great corporations here were tightly held by family *grupos*—brothers, sisters, uncles and cousins—who pooled their resources and permitted no outsider to share in their ventures. There was scant opportunity for the little man to own a share in the booming industry. The *grupos* still predominate, but the pattern is slowly changing. Since 1946 an investment company called Deltec, founded by a New Yorker named Clarence Dauphinot, and run, in São Paulo, by a tall, easygoing Pennsylvanian named David Beaty, has bought more than 1,000,000,000 cruzeiros' worth of stock in small successful companies, passing the new issues on to little investors at a modest profit. Other American financiers, including Nelson Rockefeller, have followed Deltec's lead. The little Paulista now can buy stock about as easily as he can buy a lottery ticket.

To some American innovations the Paulista puts up a stubborn resistance. The American supermarket is slowly catching on, but it will be a long time before this Stateside institution will be common here. The Paulista has always had a supermarket—the clamorous and untidy *feira*, which moves from neighborhood to neighborhood day by day, its knockdown stalls piled with everything from beans and beef to shoes and costume jewelry. One American custom has penetrated even here. Instead of hiring a small colored boy to lug her groceries home in a basket carried on his head, the São Paulo housewife now goes to the *feira*, trundling a little wheeled cart, an idea borrowed from the super-*mercados*.

Some merchandising ideas that work well in the States have backfired here, to some degree. American automobiles are assembled in great numbers in São Paulo, but the Paulista who pays the equivalent of $8000 for a Fordey, or $11,000 for a new Bweek or Creesler, is not entranced by the thought that within a couple of years a drastic model change will make his car look old and out-of-date. So he is likely to buy a small European car, particularly the droop-nosed German Volkswagen, which does not change in style from year to year.

In other ways that involve the deep-rooted customs of the country, the American influence is making itself felt. Before the "Ianqui invasion," the Paulista who spoke English usually spoke with a British accent, for many of the well-to-do were educated in England. Today he learns English as Americans speak it, at the União Cultural, an institution devoted to teaching students of both countries the language and culture of the other. If he is rich enough the young Paulista goes to the States for his postgraduate education and comes back speaking English with the accents of New England, the Middle West or the South. There he encounters many customs that are different from his own, among them the American idea that a family circle is not necessarily contaminated by the presence of a stranger. In the past, a Paulista gentleman would have taken an American business acquaintance to his home, to dine and meet his family, about as readily as he would have taken a gorilla there. Today a well-behaved American and his wife may expect to be invited to the Paulista's town house for tea or dinner, to his *chãcara*, or country place, for a Sunday-morning gin-tonica party, to his coffee fezenda in the hills for a barbecue or to his beach house for a gay weekend by the sea.

> One thing that generally doesn't go with the man who is out for a good time is his wife.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Even the songs the Paulista sings are changing. At Carnaval time the streets throb to the beat of wild drums pounding out rhythms that are purely African. Except at Carnaval, though, an American walking the side streets of São Paulo would think he was in Tin-Pan Alley. Stateside hit tunes blare from the little shops that sell *discos*, and the most popular disk jockey in town is one who has largely forsaken the fine samba and *baião* rhythms of his country for American boogiewoogie and bebop.

As the Paulista adopts those American customs, so, in turn, the American soon begins to behave a little like a Paulista. He gives and receives without embarrassment the *abraços*, the ardent bear hug with which Brazilian gentlemen greet each other, and his English often lapses into Portuguese. He begins to understand the peculiar relationship of the São Paulo pedestrian to the Paulista motorist, a relationship like that of the bullfighter to the bull. The motorist charges headlong, disdaining to slow or swerve. The pedestrian, in the role of matador, feigns casualness, but, watching sharply out of the corner of his eye, he judges to a centimeter the course and speed of the onrushing car. At the last moment he dodges elegantly, but only enough to permit the speeding monster to brush by him without breaking the skin. The American soon learns to drive like a Paulista—but with one minor difference. As his radiator ornament passes beneath the coattail of the pedestrian, he will give a short, apologetic toot on his horn.

The American begins to dress a little like a Paulista too. He goes to an Italian tailor for beautifully made suits, snug in the shoulders and slim in the leg. He throws his hat and raincoat away and starts carrying an umbrella to protect him from the summer *chuvas* that turn downtown São Paulo into a sea of bobbing bumbershoots. He also falls into the happy Paulista custom of going home at midday to have luncheon and to take a siesta. He is careful not to prolong this after-luncheon snooze—for he has learned from Brazilian friends that it must not last more than twenty minutes. After this, digestion begins, and a man who is asleep when this happens will wake up dull of wit, and unfit to transact large affairs.

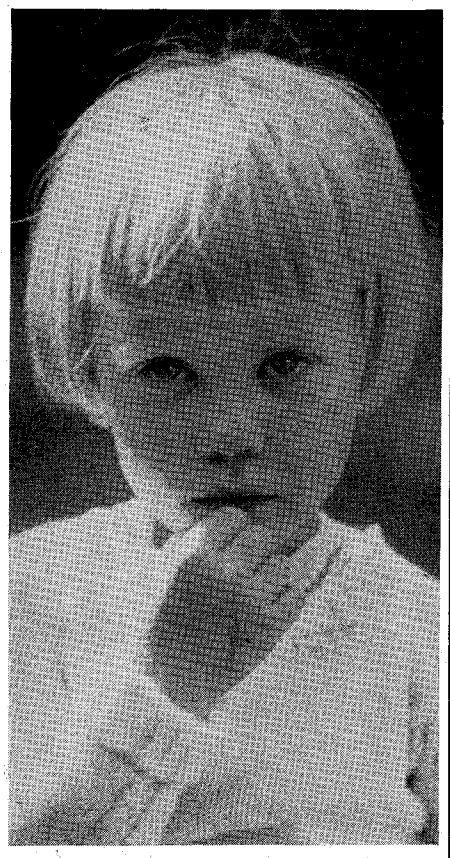
Some Paulista customs, like the habit of arriving two hours late for social events, the Americans make no effort to emulate. On the other hand, the Paulista sometimes tries out American ways, which he quickly abandons when he discovers that they are foreign to his nature. Traditionally, for example, a Paulista gentleman would have taken his wife and a party of friends to a downtown night spot about as joyously as he would have taken them to a leprosarium, for São Paulo's cabarets were infested with persons of low degree. If he went out at all in the evenings, which was rare, he left his wife at home with the kids and went to the Jockey Club to talk business or to the Automobile Club to debate Brazilian politics.

To Mrs. Marjory Prado, an American who remembered the gay night life of New York, this was a depressing custom. Determined to change it, she opened an elegant night spot of her own, where the food and wines were excellent, the music stimulating and the atmosphere moral enough to satisfy the most sniffish of *grandes damas*. Since Senhora Prado, by virtue of her own wit, charm and graciousness—and her marriage to Jorge Prado, a rich glass manufacturer of ancient family—was the recognized leader of São Paulo's high society, the *granfinos* flocked to her intimate *boîte* eagerly. Other swank small places opened. For a while it seemed that a gay café society was a-borning in staid São Paulo.

The project was a social triumph, but a financial failure. Though the ladies enjoyed the night life, their businessmen husbands discovered that they did not relish sitting up till three A.M. sipping Scotch and dancing the samba. They much preferred to be home in bed, so that they could be at the office early the next morning, clear-headed and ready to make a million cruzeiros.

The Paulista's fanatic devotion to business, his habit of making up his mind fast, his impatience with lawyers and complicated contracts make him easier to deal with, in some respects, than his Stateside counterpart.

As one American explains it: "You go to his office and lay a proposition before him that might involve millions of cruzeiros. He listens. A boy brings in the coffee. You both sip the coffee. While he is drinking it he is thinking. By the time he is finished he is ready to give you a yes or no. If he says yes, you get your money the next morning. If you went to a Wall Street banker with a similar deal, you would spend three months explaining it to a battery of vice-presidents and lawyers. Finally, they'd let you have



"My name is Mary Lou.
I live at 916 Indian Road.
I am a good girl.
I never, never play in the street.
Naughty girls play in the street so please drive carefully. Even naughty girls are too young to have to go to heaven. Watch out for naughty girls because sometimes even good little girls are naughty.
Please drive carefully."

The above message is brought to you in the interest of safer driving by Auto Specialties Mfg. Co. of Saint Joseph, Michigan, where we raise a lot of good little girls who sometimes run into the street and, incidentally, where we manufacture safer automobile brakes . . . Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes. They are ready for cars now.

You can stop smoothly and in a straight line at high or low speeds with Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes.

In a "panic stop" your brakes won't cause you to swerve. You'll have a better chance to maintain control of your car when it's equipped with Double-Disc Brakes.

When you're looking at the new cars, ask your car dealer if Double-Disc Brakes will be available on his new models. For more information on these brakes, a 16-page, 4 color, illustrated booklet is available free. Write for "The Stopping Story."

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SAINT JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

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about half what you asked for, so bound up with restrictions you couldn't operate."

Though the American may feel at ease with a Paulista magnate, the town itself, at first, may bewilder him. São Paulo is a hodgepodge blending of the modern and the antique, a city of glaring contrasts. Between the tall, clean skyscrapers crouch tiny, time-worn dwellings, where women empty dustpans out the windows on the heads of passers-by, and the family wash dries on the grass of little courtyards. Limousines and horse-drawn carts pull up together at the traffic lights, and broad boulevards end suddenly in dirt roads. Downtown, an unguarded bank messenger may walk in safety carrying a million cruzeiros in a brief case. But in the residential sections, doors must be locked and windows barred against thieves so deft they can loot a man's bedroom while he sleeps.

In many of the outlying sections magnificent modernistic houses stand beside hovels where naked children play, and the builder of a fine mansion may find, to his consternation, that a chemical factory or a plant for processing hides is going up on the lot next door. In the grand new cinemas downtown, the *décor* is eye-filling and the seats luxurious. But the soft cushions may be the hiding place of fleas which gnaw the movie-goer.

"We are an unfinished city," the Paulista explains placidly. "There are certain matters we have not taken care of yet. We have been too busy with the more important things."

São Paulo in its long history has, indeed, had its mind on many things, some ignoble. First it was the search for gold and emeralds—and the even more lucrative labor of catching Indians and selling them as slaves. The city's first settlers were priests, who converted the Indians, but those who came after them were violent men who chased the priests into the woods and took their charges off in chains. They were the *bandeirantes*—tough, brutal, Portuguese-Indian half-breeds, who used São Paulo as the jump-off point for their journeys to the wilderness. Living on lizards, armadillos and monkey meat, they prowled the new land and pushed the boundaries of Brazil westward to the mountains of Peru.

As generations passed, their wild Indian blood began to be diluted with heavier infusions of the Portuguese strain, and they settled down to more peaceful pursuits. They became the great *fazendeiros* who worked their rich land with Negro slaves and knew little about the rest of the world, except that it had an insatiable craving for their coffee. Finally, in the 1880's, strange new social and political doctrines began to shake their ancient feudal society. The slaves were freed, Brazil became a republic and a new form of *bandeirante* was born—the Paulista businessman of today, who is proud of the fact he chases profits as eagerly as the old-timers once chased Indians.

With the beginning of the republic, São Paulo opened her doors to the modern world. From all the hungry nations of Europe, particularly from Italy, immigrants began to pour into the new land of opportunity. Many of them joined the black men on the coffee farms. But thousands more were craftsmen who settled in the cities to set up the small rude factories which gave São Paulo its first embryonic industry.

It still could be in the embryonic state perhaps, if in the middle '20's an American named Asa Billings had not reared back and passed an engineering miracle. While working for "The Light," the Canadian-owned power company which serves São Paulo, he dammed the minor rivers that flow inland past the town, spilled them backward over a 2000-foot escarpment to turbines placed near Santos, on the sea, and created what seemed at the time to be an unlimited supply of electric power. São Paulo has been booming ever since.

Some picturesque characters have been the products of that boom. Francisco Matarazzo, who founded the fabulous chemicals, textiles and food-products empire, was an Italian immigrant so poor that he had no dry clothes to put on when he fell out of the boat that was bringing him ashore. José Tjurs, owner of the sumptuous Jaraguá Hotel, and of many other fine hotels in Rio and São Paulo, was a taxi driver and tourist guide thirteen years ago. Many of the wealthy "Turco" families—the name São Paulo applies, somewhat scornfully, to her Armenians, Syrians and Lebanese—are but a generation removed from the sidewalk bazaars of Damascus and Beirut.

The coming of the new people has brought about deep changes in the ancient customs and beliefs of this city. São Paulo is still a Catholic town, and people still go to worship by the hundreds at the Church of the Forsaken, the Church of the Slaves and the Church of the Men to be Hanged. But mosques and synagogues and Buddhist shrines are here, and a Jehovah's Witnesses meeting hall. The hold of the ancient faith has been loosened. One of the growing churches of today is the Catholic Church of Brazil, where masses are said in Portuguese and the priests are permitted to marry. In other matters of doctrine, the Paulista is a drifter and seeker. The Negroes and many of the poor find comfort in Macumba, a pagan rite grafted on to the ancient rituals of the Catholic church. Many of the well-to-do are devotees of *Espiritismo*—Spiritualism—whose followers seek guidance from the ghosts of the departed. Rich and poor show a curious interest in fortunetellers. The former mayor of São Paulo and present governor of the state, a rough-hewn man named Janio (Continued on Page 106)

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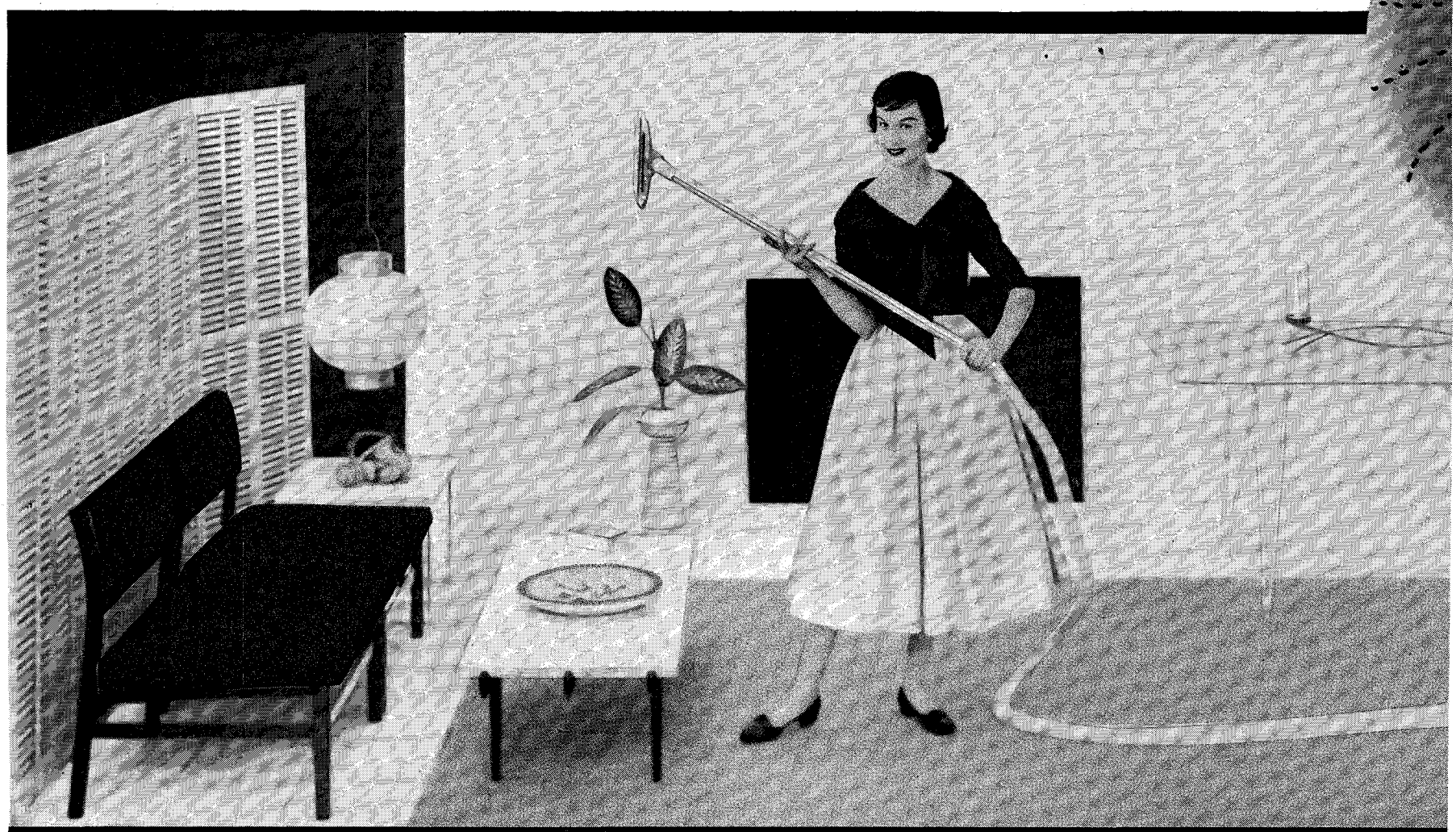

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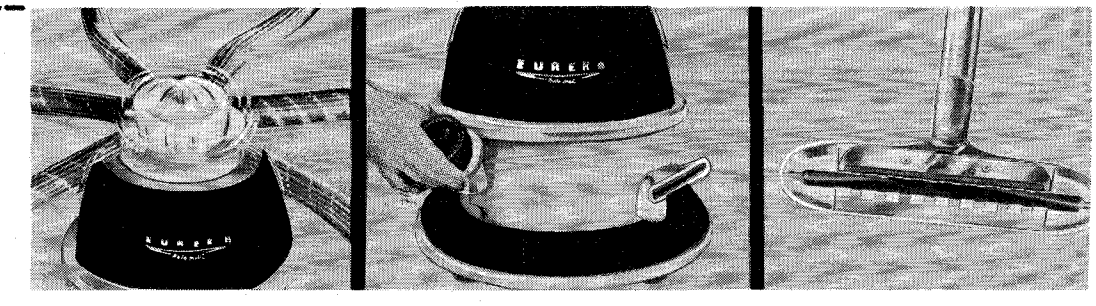

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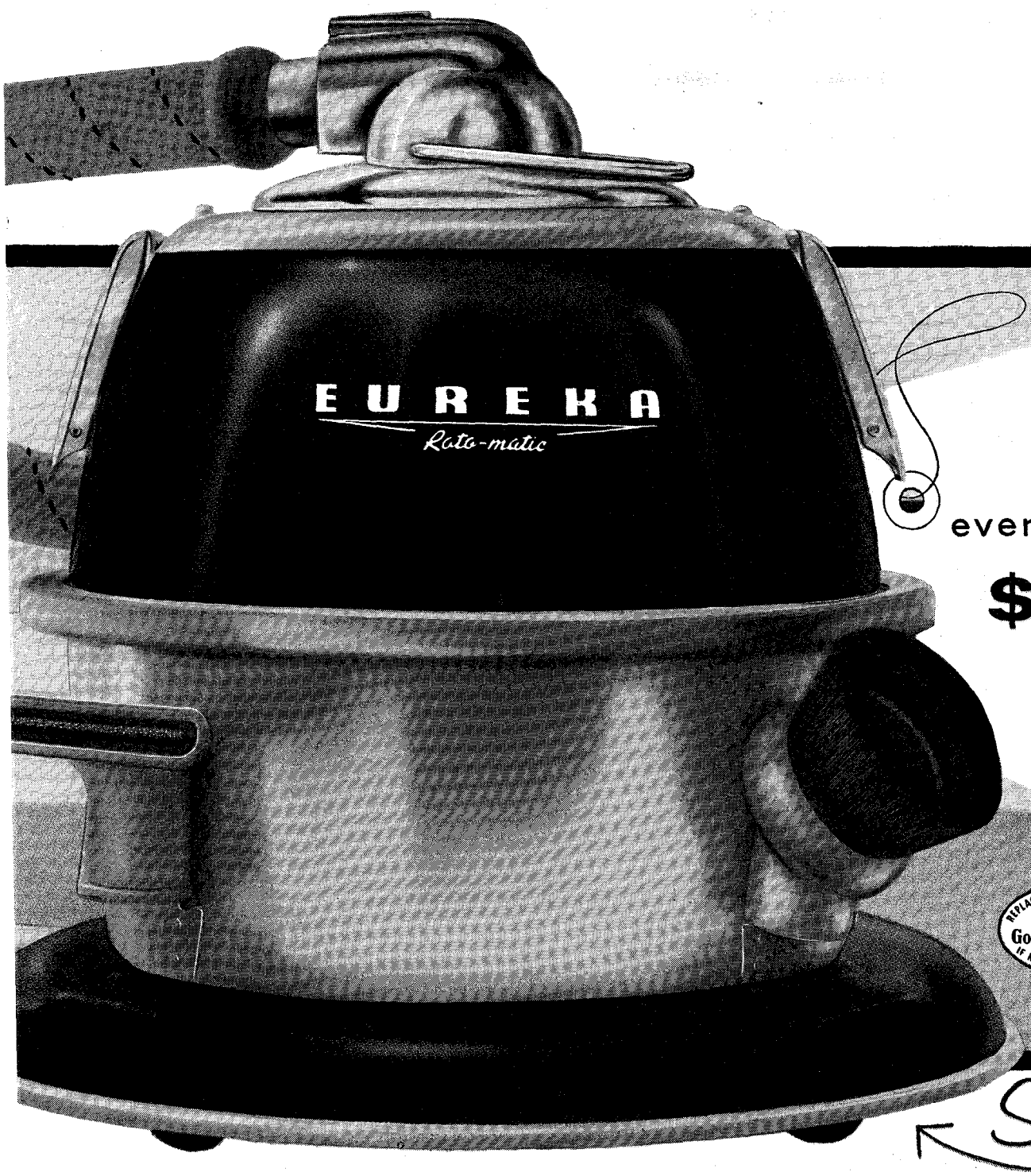

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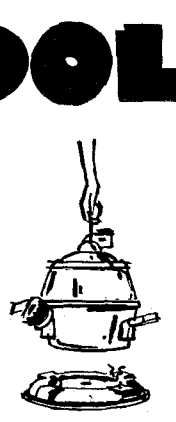

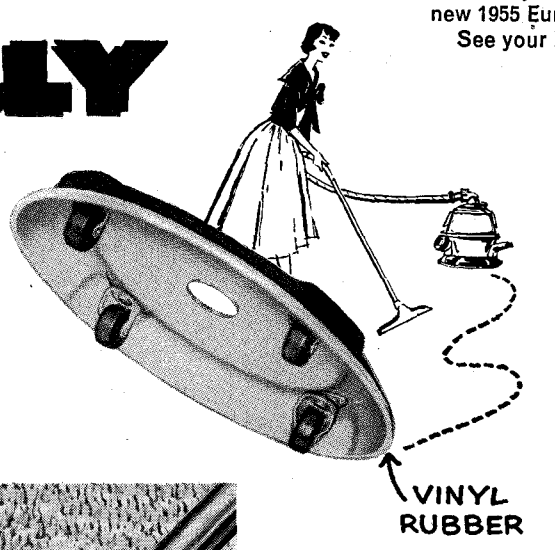

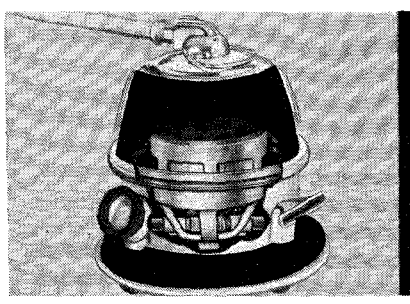

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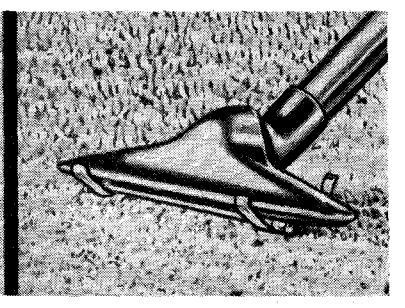

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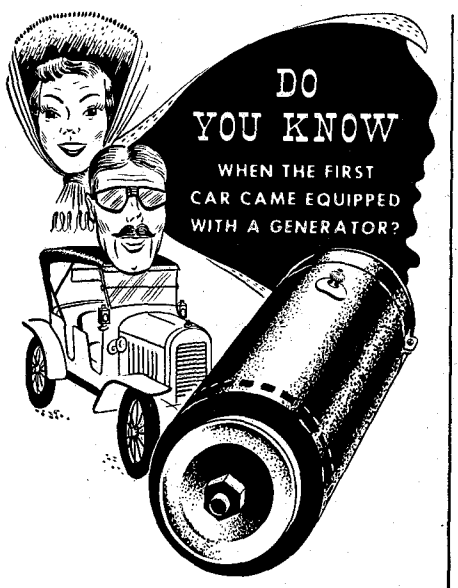
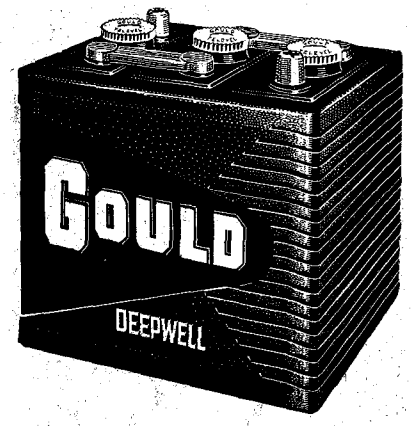


Eleven years after Gould started making automobile batteries the first car was equipped with a generator. Date, 1909. Purpose, not for ignition, but for the headlights.



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GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

(Continued from Page 103) Quadros, has been mentioned as a presidential candidate. He will not run, he says, for a fortune-teller has told him he is the reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, and if elected he will be assassinated.

Their faiths may diverge, but in one respect all Paulistas, in the Portuguese phrase, "laugh and cry with the same voice." The surging growth of the city has given the descendants of the bandits and the newcome immigrants alike a truculent pride in São Paulo's achievements and a feeling bordering on contempt for the less progressive cities of Brazil.

Last year that pride was expressed in a huge Quadricentennial Exposition that traced the city's history from its founding in 1554. In 1932 it found a more violent outlet when São Paulo led a revolt against the government at Rio, headed by Getulio Vargas. In a great upwelling of anger against the dictator, young men flocked to fight under the white-and-black-striped Paulista banner. Factories turned to the manufacture of rifles and ammunition and highly untrustworthy hand grenades, one of which went off prematurely and killed the chief of police, who had been made a general. Ladies poured jewelry and their wedding rings into the coffers of the cause, and for this sacrifice each received a little silver band bearing an inscription that she had "given her gold for the good of São Paulo." These rings are still proudly treasured, even though Syrian merchants soon flooded the town with replicas that could be bought for a few cruzeiros.

The war was of short duration. The Paulista is not averse to violence. He will kill for love or to avenge an insult, but he is too civilized to shed much blood for political reasons. After three months the campaign fizzled out, and São Paulo, purged of its lust for political reform, went back to its business of growing bigger and richer. World War II, in which Brazil piled up mountainous dollar reserves, and the years after the war, in which she squandered them prodigally, added impetus to the boom. Caught up in a roaring inflation, the Paulista was seized with a feverish urge to build, to buy land, to put up enormous apartments and office buildings, to keep his money in something solid and tangible. The frenzied construction which gives São Paulo its spectacular skyline today is an expression not only of confidence but of fear.

The boom still roars on. But how much steam is left in it is a question that troubles São Paulo. The town still depends on coffee money for its dollars, and the coffee market is sick. Money is tight, for the first time in the memory of some youthful speculators. There is a feeling that São Paulo has overbuilt, that she has more office buildings and apartments for the rich than she needs. The crash of one big speculator last December sent a tremor of worry through the town.

Thoughtful Paulistas who glance up from their balance sheets long enough to take a hard look at their city, hope that the big spree is over and a leveling-off has begun. It is time, they say, for the town to pause and get its breath, time to let the struggling public services catch up. Nearly two thirds of São Paulo citizens, rich and poor alike, still live on unlighted, unpaved streets that are full of holes. They pump their water from back-yard wells and depend on septic tanks for sanitation. Thousands of homes in the brash new subdivisions have no electricity. The town has 140,000 telephones. It needs 800,000. The process of getting to work and back again is an incredible chore. Every Paulista who uses public transportation must queue up for an hour to get a bus, jitney or clanking *bonde,* an ancient open-sided streetcar to which riders cling with toes and finger tips. The postal service is slow and untrustworthy. It is a fifty-minute flight from Rio to São Paulo, but an air-mail letter sent from there may take six days en route. Much second-class mail is never delivered at all, and subscribers to Stateside magazines feel themselves lucky if they receive one issue out of three. The other two issues appear, mysteriously, on downtown newsstands. Important local mail is not entrusted to the post office. It is sent around by messenger.

For nearly two decades São Paulo has shrugged off these handicaps and annoyances as part of the price it must pay for sudden growth. There is one great *falta,* though, which could bring the city's future development to a grinding halt. There is a desperate shortage of water, for households, for power and for industrial use. Big industrial plants dig their own wells, but during last year's drought these wells began to fail. Shortage of power has brought on a drastic rationing of electricity, and the big mills, to keep going, have installed millions of dollars' worth of oil-burning generators. Worse even than a power shutoff were those days when the supply faded, causing elevators to halt between floors, and dentists' drills to stop buzzing with the cavities uncleaned.

Scientists who have plotted São Paulo's population curve say that if its present growth rate is maintained it will become a city of 8,000,000 people within a few generations. Engineers know that in the São Paulo area there is not enough water to support a city half that size. The water could be pumped in, of course, over a 650-foot divide from the valley of the Paraíba River. But it would make more sense, they argue, to leave São Paulo at her present size and build a new city 100 miles away. To the São Paulo businessman, banker and real-estate speculator, such talk is treason.

"Here we have achieved one of the great human accomplishments of the twentieth century," said one of them indignantly. "We will continue to grow. We are Paulistas. *Nós vamos dar um geito*—We will find a way."

THE END

A floor show at the Meninao, a São Paulo night spot, during February's Carnival festivities. The singer is Brazilian, but the song is North American, for in this land of the mambo and samba, boogiewoogie is king.

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Football's Man Without Mercy

(Continued from Page 27)

later he announced that he had changed his mind and was accepting. That was in 1949. In 1955 the pattern repeated itself. Exactly ten days after declaring himself out of the running for the Rams' job, Gillman reversed his field and took the post.

That was just one more provocative episode in the life of one of football's most provocative figures. Sid Gillman is not the conventional type. There has been no middle ground about Gillman's coaching rise. In Cincinnati, and throughout Ohio football circles, people are either all-out admirers of Gillman or thorough-going critics.

His turnabout on the Los Angeles offer was a stunner to the Gillman boosters, but the knockers were at no loss for words. They believe that both in 1949 and in 1955, Sid was just playing hard to get. Each time, as the critics see it, Gillman's original refusal was intended to mean, "If you want me, it's going to cost you."

In the 1949 case, according to athletic director Mileham, the University of Cincinnati did not up its salary offer between the time of Gillman's initial "no" and subsequent "yes." However, some think that certain Cincinnati football backers offered to supplement Gillman's university salary through independently raised funds.

One sizable "extra" became the fifty-dollar-a-plate testimonial dinners staged periodically in Cincinnati for Gillman and his staff, with as many as 300 paying guests contributing as much as $15,000. A part of the net proceeds went to the coaches. No financial statements were published, naturally, but it is known that out of one such jack pot, an assistant freshman coach got $250 and a varsity aide $500. How much the head coach received can only be guessed. At any rate, whenever reports of these affairs got into the newspapers, squeamish university officials would shudder.

With the Los Angeles Rams this year, club president Dan Reeves won't say what salary Gillman is getting or whether the Rams had to raise the ante to land him. However, Reeves did disclose that Gillman wound up with a four-year contract. This is an unusually long term for a new coach.

Reeves explained recently that the Rams were attracted by Gillman's winning record at Cincinnati—fifty victories, thirteen defeats, one tie—and by tributes to his ability from other coaches. "Conferences with Gillman settled the remaining points," Reeves said. "We found that he was an extremely intense, enthusiastic and determined individual who was thoroughly convinced of his own ability."

Gillman's friends and foes alike would agree wholeheartedly that he is intense, enthusiastic, determined and self-confident. These are all vital qualities for any football coach, college or pro. However, there is one important count—at least in college football—on which Gillman has scored low. This is the art of maintaining good relations with one and all.

Gillman can be a terrific personal salesman when he so desires. But he doesn't always want to. In his single-minded push for the top, he has found little time to be diplomatic or conciliatory. At Cincinnati he antagonized many people in his own school, and others through his tactless statements, his extravagant demands on the athletic budget, his high-pressure recruiting tactics.

Yet he won games. Year by year, Cincinnati moved closer to becoming one of the country's big football schools. University officials felt that they were holding a hot potato—and they were afraid to drop it. Then Gillman took the school off the hook by leaving on his own initiative.

A heritage of the Gillman regime was a one-year probation slapped upon the University of Cincinnati last April by the National Collegiate Athletic Association for breaches of the rules about player recruiting. Cincinnati was charged with such violations as giving more than the allowable amount of financial aid, paying the expenses of prospects for visits to the campus and holding player tryouts.

The university administration was happy to pass on the blame to its departed coach. Pres. Raymond Walters, who last month retired at the age of seventy, stated, "It should be said that the practices criticized were largely in respect to football, under a former coaching staff. When the practices were brought to the administration's attention, they were eliminated and no longer exist." This pious statement did nothing to strengthen local esteem for the school's handling of its football program.

One unanswered question about the N.C.A.A. action is, "Who preferred the charges?" In Cincinnati they point the finger at Ohio State University. The Columbus school was often irritated by the aggressive recruiting competition Gillman gave them for outstanding Ohio schoolboys. And there was personal bitterness of long standing between Gillman and the present Ohio State coach, Woody Hayes.

Many people think that what brought the matter to a head was the Russ Bowermaster case last year. Bowermaster was a hot prospect from Hamilton, Ohio, only twenty miles outside Cincinnati. He apparently was headed for the University of Cincinnati. Then he enrolled at Ohio State. Thereupon, according to Ohio State sources, Gillman and a wealthy Cincinnati fan went to Columbus to see Bowermaster.

When Ohio State athletic officials learned of this visit, they were greatly upset. This may be puzzling to people who know something about the Buckeyes' own recruiting practices. It is by no means unusual for wealthy Ohio State fans such as John Galbreath, the real-estate, baseball and horse-racing magnate, to step in personally and woo football boys away from other schools.

Apparently the point at issue was that Gillman kept up the pursuit even after Bowermaster was already enrolled at Ohio State. Anyway, Cincinnati is now serving out its year of N.C.A.A. probation. And Bowermaster is still at Ohio State. They expect him to be a fine sophomore end for the Buckeyes this fall.

The antagonism between Ohio State's Woody Hayes and Cincinnati's Sid Gillman grew out of events at Miami University of Ohio, where each put in a stretch as head coach. Gillman moved up to the job in 1944, after a year as line coach. He served through 1947, then departed for a year at West Point. Gillman's first lieutenant, George Blackburn, was appointed to succeed him at Miami.

When Gillman went to the University of Cincinnati in 1949, George Blackburn and most of the Miami staff migrated to Cincinnati to work under Sid again. Woody Hayes became the Miami head coach. The Hayes-Gillman feud is thought to have been ignited at this time because a number of football boys previously enrolled at Miami wound up transferring to Cincinnati.

Gillman and Hayes have remained on the outs ever since. "No one could ever get them to appear on the same radio or television show," says Cincinnati athletic director Mileham. Whenever chance brought the two together in the same gathering, one or the other always left.

Yet when Sid Gillman was being mentioned for the Los Angeles job last winter, Woody Hayes publicly endorsed him as a man with high qualifications for the post. Football insiders smiled. "Hayes is no

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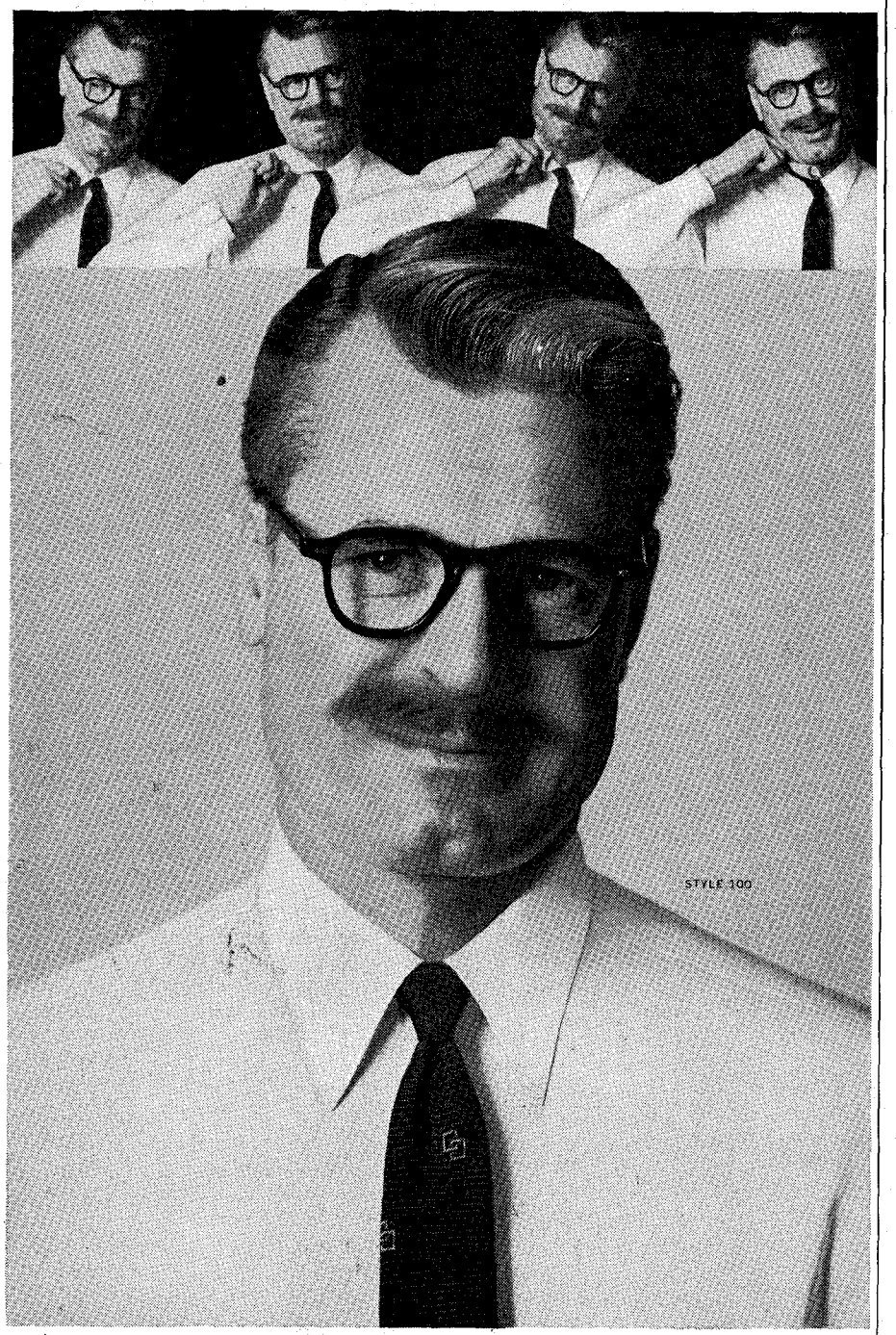

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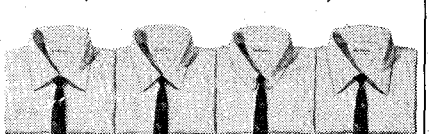

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dummy," they said. "He wants Gillman out of college coaching. Big Ten schools never touch pro coaches. NowHayes knows that if he should lose his job at Ohio State someday, Gillman won't replace him. That would kill Woody."

Conversely, it was salt for Gillman's wounds to see Hayes picked for the Ohio State berth when Wes Fesler resigned after the 1950 season. Not that Sid expected to get the job himself. He confided to close friends that he knew he wasn't under serious consideration. He was called in for a "screening" interview, but only at the very end of the selecting board's deliberations, and then only as a gesture to appease a certain Columbus faction.

However, Gillman did rank high on the list of candidates for another Big Ten job that same year. The University of Minnesota was seeking a successor for Bernie Bierman. But the position wound up going to Wes Fesler. Friends of Gillman say that Sid was all but signed to a contract at Minnesota when someone from Miami put the rap on him.

At Miami of Ohio, Gillman had hung up the same sort of brilliant performance record that he later achieved at Cincinnati—thirty-one wins, six losses and one tie. And he had left behind him the same reservoir of ill will.

People close to the school say Gillman's free-spending ideas led to athletic debts that Miami was years in paying off. At Cincinnati, athletic director Mileham says, "Gillman didn't leave us in as bad shape as he did Miami. We didn't let him go out and buy every new gadget on the market."

Mileham may be forgetting the costs involved in enlarging the university's Nippert Stadium to 30,000 seats. Gillman was the man behind this. He kept preaching, "We can't expect to play big-time teams if we don't have a big-time stadium."

Cincinnati football boosters rose to this stimulus. They drew up plans for an east-side addition to the stadium. They got their plans approved by the university and set about raising the estimated $125,000 needed to pay for the work. By the time construction began, however, costs of labor and materials had gone up about $40,000. The original goal of $125,000 was reached, but efforts to obtain the surplus failed.

Similarly, Gillman plumped for a $6000 tarpaulin to protect the football field during bad weather. The school's booster club responded—up to a point. Pledge cards were circulated for a tarpaulin fund. The pledges came in, all right, but some of the money didn't.

At least Gillman must be given credit for bringing the stadium improvements into being. He also had much to do with the fact that the University of Cincinnati now has a handsome new field house and athletic dormitories. It was Gillman more than anyone else who built up local interest in university athletics. In doing so, he gave impetus to the whole sports-expansion program.

Gillman made a vast impression on many of Cincinnati's leading citizens. "He would have been a success in any field," says the president of one of the city's largest business concerns. Sid's loyal aide, George Blackburn, who has replaced him in the top spot at Cincinnati just as he previously did at Miami, says, "His enthusiasm for the game of football is contagious. It was an education to work for him."

Gillman is a sought-after football lecturer. His spring clinics at Cincinnati drew up to 1000 high-school coaches. Gillman's technical proficiency is unchallenged.

Now he has one of the biggest jobs in the business as head coach of the Los Angeles Rams. But it took him twenty-one years to get there. It was ten years before he even reached the halfway mark on the ladder, as head coach at Miami University. Perhaps Gillman would have moved up faster if he had made his climb less of a battle and attached more importance to being regarded as a "nice guy."

Sid Gillman came from a prosperous Minneapolis family. His father operated several movie theaters. There is some connection between this and the fact that Gillman became one of the first football coaches to make really intensive use of motion pictures. Even today there are few coaches who study their films as meticulously as does Gillman.

As a Minneapolis high-school football player, Gillman made the state all-star team. George Hauser, a former University of Minnesota star who was then line coach at Ohio State University, talked Gillman into enrolling at Columbus.

Dick Heekin, now a Weirton Steel representative in Cincinnati, was an Ohio State football teammate of Gillman, who played end. He testifies that Sid's terrific desire to win was already very much in evidence. "Otherwise," says Heekin, "in those days, Gillman was like any other carefree college kid. He took in all the school dances, and to earn extra spending money he played the piano in pickup bands around town. He also worked part time at the Lazarus department store."

Joe Benis, a Columbus dentist who roomed with Gillman, says that Sid originally

(Continued on Page 110)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Gladwyne, Pa.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 4,610,708.

ROBERT SHERROD,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of August, 1955. W. C. ZIMMERMANN,

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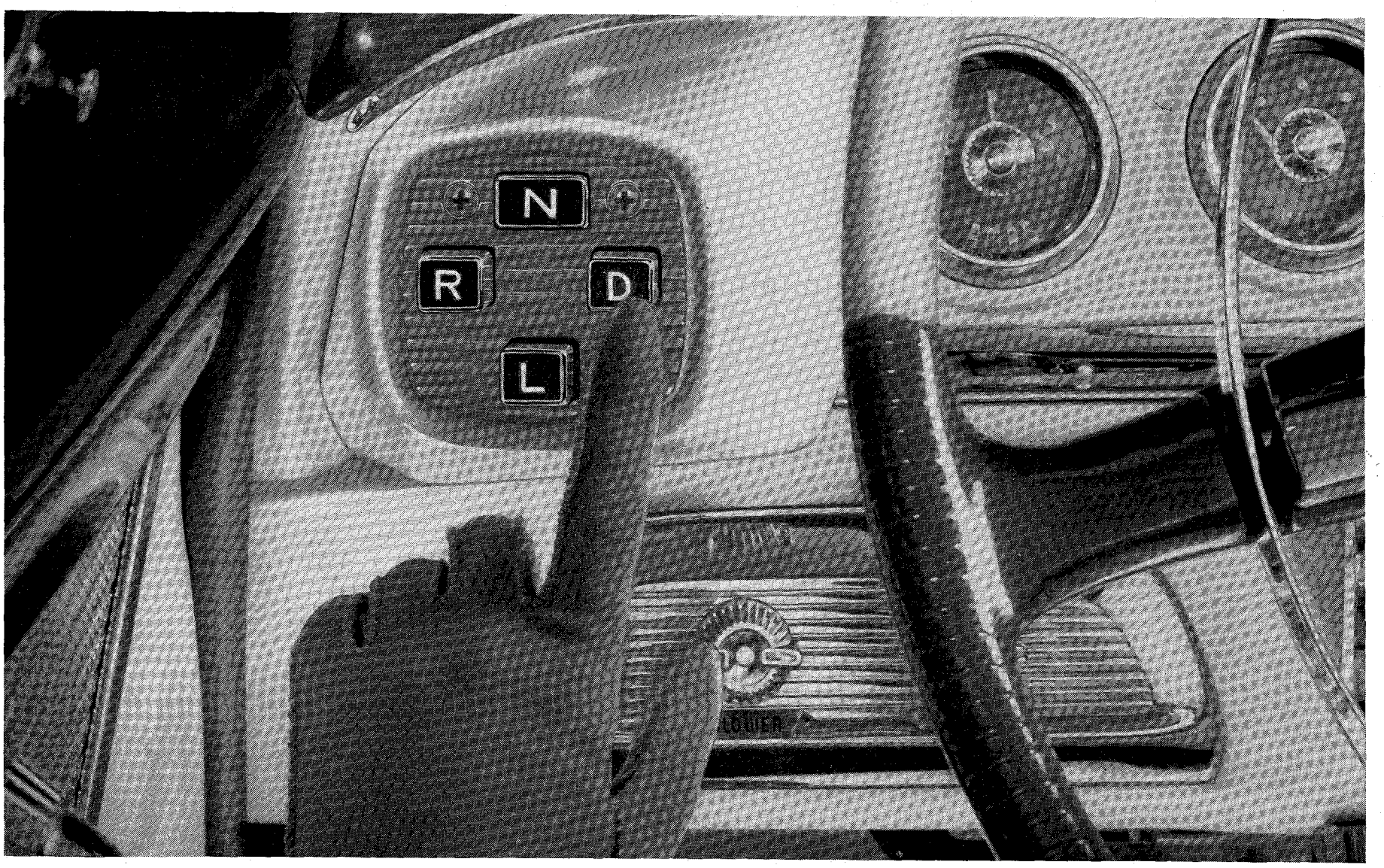

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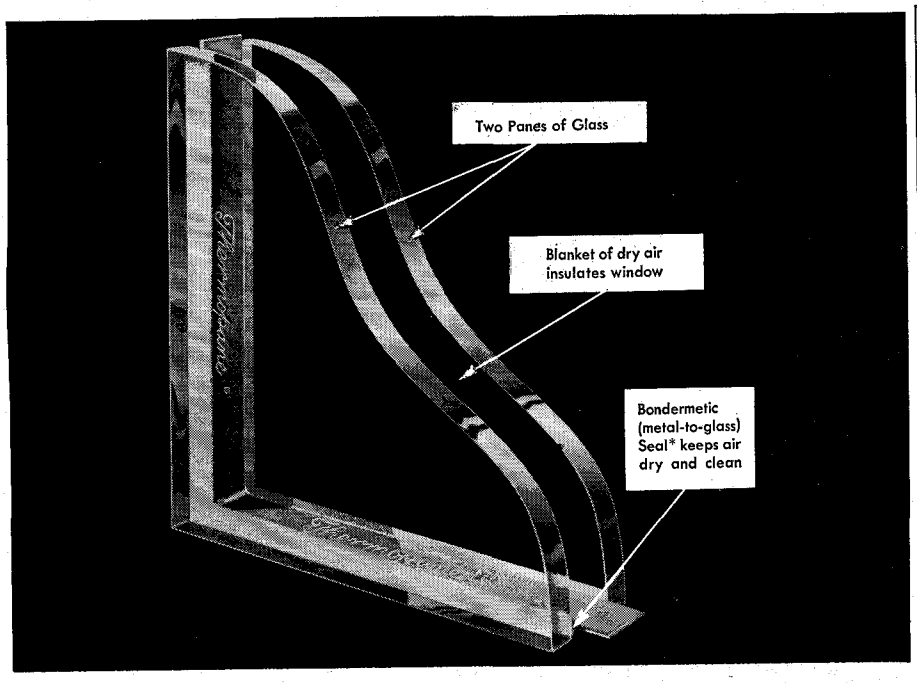

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(Continued from Page 108) contemplated the study of law. However, Heekin reports that by his senior year, during which he was cocaptain of the team, Gillman had his sights set on football coaching.

Gillman graduated from Ohio State in 1934, and coach Francis Schmidt took him on as a football assistant. Schmidt has been dead for a number of years, but his influence is thought by many to have had a carry-over effect on Gillman's career. Gillman's attractive wife, Esther, who was Sid's high-school sweetheart in Minneapolis, once remarked that the childless Schmidt had treated Sid like a son.

Like Schmidt, Gillman has little patience with mistakes. Also like Schmidt, who acquired the nickname of "Close the Gates of Mercy" because of the shellackings his teams administered to outclassed opponents, Gillman teams apparently delight in running up high scores. Few schools subjected to such drubbings have come back for more. There was Virginia Military Institute, thumped by Cincinnati, 67–0, in 1953. The same season Cincinnati walloped William and Mary, 57–7, just one week after W.&M. had tied a pretty good Navy team.

For eight seasons after getting out of Ohio State, Gillman rotated between coaching assignments at his alma mater and at Denison University. He also played a year of pro football with the old Cleveland Rams. In 1942 he went to Miami of Ohio as line coach under Stu Holcomb. When Holcomb left for West Point in 1944, Gillman moved up to become a head coach.

In his first years of running a football team at Miami, Gillman's offense was a mixture of T formation and short punt formation. He later was to use the straight T exclusively. Still later, at Cincinnati, after observing the terrific ground-gaining power of the split T as executed in 1951 by a Tulsa team that Cincinnati outscored with passes, 47–35, Gillman incorporated the split T into his attack.

In his early years Gillman seemed to operate on the theory that the best defense was a strong offense. Only in his last three or four seasons at Cincinnati did he begin to place real emphasis on defense. And his offense became more the sustained variety than the quick-hitting type that had first captured the imagination of Cincinnati fans back in 1947, when a Gillman-coached Miami team rolled over the University of Cincinnati Bearcats, 38–7.

Upon taking charge at Cincinnati in 1949, Gillman started right in winning football games—and precipitating controversy. The first dust-up came after a game in which Cincinnati beat Western Michigan College, 27–6. The score would have been much higher except for some costly penalties called against the Bearcats.

The following Monday, speaking before some 300 booster-club members in the Netherland Plaza Hotel, the impetuous Gillman cut loose with a speech which he later tried unsuccessfully to keep out of the newspapers. First he blasted the officiating in the Western Michigan game. He then teed off on the coaching regime of Ray Nolting, his predecessor at Cincinnati. Among other things, he deplored the quality of material he had inherited and said that Nolting and his staff must have selected their players on the basis of telephone queries to sportswriters in the boys' home towns.

Since he was talking about players who would be with him for the next two or three years, these remarks were hardly calculated to endear him to the boys. But Gillman never has worried much about that. Athletes who played for Gillman at Cincinnati will tell you that they had the greatest respect for him as a football man. But their verdict on Sid as a person invariably is thumbs down. They feel that he looked upon them solely as means to an end, and had no consideration for them as individuals.

One day several years ago, Bobby Stratton, a star halfback, was injured seriously during a workout. According to one witness, Gillman said, "Move the ball over and let's get on with practice." At that the players pulled off their helmets and trudged into the locker room. Practice was over for them that day. Gillman later called a squad meeting and apologized for his remark.

Another time Gillman proclaimed a ban on marriages. "Any player, whether he's a new one or an old one, who gets married will get a one-way ticket home," he announced.

One player had just mailed out his wedding invitations—including one addressed to Gillman. Several others had their marriage plans all made. The boys went in a group to George Blackburn, who was Gillman's "buffer" with the squad.

"We want to get married," they said. "What should we do?"

"Get married," replied Blackburn. They did. Nothing happened.

Cincinnati had a typical winning season last year under Gillman. The Bearcats won eight consecutive games before losing their last two—13–0 against Wichita and 21–9 against Miami of Ohio. Most schools would rejoice over an eight-and-two record, but to Gillman it was a disappointment.

At a post-season booster meeting, he declared, "As far as I am concerned, the season was a complete flop."

While Gillman's detractors deplored this statement, they also are fond of pointing out that none of his Cincinnati teams ever went all the way. Always there was an upset or two that prevented the Bearcats from finishing high up on the national-rating lists. "He can't win the big one," the critics would say.

If there is some truth in this, the answer probably lies in Gillman's strictly scientific approach to football. There was no effort to play upon the emotions of his athletes.

"Someday," a player remarked, "I would like to hear Gillman say, 'Let's win this one for the university,' instead of, 'The coaching staff would like to win this one.' "

Gillman had perennial difficulty disposing of Cincinnati's crosstown rival, Xavier University, which, as he was the first to say, often had no business being on the same field with the Bearcats.

Early in the 1951 season, watching a large crowd file in for a game with Tulsa, Gillman spoke of his plans for putting Cincinnati in the real big-time. To the discomfiture of university officials, who cherished the Xavier game as a traditional money-maker, he said, "This city is too small for two football teams. There's no reason why we should play Xavier. What can we gain by beating them?"

Cincinnati came up to the Xavier date that year unbeaten. It was just another football game to Gillman's boys. The Xavier squad, on the other hand, was charged up to almost hysterical fervor. Three times in the first quarter they stopped Cincinnati drives inside of the twenty-yard line. The third time, Xavier halfback Jackie Hahn intercepted a pass on the one and raced ninety-nine yards to a touchdown.

From then on, the fired-up Xavier boys were in command. They pounded out a 26–0 triumph, giving Cincinnati its only loss in an eleven-game schedule that season. Afterward, Gillman persisted in the statement that his was the better team.

Gillman similarly made it clear that the Mid-American Conference, from which Cincinnati finally withdrew two years ago, was not big-time enough to suit him. He once said bluntly that there was no need for the conference to have rules, because rules were just made to be broken. At conference meetings he more often than not arrived late and ducked out early, skipping the socializing that followed the business proceedings.

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Gillman always looked ahead to bigger game than the Mid-American Conference schools, which include Kent State, Marshall and Bowling Green. He restated his ambitions last winter only a short time before giving up his Cincinnati job to take over the Los Angeles Rams.

"Our situation right now at the University of Cincinnati is the same as it was at Ohio State back in 1931 and '32 and '33, when I played there," he declared. "Ohio State was drawing around eighteen thousand in those days against teams like Indiana, Wisconsin and Vanderbilt. The Michigan game would draw around forty thousand. We're right at that stage here. It takes time to build a team up. But we're not standing still."

Cincinnati under Gillman, however, always had trouble with schedule making. One reason was his unpopularity with so many fellow coaches. And big-name teams often felt the same way about playing Cincinnati as Gillman did about playing Xavier—they had little to gain and a lot to lose. This may have been the attitude of the neighboring University of Kentucky, which squeaked through to a 14–6 win in 1952 and has not played Cincinnati since, although the game was a box-office natural for both schools.

There is no minimizing Sid Gillman's over-all success as a college head coach. In ten seasons his teams won eighty-one games, lost only nineteen and tied two. They scored a grand total of 2571 points to their opponents' 1017. Rarely was a Gillman team held to as little as one or two touchdowns.

This record is the achievement of a man who lives football. His interest is shared by his wife, Esther, and his four children—Lyle, nineteen; Barbara, sixteen; Terry, ten; and Tommy, eight. Mrs. Gillman frequently went along on University of Cincinnati football trips. So did the oldest daughter, Lyle, until last year, when she entered her father's alma mater, Ohio State University.

Gillman's friends say that only conversation pertaining to football can hold his attention longer than five minutes. "The last time I was at his house," relates Dick Heekin, "he became so engrossed in a football discussion that he didn't notice that the steaks he had placed on the outdoor grill had caught fire. It didn't upset him, though. He just put some more steaks on and continued the conversation."

Bob Howard, sports publicity man at Miami University, recalls a time when Gillman was a party guest at his house. "The conversation switched from football," says Howard, laughing, "and the next thing I knew, Gillman was sound asleep in his chair."

A short time after taking the Los Angeles job last year, Gillman gave utterance to a characteristic statement. A West Coast interviewer, noting from the statistics that Cincinnati had gained much more ground in 1954 with its running attack than with its passing game, asked Gillman why this was.

Gillman bluntly replied that he hadn't passed much because he didn't have a good forward passer. Mike Murphy, the Bearcat quarterback in 1954, was a heartbroken youngster when he read these words. All season long in Cincinnati, Gillman had sung Murphy's praises. Local sportswriters, influenced by Gillman's superlatives, had nicknamed the boy "Mandrake Mike." Murphy completed fifty-one passes in 101 attempts during the season for a net gain of 764 yards. Only three of his tosses were intercepted.

Gillman's predecessor with the Los Angeles Rams, Hampton Pool, supposedly was hampered last season by player dissension. Tom Fears, Dan Towler and Bobby Griffin were among those said to have been on the outs with Coach Pool. It will be interesting to see whether Gillman has better success this year in welding together a team that can bring Los Angeles its first National Football League championship since 1951.

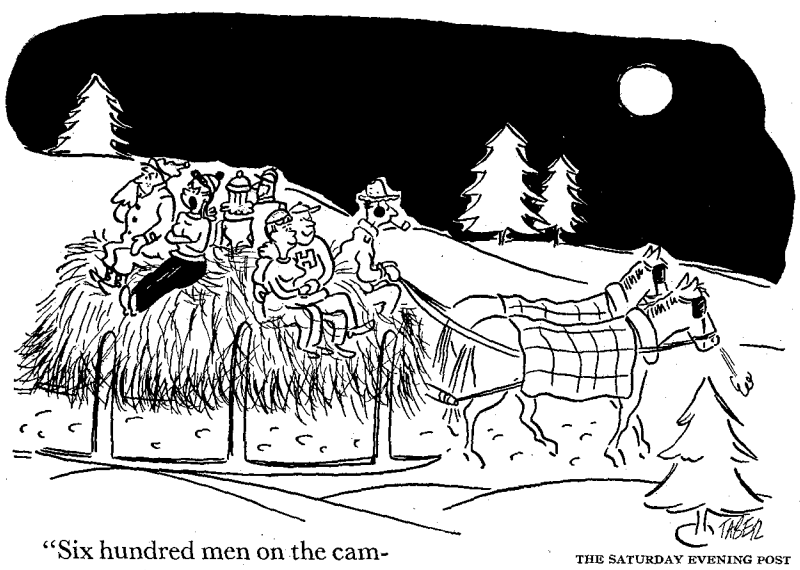
Gillman got a good reception from the sportswriters in Los Angeles this year, but in midsummer one rift developed. George T. Davis, sports editor of the Los Angeles Herald-Express, reported:

> Gillman is on record as saying that none of his assistants, or players, can be quoted directly concerning Rams games this season. All information must come from him personally, or clear through the routine publicity department.
>
> Wham! Unless that ridiculous edict is rescinded—and but fast—Gillman will be biting the hand that feeds him, by depriving the cash customers of direct information, via the press.

Anyway, despite the problems he faces in Los Angeles, there are foes as well as friends who consider Gillman's chances good. No coach is a harder worker. None is more of a perfectionist—his teams have always been detail-conscious to the fullest degree.

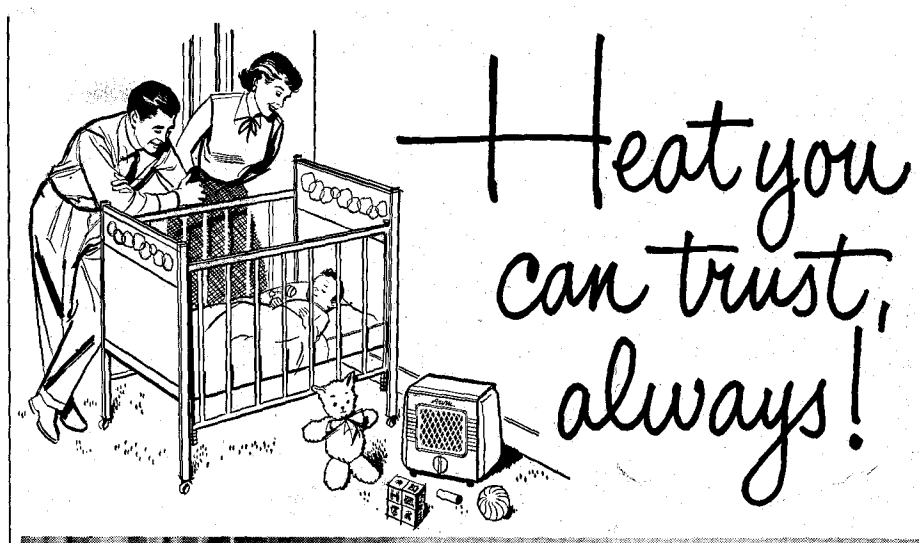
It might be argued that at heart Gillman always has been a pro coach. Now he no longer is bothered by the necessity of his players' having to go to class—he seemed to look upon the academic side of college life as a necessary evil. He has more funds at his disposal—the confinements of school budgets were irksome to Gillman. If, as some people suppose, professional football is just a cold-blooded business, in which personal relationships are no factor, then Sid Gillman now is completely at home.

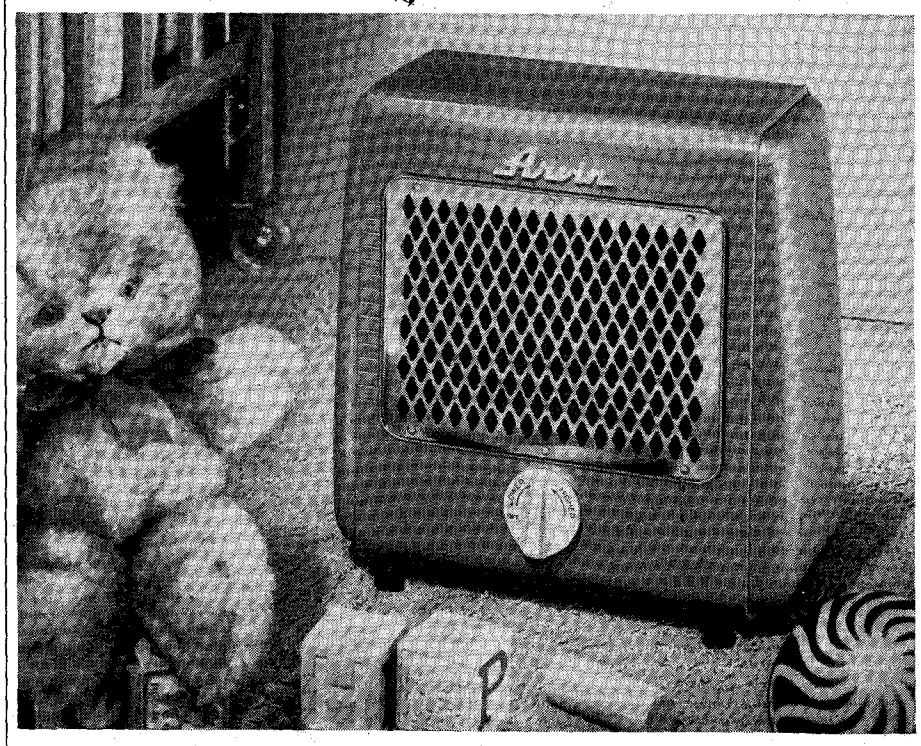
THE END



"Six hundred men on the campus and you have hay fever."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST





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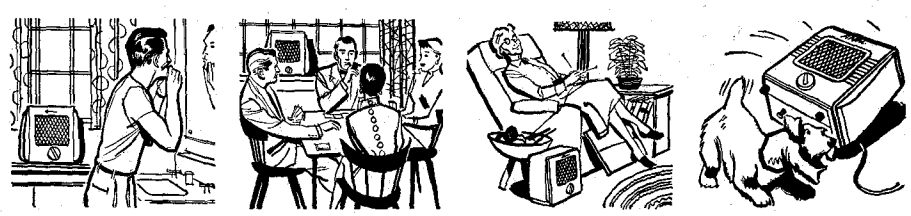

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Take a look at **your own** lights. Bulbs that flicker or grow dim when an appliance is turned on indicate skimpy, inadequate home wiring. That means wires too weak, too small to carry full, healthy loads of electricity!

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The Pursuit of Pamela (Continued from Page 23)

momentarily as he caught sight of the desk sergeant's expression. "At least you might have explained the situation."

"Paying your fine for disorderly conduct does not constitute an acceptance of your apologies for your puerile maunderings last evening, Mr. Frazier," she told him coldly. "Perhaps I should have explained to the constable, but—well, I was too angry to think."

"How was I to know you were P. Ingoldsby?" Nicholas asked, not unreasonably. "You don't look like the kind of girl who goes around conquering the high Himalayas."

"Not to mention the Zugspitze, the Matterhorn and others I could name," she added.

"Besides, you were supposed to be forty miles away, at State College, lecturing to the natives. Sneaking up on me!"

"I wasn't sneaking up on you. I cut my lecture short and got away early just to tell you that Tony is going to be traveling with us for a few weeks."

Nicholas looked blank. "Tony? Who's Tony?"

"Wing Commander Anthony Shaw-Bradshaw." P. Ingoldsby's voice sang with pride. "The second man ever to get within three hundred yards of the summit of Rahmadajma, the third highest peak in Southern Nepal, and my fiancé." Her gray eyes grew soft. "He's over here on some sort of mission—about planes, I think—and he's got leave to come along to a few lectures, just for a lark."

"But ——" Nicholas' mind reeled. Not one, but two mountaineers!

"He drove all the way up from Washington last night just to hear me, and then he drove me here. I was waiting for him at the bar when you began to foam at the mouth." Her smooth young jaw went firm. "Tony would have broken you into little bits if he'd heard what you said about mountains."

"What's all this about mountains?" The question was spoken in a deep, genial, Oxonian voice.

Frazier stared, aghast, at the handsome giant who had appeared at the entrance to the police station, clad in a rakish Royal Air Force mustache, cheerful grin and the sort of magnificent Irish-tweed topcoat that wanted raking down once a day. The giant surveyed P. Ingoldsby with favor and then chuckled in the friendliest possible fashion at Nicholas.

"You must be Frazier. Glad to meet you. I tried like the very devil to get this straightened out last night when I heard about it, but the wench here wouldn't hear of it. The tempers these women have, shocking." He beamed jovially down at the girl.

Nicholas could only smile feebly and feel, inexplicably, his heart sink as P. Ingoldsby cast upon Wing Commander Shaw-Bradshaw such a look of spaniel devotion as to dispel forever the notion that here was a girl capable of little more than leaping from crag to crag and establishing base camps just above the timber line.

Lowering his head slightly in order not to bump it against the top of the door frame, Anthony Shaw-Bradshaw escorted P. Ingoldsby from the police station, followed by a badly bemused Nicholas Frazier, who watched dully while the big man installed the girl in a long, incredibly low, British sports car.

A decent sense of discretion demands that the days which immediately followed be veiled in a certain obscurity, for they were a time of testing and wretchedness. Now that P. Ingoldsby had caught up with him, Nicholas found it increasingly difficult to get out in front again, yet lingering near this golden girl availed him naught but the bleak confirmation that her heart was Shaw-Bradshaw's.

So it went through Pittsburgh and on into West Virginia. Nicholas would drive ahead, scatter his press releases and line up interviews, and then he would return to wherever P. Ingoldsby was lecturing that night, to sit entranced in the rear of the auditorium while she spoke of glorious sunrises atop Mount Ararat and golden sunsets in some of the less accessible ranges of the Andes. And always, just a few feet away, there would be the shadowy bulk of Shaw-Bradshaw hunched over the slide projector, the management of which he had casually assumed, snick-snacking the slides in and out.

Why? The thought gnawed at Frazier's brain. Why? What madness impelled P. Ingoldsby to waste her life climbing things; to give her heart to the second man ever to get within three hundred yards of the third highest peak in Southern Nepal?

There were whole days when Nicholas felt tempted to write Porter J. Goodspeed a strongly worded letter of resignation; let Goodspeed find some other lackey to do his dirty work. But then something fine and noble in his nature would prevent such a cowardly evasion of duty. Some men are born to tragedy, he told himself; his was the bad luck to fall in love with a girl whose first name he didn't know, a girl who regarded any man who couldn't tell a berghschrund from an ice ax as mentally retarded.

At Beckley, West Virginia, Shaw-Bradshaw's low-slung roadster caught its differential on a lump of coal left in the street by a careless taxpayer, but the Englishman paid it no heed.

"Don't give it a thought!" he'd boomed when Nicholas, driving his own elderly convertible, drew alongside. "The old bus can take a fearful beating; built like a battleship." Then, to Nicholas' astonishment, "How about joining us for lunch, Frazier?" Ordinarily, P. Ingoldsby and Shaw-Bradshaw took their meals together, and left Nicholas to forage for himself.

Over a breaded veal cutlet in the Pallas Athena Grille the reason for Frazier's inclusion was made clear. "Got to get back to the grind," Shaw-Bradshaw said ruefully. "Duty calls, and all that. I hate to leave Pamela, but ——" He shrugged and looked woebegone. "She's in your hands, Nick."

And Nicholas, looking at a desolate P. Ingoldsby, rejoiced. So that was her name: Pamela. Pamela Shaw-Bradshaw. He rejected this at once. Pamela Frazier. Pam. Nice name.

Outside the Pallas Athena Grille a light snow began to drift silently down upon the streets and spires of Beckley. Inside the Pallas Athena Grille the proprietor, Theophilos Makropotamos, left his cash register to inquire genially after the welfare of his patrons.

"Is anybody can bread a weel cottlit," he confided, smiling upon them, "but sommedeh you comm beck and try our shish-kebab." He kissed his joined thumb and index finger. "Tarhiffik!"

Oddly enough, this remark appeared to cheer Wing Commander Shaw-Bradshaw tremendously, and he began to chuckle quietly. "Remember," he said, "remember the time you tried to make shish-kebab on the ledge above the glacier on K-Seven?" The chuckle developed the proportions of a guffaw as the memories flooded in.

For a girl about to be temporarily bereft of her own true love, Pamela Ingoldsby's manner was a trifle distant and her tone faintly acid. "It was just as successful as your attempt to reach the summit," she rejoined. "Fancy blaming your failure on indigestion."

"Come off it, Pam. Let's not make a thing over it."

"You've been brooding over that shish-kebab for years, Anthony Shaw-Bradshaw."

"Well, dammit, it was indigestion!"

"Don't you dare swear at me, Tony!"

"I wasn't swearing at you. I hadn't even thought of it until this chap happened to remind me of it, that's all. You've got to admit it was a pretty awful shish-kebab, though, really."

Glancing at the increasingly heavy fall of snow outside, Frazier coughed tactfully. "Maybe we'd better plan to stay on here overnight. We've got some mountains to cross, and with this snow coming down ——"

"Mountains, Frazier?" Shaw-Bradshaw looked honestly astonished. "You'd hardly call these mountains, would you?"

"Just the same, whatever they are, they can be nasty in bad weather," Nicholas persisted.

"In last year's Alpine Rally I drove all night in a howling stinker of a blizzard. Compared to that, this should be a piece of cake, and besides, it will give Pam and me a bit more time together."

Seeing the soft glow in her eyes, Nicholas marveled anew at the way of a woman in love. The incident of the shish-kebab was apparently forgotten, and he felt a flash of pride; a lesser man might have seized upon that tiny spark and fanned it into a major conflagration, but not Nicholas Frazier. This lovely girl and this brave man were intended for each other; meant to spend their lives at the end of each other's belaying ropes. But he felt he must protest further. The road which led to Charlottesville, Virginia, traced its way through some of the wildest mountain terrain in the East, and in a snowstorm ——

"Please, Mr. Frazier," Pamela Ingoldsby said, her lip curling slightly, "feel free to remain here if the prospect of the drive frightens you. I'm perfectly capable of conducting my lecture at the University of Virginia without your help."

"Very well," Nicholas said stiffly. "I will. But I would remind you that angels sometimes rush in where fools fear to tread." And bowing formally he took his leave.

Armed against boredom with a stack of magazines, Frazier was just settling himself in his hotel room when he remembered something. The slide projector, without which P. Ingoldsby's lecture tended to drag a bit, was in the back of his own car, parked at this moment in the hotel's garage. And with it were the slides. He glanced at his watch. It had been nearly an hour since Shaw-Bradshaw's roadster had departed. He glanced out of the window. It was snowing harder than ever.

What, Nicholas asked himself sternly, would Porter J. Goodspeed expect of him in such a situation? Should he simply say the heck with it until the wild winds abated, leaving Pam to get on as best she might without her slides and projector? Or should he jut out his jaw, shrug his shoulders a little deeper into his trench coat and press on, a gallant figure battling elements greater than he?

Jutting out his jaw, Nicholas Frazier reached for his coat and the room telephone. "Get my car out of the garage," he told the desk clerk, his voice crisp and commanding. "Gas her up and have the chains on." For one splendid second he felt like adding, "I'm going through," but then he thought better of it.

Fifteen minutes later, Frazier's convertible trembled eagerly at the hotel door. Its canvas top was battered and its fenders bore mute testimony to the clumsiness of the attendants at the garage where Frazier stored it between weekend sallies out of New York. But, as its makers were fond of saying, it was dependable. Nicholas had christened it the Green Terror.

An hour later, after the soul-shattering descent from White Oak, Nicholas reached the environs of Hinton and stopped for a cup of coffee. The parking lot in front of the diner was jammed with titanic tractor-trailer units.

"For the first time in fifteen years, McPherson's Fast Freight will not be into Alderson on time tonight," muttered a leather-jacketed driver next to Nicholas. "The shame of it."

"There is a sad family in Charlottesville this day," put in a driver adjacent. "They put their faith in Hoolihan-National Van Lines, Long and Short-Haul Movers Since Nineteen-Ought-Two."

Thus the depressing conversations went while Frazier finished his coffee. Outside, the snow was drifting.

On the outskirts of Hinton a state policeman, wildly waving a red lantern, halted the Green Terror.

"Y'can't get through!" the policeman bawled, sending a spurt of steaming breath curling into the car. "Drifted shut! Y'travel at your own risk, Mac!"

The Frazier jaw jutted once more. Somewhere out ahead was P. Ingoldsby—Pam—Pamela. And, of course, Shaw-Bradshaw.

"I'm going through!" Nicholas shouted, and felt much better.

"Suppose the crow had to walk and carry a two-gallon gasoline can."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He pressed right on, the Green Terror sliding and slithering madly on the glassy path which had once been a highway. The snow was driving hard now against the windshield, and the defrosters labored mightily to keep the twin arcs of the windshield wipers free of ice, but in vain. Nicholas rummaged in the glove compartment and found a stub of candle, which he jammed in place and set alight so that its feeble flame added to the warmth of the glass above the defrosters, but it did little good. Outside, the wind howled, and somehow the Green Terror's faded canvas top held in one piece, slatting thunderously.

Another half hour and he could no longer make out the dim gray shapes of the cars and trucks abandoned along the side of the road, for now he was in truly wild country, with houses scattered few and far between along the hair-raising curves and dips. The snow was drifting in dead earnest, and the Green Terror's wheel tracks resembled the wanderings of a demented snake as the little convertible weaved back and forth across what Nicholas felt morally certain was the road. He was guiding on the fence lines.

And finally he found them, about three miles past Alderson. The long, low sports car was nearly buried in a drift, its creamy paintwork barely visible in the driving blizzard, its occupants two dark blobs behind the windows of its canvas top.

Engine whining, the Green Terror drew slowly abreast and stopped. Nicholas heaved the door open against the force of the wind and staggered over to the stranded roadster.

"Hey!" he cried, beating his fists against the windows, "Hey! It's me, Frazier!"

For one ghastly moment he wondered whether the two of them had frozen to death in each other's arms. But a stirring within indicated that such was not the case.

Some minutes later an implacably silent Pamela Ingoldsby and a grim-visaged Anthony Shaw-Bradshaw were seated in the comparative warmth of the Green Terror, their dignity somewhat marred by the uncontrollable shivering which not even a couple of long pulls from the brandy flask Nicholas carried in the glove compartment had succeeded in diminishing.

Only when he attempted to move did Frazier realize that the halt, however brief it had been, had been long enough to trap the Green Terror. The road behind was drifted shut.

"Never mind, Nick," murmured Shaw-Bradshaw. "Somebody's bound to come along and lend us a hand; that's what I told Pam when my differential conked out. Just keep cool and calm, I said, and some chap's bound to turn up." He took another deep swallow from the flask.

"Idiot," said P. Ingoldsby succinctly.

There was no time to examine the import of this remark at length, but Nicholas felt instinctively that all was not well between these two young people.

"I'm going for help," he said. "You don't know these mountain roads in this part of the country; when they drift shut, you've had it. Nothing comes through."

"I'm going with you," Pamela said.

"No, you're not," said Nicholas, in a voice he had hitherto not used to this hardy young woman, used as she was to ordering Tibetan guides to and fro, and generally having her own way. "You are going to stay right here and keep as warm as possible. You've got the brandy. There's another bit of candle in the glove compartment; that should give you a fair amount of heat. Don't run the engine—carbon monoxide—and keep an eye on the level of the snow; these drifts can be right over top of you before you're aware of it. Good luck."

If there was an oddly speculative gleam in the eyes of Pamela Ingoldsby, Frazier did not see it, for he had shoved his way out of the Green Terror and was battling his way into the teeth of the snow and wind which screamed off the mountain's slope into his face. It was all too familiar, with this difference—somewhere back along the road there would be a farm with warmth and light and help.

The last time Nicholas Frazier had staggered down a mountain road in a driving snowstorm there had been only the prospect of another roadblock, another ambush at the next bend, with nothing ahead for him and his beaten men except the bleak hospitality of whatever was left of their regiment. Frazier had found it wiser not to remember all the details of that year and a half after he had been recalled to duty with the marines.

A mile back he found a state-highway crew, blundering slowly ahead behind a roaring bulldozer and two heavy trucks. The foreman, bundled into layers of sheepskin coats and blankets, had a jeep and, at Frazier's insistence, agreed to go forward to pick up the occupants of the Green Terror.

"Good thing you come along when you did, Buster!" the foreman bellowed at Nicholas over the howl of the jeep's engine. "We was just this side of saying the heck with it and letting the upper pass go until tomorrow! Personally, Mac, I think you was a fool for trying to get through with the state cops warning you off!" The jeep veered wildly and the foreman bent his efforts to keeping it upright. "Yes, sir, a fool; and so am I for trying to help you out!"

Just over an hour later, Frazier, Pamela Ingoldsby and Wing Commander Shaw-Bradshaw were regaining a measure of warmth in the kitchen of Coady J. Howell, game and fire warden, commissioned by the state of West Virginia. The vast, cheerful room was a scene of violent activity, filled as it was with state policemen seeking cups of Mrs. Howell's justly famed coffee, members of the highway crew which had given up trying to clear the road beyond, and a baker's dozen of children dug out of a school bus half buried on a nearby side road, together with their driver. Between the feet of the assemblage roamed Irene, Coady Howell's champion setter, and the most recent of her several families, having a wonderful time.

It was no place for romance. By the same token, it was no place for calm, collected reasoning

"First truck's ready to leave for Alderson!" a sergeant of state police was shouting by the door. "Anybody ready for Alderson?"

The school children surged joyously forward, followed by their driver and a couple of tourists from Kansas who had arrived only a few minutes earlier, unnoticed in the general chaos.

"Room for a couple more!" the police sergeant boomed. "Anybody else for Alderson, home and mother?"

"I," said Wing Commander Anthony Shaw-Bradshaw, rising impressively from his chair and just avoiding a setter puppy, "am ready, if the women and children have all been seen to."

And without a backward glance at P. Ingoldsby, he strode toward the door, the set of his broad shoulders proud and unrepentant. Just as he reached it, however, he paused and turned to gaze at Pam. "Fraud," he said coldly, and disappeared into the storm outside.

In the now nearly empty kitchen Nicholas stared, bewildered, at the girl he loved, whose beautiful face gave evidence of conflicting emotions, including rage, relief and ridicule, but excluding regret. He moved to her side, noting as he did so that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Another cup of coffee?" he asked gently.

She nodded and sniffled in a fashion which would have brought a sneer from the old P. Ingoldsby. But this was a P. Ingoldsby who had changed vastly.

"There we are," Nicholas said, returning with a cup of the hot and powerful brew. She stood up then, and —— "There, there," Frazier was murmuring, his voice muffled in her golden hair. The cup crashed unheard to the floor, and the setter pups rallied around for an unaccustomed treat, since their diet did not normally include coffee. Mrs. Coady Howell, busy at her stove preparing another pot, turned to give tongue to her distress at guests who thus casually tossed her china about, but at the sight of the two young persons embracing in the center of her kitchen, she smiled kindly, remembering the happy time when Coady had been a handsome young assistant game warden. Ah, youth. . . .

Much later that night, her hand securely locked in his, Pamela told Nicholas her haunting tale as they sat in the warm but ancient lobby of the Alderson House.

"Have you," she asked rhetorically, "ever been the daughter of J. Symes Ingoldsby, president of the Royal Alpine Society and author of several highly praised technical treatises on the west, or impossible, face of the Jungfrau?"

Nicholas shook his head somberly.

"Have you," she went on, "ever grown up with three brothers who insisted that you go rock climbing with them or have your pigtails pulled? Do you know what it is to grow up in the shadow of Mount Everest? Other little girls played with dolls; I was given an ice ax—a miniature ice ax to be sure, but an ice ax notwithstanding—for my sixth birthday."

"You poor kid." Nicholas was shaken.

"I've been living a lie for the past eighteen years," P. Ingoldsby said, her voice low and husky. "I hate mountains."

"But the book? Why torture yourself writing a book about mountains? And why fall in love with a mountain climber?"

"I didn't know any other kind of men existed. And Tony's actually a dear, sweet boy, and brilliant, but he can only think of one thing ——"

"I'll bet," Nicholas muttered.

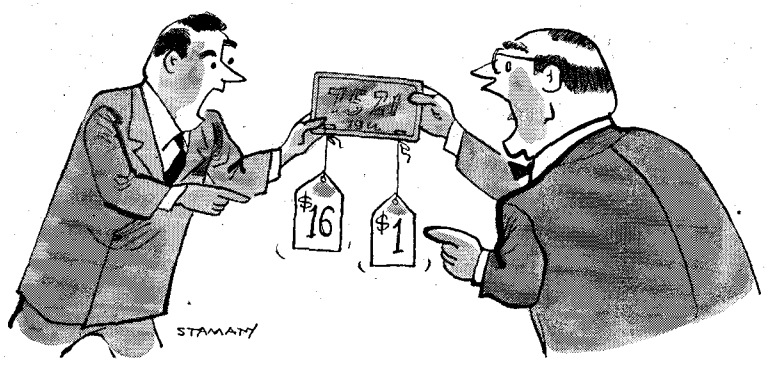
"—— mountains, and how to get on top of them. I thought he'd be pleased if I wrote a book. And that's why I tried to cook shish-kebab, so he'd know I'd make a good wife. And then he laughed ——"

"The man's heartless," Nicholas said stoutly. "I'll bet it was wonderful shish-kebab. Proves beyond a doubt you're the domestic type."

"Then, this afternoon, when he pooh-poohed the storm and insisted on going on, knowing that there was probably something wrong with the car—it didn't seem brave or anything. It just seemed silly. And then you came along, when you really didn't have to."

"Tush, girl," Nicholas said modestly. They kissed, to the undisguised annoyance of the room clerk, who was tired and didn't want no trouble with nobody. It was a long, long kiss.

"Hey," he started to say, and then the ferocious expression he had prepared softened as he gazed at the slender blond girl and the tall young man seated on the cracked-leather sofa in front of the glowing fireplace. They were fast asleep. THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Sammy the Finger, an inveterate thief, stole the license plates from a car. Caught almost in the act, Sammy expected to get off lightly. The stolen plates were worth only thirty cents as junk, the owner could buy duplicates for one dollar, and the law said theft of anything worth less than fifteen dollars was merely a misdemeanor. But to Sammy's horror, he was charged with grand larceny. If convicted, he faced a stiff prison term.

"The license plates which Sammy stole cost the car owner sixteen dollars," the prosecutor pointed out. "Even though the owner could get duplicates for a buck and the plates had little value as junk, Sammy took what represented an expenditure of more than fifteen dollars and that made his offense grand larceny."

"The value of the plates is what it would cost the owner to replace them—namely, one dollar," Sammy's lawyer argued. "So how could Sammy possibly be charged with grand larceny of something worth more than fifteen dollars?"

If you were the judge, would you find Sammy guilty of larceny?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sammy was held guilty and given a year in the penitentiary. The court ruled that as it cost the car owner sixteen dollars to obtain the license plates, that was their value.

Based upon a 1926 Arkansas decision.

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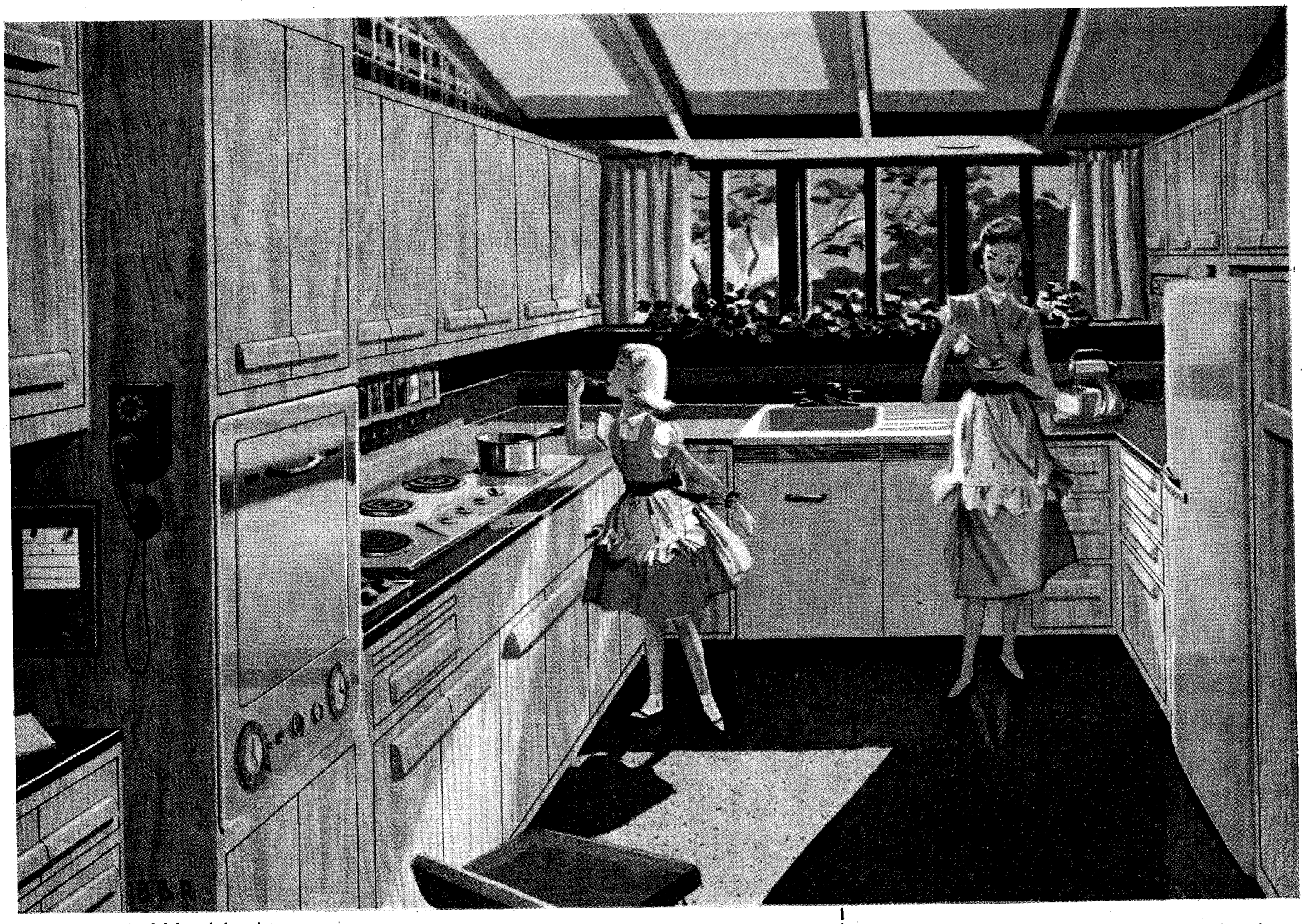

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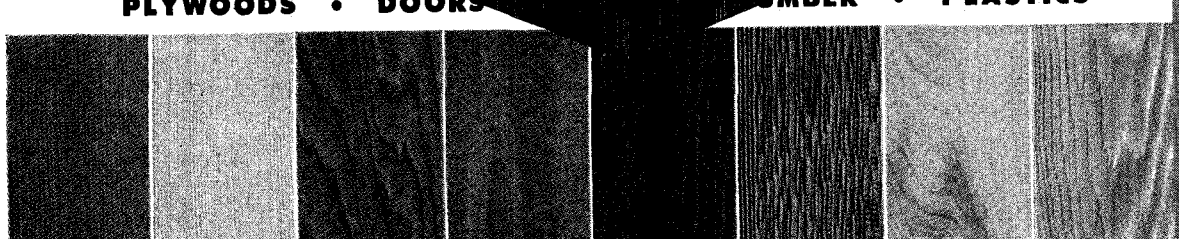

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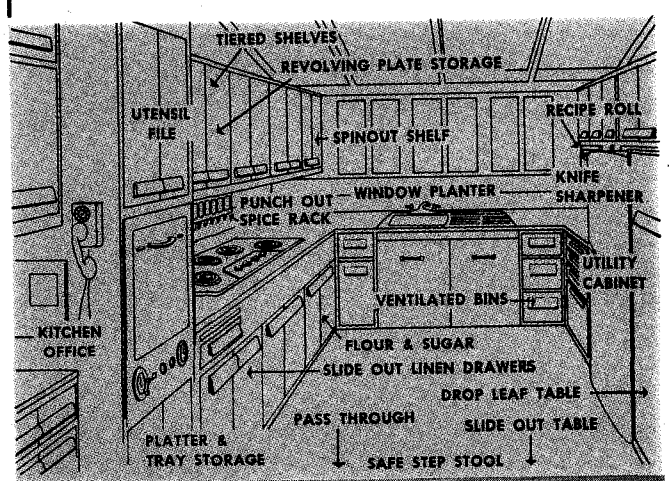

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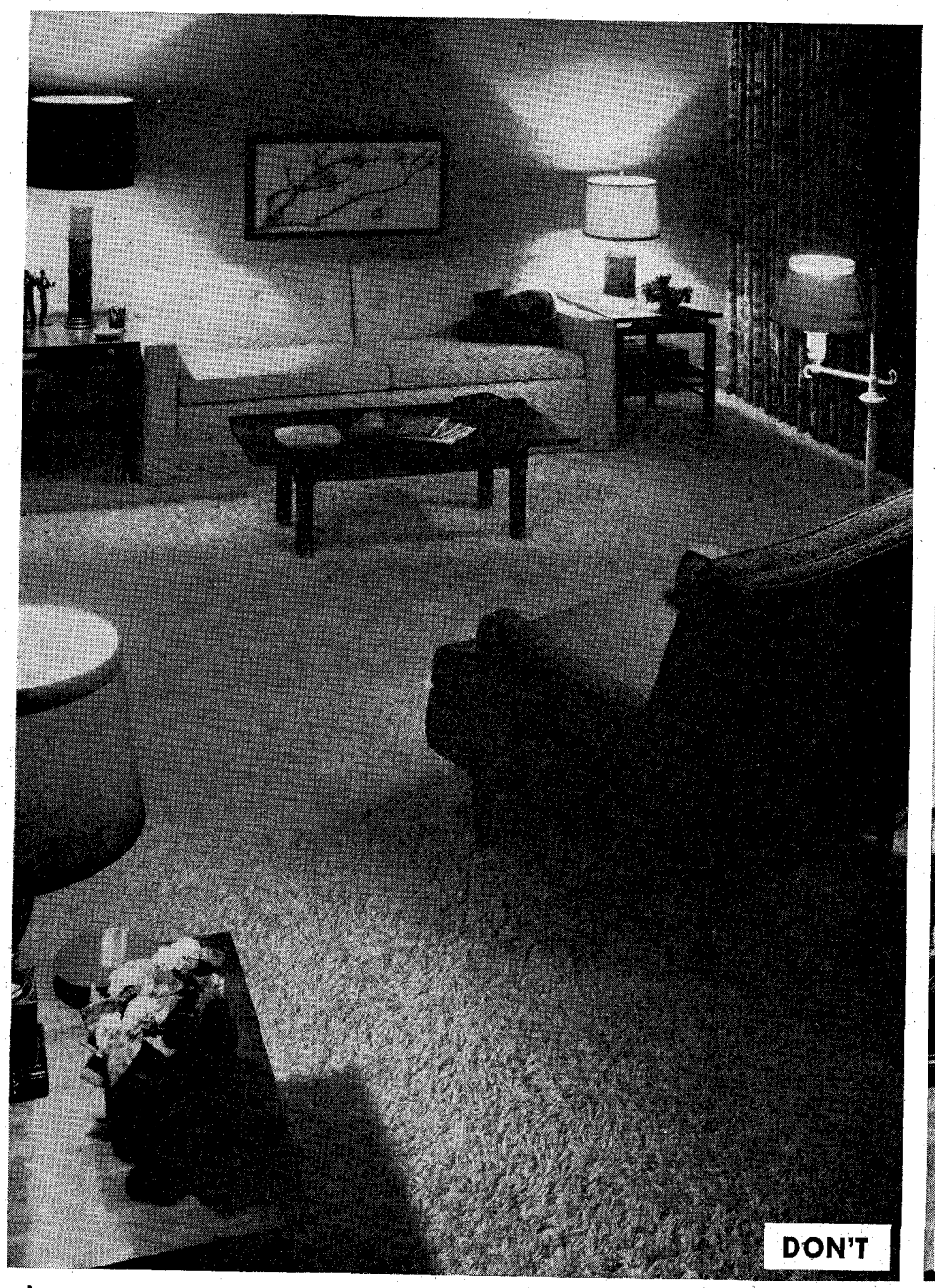
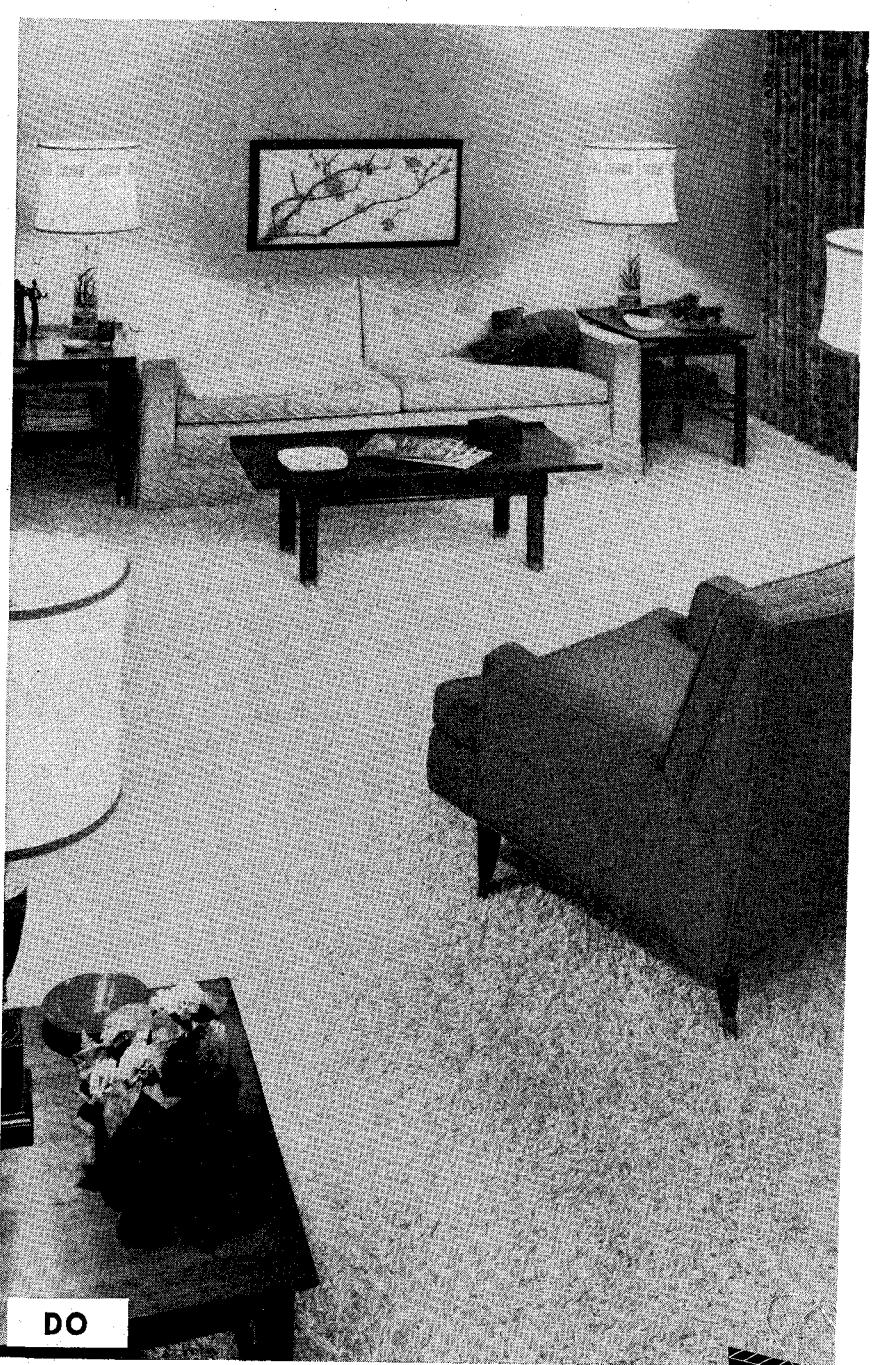
General Electric shows you how to use floor and table lamps to add Light-for-Living to your home

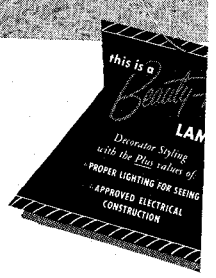
SIX SIMPLE DO'S AND DON'TS TO HELP YOU LIGHT-CONDITION WITH FLOOR AND TABLE LAMPS





Choose your lamps in matched-and-blended styles.

The lamps in the picture at left are all handsome—individually. But they're in the wrong places to give good lighting. And they add up to a hodge-podge of styles. Nowadays, decorators consider lamps not simply as lights, but as lighted *furniture*. That's why lamps are best selected in groups, the way you'd buy matching lamp tables as a suite of furniture. You can see the improvement when this *is* done, in the picture at right. Here all the lamps either match or are related in style. The room is more evenly lighted; it acquires a new and smarter personality. *This* is General Electric Light-for-Living — both functional *and* decorative.



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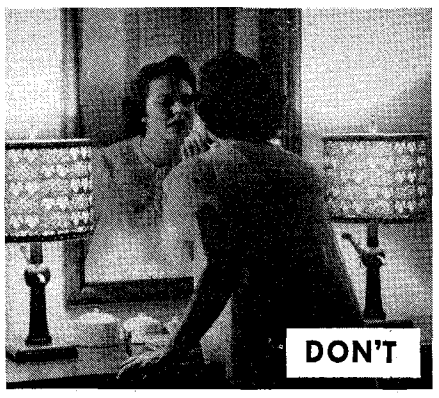
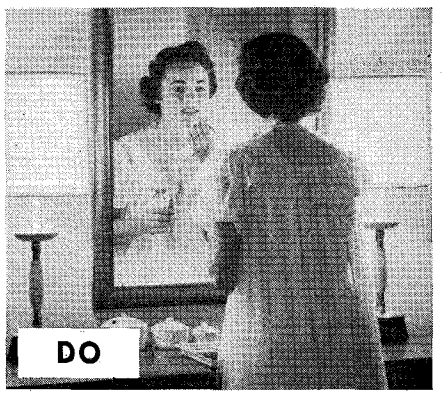
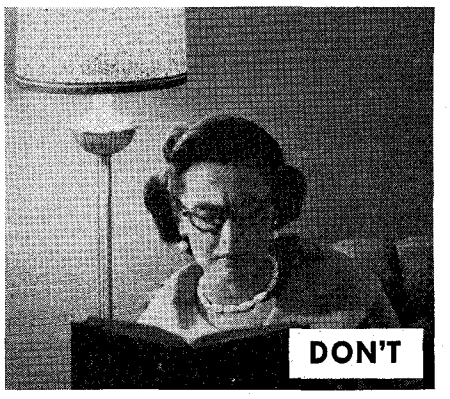




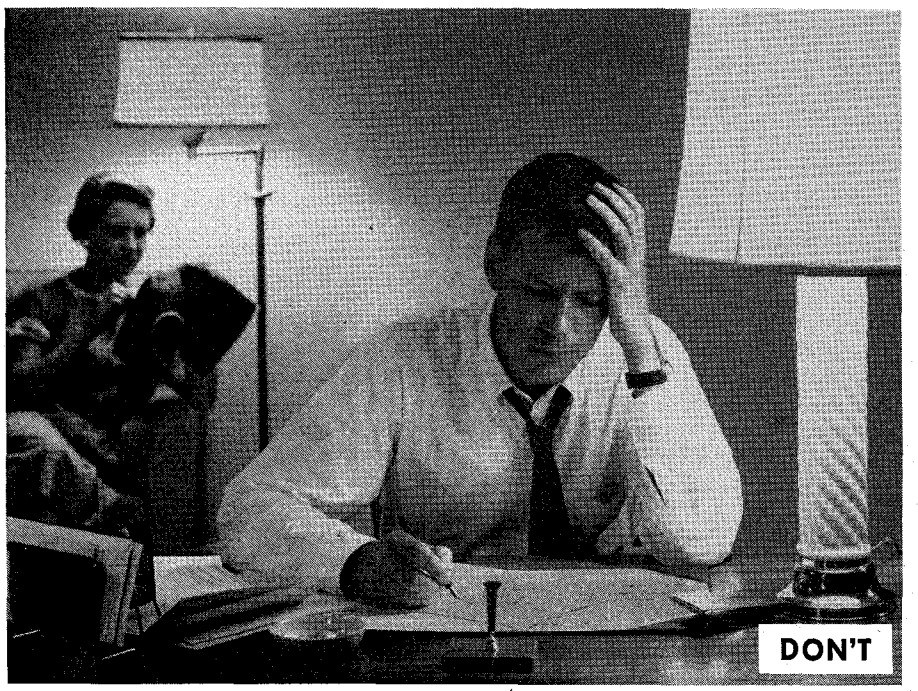
White translucent shades at face height for make-up.

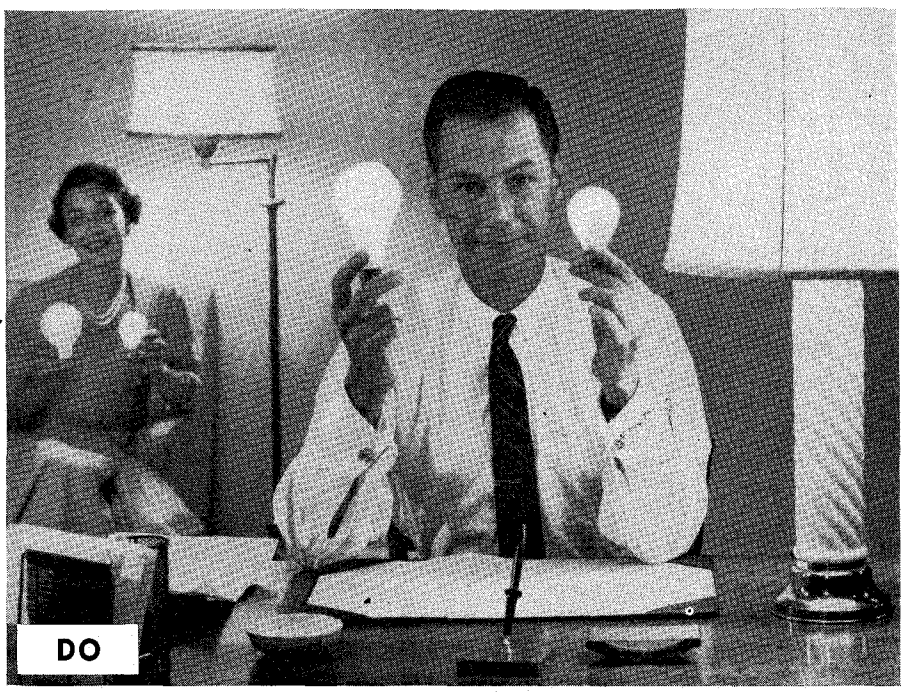
The pink boudoir lamps at left are a *handicap* in applying make-up. Too low to light your face properly; color in the shades disguises subtle skin tones. (Dark-shade lamps are no better. Not enough light on the face.) Best are taller lamps with translucent shades, in white, ivory or champagne, at face height. This eliminates uneven shadows. Use General Electric White 100-watt bulbs.



Avoid reading lamps that confine the light.

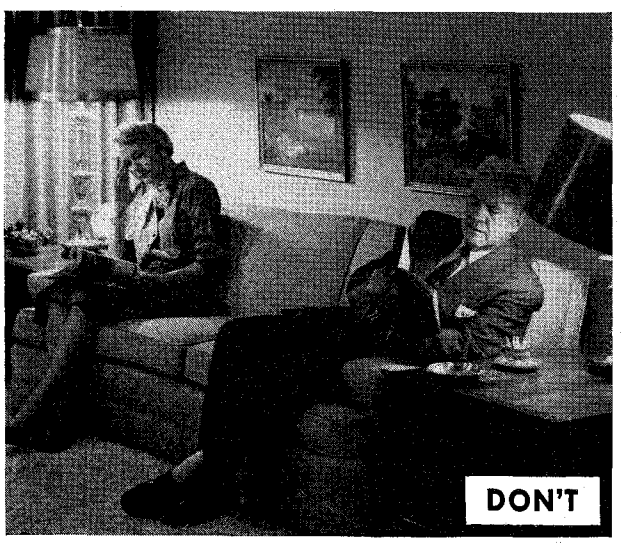
At left, the girl is reading the only way she can—by stretching way over to bring her book into the light. The fault lies with the shape of the shade. It's too narrow for its height, so the light is confined to a small area. Much more comfortable for reading is the lamp shown at right. Its shade is designed to spread the light where it is needed. Wherever she holds the book, it gets plenty of light.





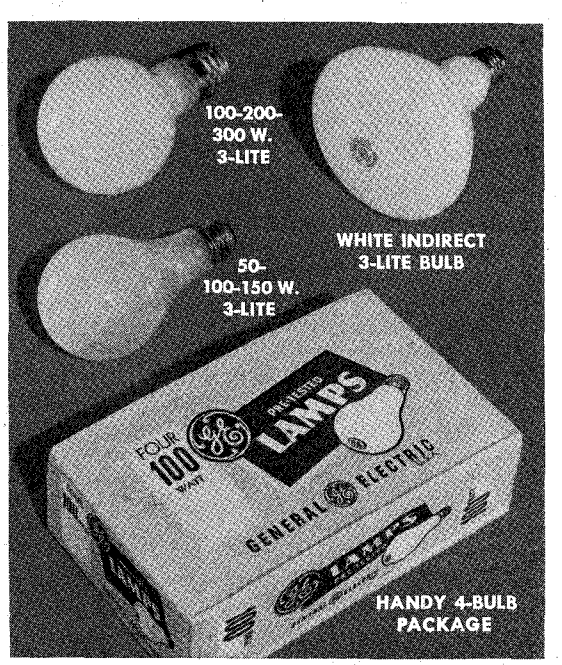
Get the right size bulb for the lamp and what it lights.

At left, this family has just enough light to squint their way through the evening. But there's almost literally a night-and-day difference at right. The reason is in the bulbs the couple is holding up. His desk lamp had a 60-watt bulb—now it has a 150-watt. Her sewing lamp had a 100-watt bulb—now it has a mogul socket and a G-E 100-200-300 watt 3-Lite bulb, that gives lots of light for detail work, and can be turned down for conversation or TV. With the change in the bulbs, an evening of eye-strain turns into one of relaxation.



Get right height lamps—too-high or too-low are hard on your eyes.

The picture at left shows both extremes in reading lamp heights. One lamp is too high, so the lady's eyes have to be shaded. The other is too low, so the shade must be tipped to bring the light onto the page. These faults were corrected for the picture at right by following a General Electric Light Conditioning recipe. The lower edges of the shades are now at *eye level*. Reading is perfectly comfortable. There's direct light on the fine print, but not in the eyes.



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Dixiecrat in Washington

(Continued from Page 33)

United States senator, Supreme Court justice and Secretary of State, a slight, erect and seemingly timeless figure who, at seventy-five, was just rounding out a term as governor of South Carolina. Byrnes heard of the nominating scheme the day Maybank died, and told his informant, "If the committee does that, it will cause a political revolution in this state and I'll help the 'revoluters'!"

After Brown's nomination was announced, almost three fourths of the state's newspapers, radio and television denounced the move and publicized an alternative. This was the write-in in the general election. South Carolina law requires every individual who votes in a primary to take a solemn oath to support that primary's nominee in the general election. In the absence of a primary for Brown, however, no such oath was exacted. This, the press pointed out, left voters in the general election free to pencil in any name that they wished.

The irate public then began searching for a forlorn-hope candidate to oppose Brown in what looked like a pre-doomed cause, no write-in candidate anywhere ever having been elected to a major office. For days, Thurmond's phone rang from six A.M. one day to three A.M. the next. Finally, after assuring himself of Byrnes' support, he consented to run. Byrnes did not publicly declare himself for Thurmond until nearly the last week of the campaign, but he told me that he "lived on the telephone night and day" for weeks, calling influential people in Thurmond's behalf. He also made a suggestion which may have been a major factor in deciding the election.

One of the principal criticisms leveled at Thurmond in the past was that he was a political opportunist, "always running for something." To spike that one, reportedly at Byrnes' prompting, Thurmond announced that he would resign after serving only two years of a six-year term. That, he explained, would give the people the primary they wanted at the earliest opportunity, in 1956. Brown snorted "An absurd smoke screen," but thousands of voters were impressed.

The campaign itself found Brown, Thurmond and an "also-ran" third candidate all proclaiming themselves genuine Democrats. Former President Harry Truman pronounced Brown the genuine article. Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan, Truman's former aide, was quoted in an interview as saying with reference to Thurmond's Dixiecrat race that Truman "can forgive little things like rape and murder, but he can't forgive a guy that goes back on the party." Stephen A. Mitchell, then national Democratic chairman, expressed the view that in his home state of Illinois, any write-in candidate would be certain to lose because not enough people would manage to write his name, and that what held true in Illinois almost certainly held true in South Carolina too. Prideful South Carolinians thereupon set out to excel Illinois. On Election Day there was a vast demand for pencils.

The election ended with Brown, a sixty-six-year-old former Byrnes protégé who had Jimmie as best man at his wedding, so badly stung by defeat that he snubbed Byrnes in public and then referred to him as that "little yellow so-and-so"; with a joke going the rounds that Brown, as a boss of the legislature, intended to change the school curriculum from "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" to plain "readin' and 'rithmetic"; and with Thurmond leaving his lucrative law practice and handsome new home in Aiken to serve two years in Washington and then face a senatorial race like the 1950 one, which cost him and his immediate supporters almost the equivalent of two years' senatorial pay.

Thurmond took his seat as "a South Carolina Democrat answerable to no one except the people."

Having tried to persuade Eisenhower to run for President as a Democrat in 1948 and having backed him in 1952, Thurmond often supports him on issues of foreign policy and national defense.

To those perplexed by his political position, he defines himself as a regular, old-line Democrat of the States rights, free-enterprise and individual-liberty school, who feels that the New Deal-Fair Deal element pirated the party name and perverted it with socialism and communism.

Camp Gordon, Ga., 1952: Reserve Col. Thurmond became his National Guard unit's top scorer with the .45 pistol.

He took this stand in the 1948 presidential race, when he received thirty-nine electoral votes from Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and one Tennessee district.

As the only man to pile up a sizable third-party electoral vote since Teddy Roosevelt ran on the Bull Moose ticket, Thurmond sees a distinct possibility of a third-party movement in 1956. He feels that the trend was spurred by the unanimous Supreme Court decision against segregated schools.

"This decision directly violates the Constitution," he says, "and the South blames both political parties for it." He explains that Democratic Presidents appointed eight of the nine justices and President Eisenhower named Chief Justice Warren, the Republican who wrote the decision. "In 1896," Thurmond points out, "the Supreme Court approved the doctrine of separate but equal facilities. Instead of bowing to that decision, the integrationists propagandized to the utmost to obtain its reversal by the present court. Now we in the South must resist integration by every legal means.

"If the two major political parties do not respect the wishes and beliefs of large segments of the people, then I can see how a third party could arise again," Thurmond told me. "For myself, I hope to stay within the present framework of the Democratic Party, but I shall not hesitate to do what I think best for my state and my country."

Looking back, Thurmond believes that many people misunderstood his 1948 presidential candidacy. "The real issue was not a racial one but much broader," he says. "It was the dangerous centralization of government in Washington, and the dangerous trend toward socialism, through acts of Congress, judicial decisions and executive edicts which, certainly in spirit, violate our constitutional form of government."

The Southern rebellion of 1948 was set off by President Truman's civil-liberties program to enact a Federal antilynching law; abolish state poll taxes and establish a nationwide Fair Employment Practices Code.

In his presidential campaigning Thurmond charged that left-wing labor and racial groups adopted the FEPC "from the Communist Party platform of 1928," and denounced it as "an anti-American invasion of the fundamental right of free enterprise upon which our economic structure is erected." Truman, he maintained, sought to buy minority votes by eliminating laws "essential to the racial integrity and purity of the white and Negro races alike. . . . As a nation we have favored the protection of racial autonomy and integrity in other lands, such as Palestine and India, but a different doctrine is sought to be applied here at home."

Making no attempt to appeal for presidential votes in his one Northern campaign speech, he used New York City as a rostrum for saying, "If we need a Federal law down South to prevent murder by mobs of lynchers, you here need a Federal law to prevent far more frequent murders by mobs of gangsters."

Thurmond currently cites his impressive promptness in dealing with lynchers while governor and his sponsorship of state legislation abolishing the South Carolina poll tax as examples of Southern progress "made without Federal interference."

When a young Negro named Willie Earle, who had robbed and killed a white taxicab driver, was lynched by a mob composed mostly of other taxi drivers, Thurmond as governor had the entire mob arrested by state constables within forty-eight hours. His speedy action won national praise. Thurmond assigned one of the smartest prosecutors in the state, a man with a whiplash tongue and phenomenal record of convictions, to try the mob. Although nearly all had confessed, they were acquitted. Plans for Federal prosecution came to naught. When I asked Thurmond how he would react if ever again confronted by mob violence, he declared, "I would do it all over again tomorrow if I had to, because I believe in enforcing the law impartially regardless of race."

It may surprise many Negroes to learn that the South Carolinian considers himself an outstanding champion of the Negro within the Southern racial framework, "separate but equal." He unquestionably has stuck out his political neck in their behalf. While governor, he set what may be a national record for obtaining for Negroes the kind of benefits which the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People disapproves. He sponsored the first state industrial school for Negro girls, the first state parks for Negroes, greater Negro public-health services, record-breaking state appropriations for Negro education "before any Federal courts began issuing orders," and a system of area trade or vocational schools, two out of three of which are Negro. The NAACP frowned, however, because the Thurmond program was based on segregation. One of its South Carolina spokesmen said Thurmond as a judge was "a perfect gentleman," but that Thurmond as a governor and presidential candidate became "another wailing rabble-rouser, a whirling regional-school fanatic, a states rights' slave."

Thousands of South Carolina Negroes voted against him almost to the last man on three occasions: In 1948; in his unsuccessful 1950 senatorial race, when their votes were a major factor in his defeat; and again last fall. Two Negro precincts in Darlington County, for example, went 746 to 0 for Brown over Thurmond.

However, Thurmond is far more tolerant and progressive than his boyhood idol who first inspired him to decide at the politically tender age of nine to become governor. This was "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, twice governor, four times United States senator, and a violent white-supremacy advocate of the Heflin-Bilbo type who constantly threatened to pitchfork his critics. Thurmond's towering 230-pound lawyer-farmer father, who once killed a knife-wielding traveling salesman in self-defense in a political argument, managed Tillman's campaigns. Young Strom, one of three brothers and three sisters, grew up in a rigorous religious atmosphere of plowing, milking, saving money, saving souls and getting votes honestly. He pays tribute to his father as a man who "hated corruption in any form, and taught me to hate it."

As a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Thurmond is not unwilling to talk about his ancestors, including Grandfather George Washington Thurmond, a "rough-and-tumble character" who never rose above third corporal in the Confederate Army, but commanded his company at Appomattox. There was only one other man left. Thurmond can quote his grandfather's epitaph: "He did not tread on the rights of others, and he did not permit others to tread on his rights."

A former schoolmate says of Thurmond as a young man: "Strom's father ruled the town, but he was a very quiet man who sat in the back row of the Baptist church. The first Sunday that Strom came home after graduating from Clemson College, Strom sat in the front row. The Sunday after that he was teaching the men's Bible class, although he didn't know the Bible half as well as his father. But that was Strom all over. He has tremendous push and drive."

After teaching agriculture, Thurmond was elected Edgefield County superintendent of education in 1928 at the age of twenty-five. During the depression he saved his hard-up county $33,000 in school-operating costs and enabled it to cut taxes in twenty of its twenty-eight school districts. He also earned the macabre distinction of having appointed the only South Carolina teacher ever electrocuted for murder.

The murderous schoolteacher, Mrs. Sue S. Logue, a dumpy woman with a wide, thin-lipped mouth and long nose, married into a prominent family descended from a Confederate colonel. Although state law ordinarily barred married women from teaching, Thurmond found a basis for making an exception in her case in what was described as a teacher shortage. The school board at first demanded that she be ousted because she was a married woman. Then it added that, married or not, her morals were questionable. To debate this question Southern style, her husband approached a school-board member named Timmerman, pistol in hand. Timmerman killed him and was cleared on the ground of self-defense. Next, Timmerman was mysteriously murdered by gunfire. Negroes reputed to "know something" about the crime turned up dead in

(Continued on Page 120)

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"It was my twelve-year-old Jimmy who told me 3 out of every 4 building fires occur in the home. I asked him where he'd heard that. Then he told me about the talk Mr. Walsh had given at a school assembly—about clearing trash out of cellars, being careful about electric wiring, watching out for scores of things that might cause fires.

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(Continued from Page 118) lonely creeks. The murder remained unsolved.

Nearly ten years later, the sheriff received word that police elsewhere had caught Timmerman's assassin and that he confessed to having been hired by Sue and several of her Logue brothers-in-law. On going to arrest the Logues for the conspiracy, the sheriff was shot dead as he walked in the door. His deputy killed two of the Logues before six bullets cut him down, dying. An angry armed crowd gathered around the Logue home. Thurmond, by then a state judge, arrived on the scene, threw open his vest to show he was unarmed, and walked in and persuaded Sue to surrender. Local newspapers hailed him as a hero who averted a lynching. Sue and two men implicated with her were duly tried before another judge and electrocuted.

While a judge, Thurmond passed the death sentence on four persons in accordance with jury verdicts and all four died in the chair. They were a white youth from the hills who drew a dull knife and nearly decapitated the sweetheart who jilted him; an enraged Negro who killed his wife and a white woman who came to her aid; a Negro who murdered a white overseer, and a Negro who raped a white woman. In South Carolina the penalty for rape is death unless the jury recommends mercy, and jurors in one sensational case sent three white men to the chair. At the same court session at which Thurmond condemned the Negro rapist, another Negro who broke through a second-story window and attacked a white woman was found guilty with a recommendation to mercy. "I couldn't send him to the chair," Thurmond says, "but I gave him forty years."

The day after Pearl Harbor, Thurmond volunteered and became an Army captain. In view of his judicial background, the Army thoughtfully assigned him to a military-police unit at Albany, New York. There he defended a buck private from a furniture foreclosure on the ground that the serviceman was entitled to a wartime debt moratorium, addressed a high-school graduating class on war aims, escorted a morale-building movie actress in a jeep, and pulled strings to go overseas.

Thurmond got overseas late in 1943—in a "chair-borne" Military Government section. Learning that three Military Government officers were to be flown into the Normandy invasion with the 82nd Airborne Division under General Ridgway, he snatched at the opportunity. The division was to land behind the beachheads and cut off Nazi reinforcements. D day found Thurmond in a glider which Nazi shellfire jolted repeatedly. It finally belly-flopped with others in enemy territory. "I just stood up and walked out," he says. "There wasn't enough glider left to climb out." His Bronze Star citation commends him for rallying and leading glider troops despite a gash in his right leg. He fought through Normandy and on into Belgium, Germany and Czechoslovakia; then served in the Philippines.

Returning home a colonel with the Legion of Merit and an abiding conviction that "military weakness on our part invites war," Thurmond practices what he preaches. Now a brigadier general, he heads a National Guard unit which the Pentagon rates as "superior"; ranks as an expert with the .45 automatic, with scores as high as 323 out of 350; and as a past national president of the Reserve Officers' Association maintains that a strong, combat-ready reserve ("ours isn't") would enable the country to reduce its costly standing forces.

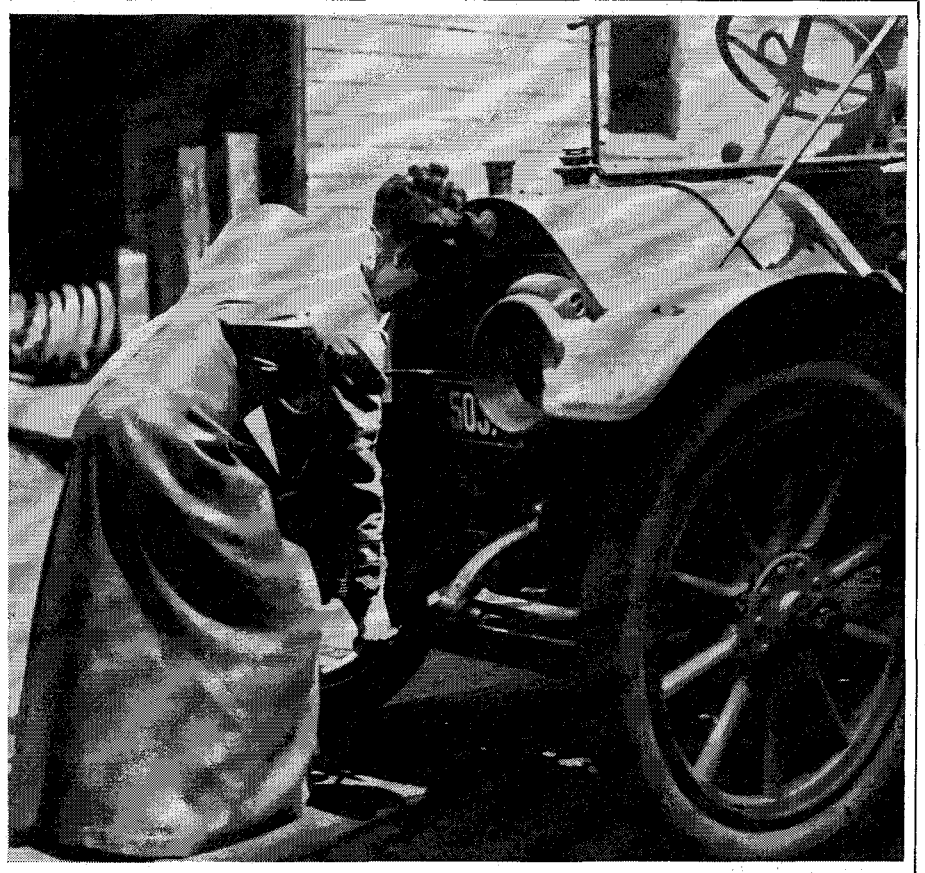
Like most returning GI's, Thurmond soon got a new job and got married—with a difference. The job he got was as governor from 1947 to 1951, and the bride he wed as a bachelor of forty-four was a girl of twenty-one.

Running for governor against the largest field in state history, he defeated ten other candidates, including the incumbent, the state-medical-society head and a former Hollywood stunt man. The professional stunt man, confined to a speaker's platform, was outclassed by the hoarse-voiced Thurmond, himself a real amateur stunter. Thurmond, for whom the camera holds no fears, has been photographed on a lifeguard's stand surrounded by bathing beauties, standing on his head in gym pants, and peddling peanuts in convict stripes. The latter was part of a Shriners' initiation the day after he was nominated for President. He told a newspaper interviewer that he was flattered at the nomination and ("Pea-a-a-nuts") thought the Shriners did fine charity work.

Digging into the new governor's past one dull day at the racehorse training stables near the capital, a New York sports writer reported: "One item I uncovered is that he is alleged to have ridden the winner of a mule race. This is, of course, invaluable training for a man who has to deal with a legislature."

Thurmond cheerfully admits to having been the winning jockey in a mule derby with other legislators while a state senator. "I know mules," he says, "so I picked a long-legged one whose ears laid back." Whether or not the experience helped with the legislature, that body enacted Thurmond-approved measures to improve education and highways, tighten up liquor control and end abuses of a pardon system under which previous governors had freed literally thousands of convicts, so much so that Thurmond asserted, "It is easier to get out of the penitentiary than to get into it."

When the legislature raised the governor's pay from a meager $7500 to $12,000, Thurmond thanked them and vetoed his own pay raise as violating the state constitution at least "in spirit." Although then a man of limited means, he did not publicly wince. (His young bride later confided



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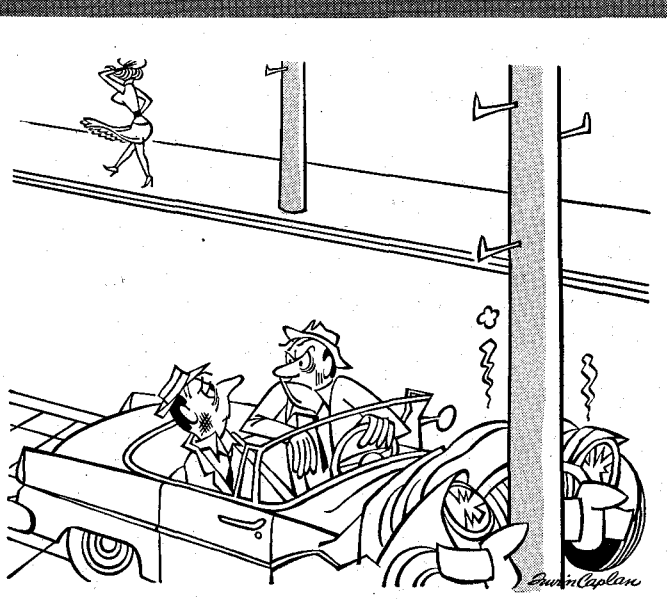

"Quick, Ed! Take a look at that babe across the street."

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wistfully: "That cost us $18,000 during his four-year term.")

As a suitor, the bachelor governor proceeded as only an officeholder in love could do. He gave an honorary appointment as "Miss South Carolina" at the Charleston Azalea Festival to the young lady of whom he was enamored, Jean Crouch, a shapely five-foot-seven Winthrop College senior. After she graduated, she became one of his secretaries.

In proposing, Thurmond, who kept three secretaries busy in relays, set a businesslike precedent in employer-employee relations leading to holy wedlock. Pushing the buzzer which summoned Miss Crouch complete with shorthand pad, he launched without warning into a letter which went:

"My darling Jean . . . Loving you as much as I do . . . I want you to be my wife . . . I did not believe anyone could so entwine herself around another's heart . . ."

Miss Crouch snapped shut her pad, walked out to her typewriter, and returned reasonably soon with the letter neatly typed for signature. Thurmond read it and looked up fondly but firmly.

"I didn't say 'twine herself,'" he corrected his beloved. "I said 'entwine herself.' Please fix that."

Without changing expression, Miss Crouch departed. Hours passed. Never in the chicken-scratch annals of stenography has a boss been left more in suspense as to how his dictation would turn out.

"I let him wait until the very end of the day," the lady says with a laugh at her secretarial revenge. "Then I handed him the corrected letter and my typed acceptance. Did he really say 'twine' or 'entwine'? Well, I still have my shorthand notes."

Their marriage, on November 7, 1947, was marked by perhaps the weirdest social note ever to get into print. Thurmond was then ousting dual officeholders on the ground that it was unconstitutional to hold two public offices. A newspaper critical of him said: "The bride was given in marriage by her father, Horace J. Crouch, one of the dual officeholders to whom his new son-in-law objects." Later the paper reported apologetically that Crouch held only one office, as Barnwell County school superintendent, and that his son-in-law did not object to him at all.

Although there is a twenty-three-year difference in the Thurmonds' ages and they have no children, they have much in common. It is the first—"and only"—marriage for both. Both are energetic farm-bred Baptists who do not drink or smoke and who keep fit through long walks. They consume orange juice, lemonade and milk by the quart, and either could probably put Mendès-France under the dairy table in a real test of milk drinking. Thurmond still adheres to his father's "health teaching" not to touch coffee, tea or white bread. One morning, over the usual whole-wheat toast, Jean Thurmond announced, "Someday I'm going to buy a big loaf of white bread all for myself." Her husband grinned. "Go ahead," he said: "I think we can afford it."

The Thurmonds moved to Washington with a capital social mystery still unsolved. On their last official visit there, while he was governor, were they publicly snubbed by President Harry Truman? Or was Thurmond publicly booed by Tallulah Bankhead?

Certain it is that during the 1949 inaugural parade, Truman, who was beaming and bowing to all comers, ignored Mrs. Thurmond and the man who snatched thirty-nine electoral votes from him. Westbrook Pegler termed it an insult to the lady for which Truman, if a private citizen, "would have got a damn good licking on the spot." Recent versions are calmer. There are Jean Thurmond's as given to me, and Harry Vaughan's as quoted in the campaign interview last fall.

"As we approached the President's stand," Jean Thurmond told me, "Strom stood and bowed as well as anyone could do it in a convertible, and I smiled and nodded. Truman just stared at us. Alben Barkley, next to him, started to raise his hand, and Truman turned and said something, and dear Alben dropped his hand limply, and both just looked at us. There is no question—it was a deliberate snub."

Vaughan, however, was quoted as blaming it all on the notably explosive Tallulah. According to that story, he was right behind the President when Tallulah let out a terrific "Boo!" at Thurmond, and the President turned to see who was booing.

Jean Thurmond is not impressed by the Tallulah story. She says prettily, "I can't imagine any woman booing my husband."

Our Prisons Need Not Fail

(Continued from Page 18)

prisoners can take adverse decisions when people are honest and candid in explaining why—as long as they are being fairly treated.

Any prison administrator is apt to make mistakes. Certainly I have made many. It's better to acknowledge the error and correct it than to stand on authority and enforce a wrong decision. This was brought home to me forcibly once when I disciplined all members of an honor cottage because liquor was found in their quarters. They said they had nothing to do with it and showed their disappointment in me. Actually, I soon discovered, someone from another cottage had hidden the liquor. When I learned this, I rescinded the disciplinary action, telling the men I had made a mistake. Their faith in me was restored because I acknowledged the error; indeed I think my standing actually improved.

Meaningful work is one of the most important elements in rehabilitation. Prisoners don't like futile work. They resent the degradation of rock smashing, useless ditch digging and the like. They don't respect people who waste public funds. To the extent possible, jobs should be provided that will interest prisoners, give them a challenge in the accomplishment of something worth while, and teach them skills that will help them earn a living upon release.

Our experiences in labor management at Angola may seem astounding. One incident involved cotton picking at a newly created Negro trusty camp, the one that later burned. We thought it would be fair to establish a quota system, and past records showed that 150 pounds per day per man was about the average of other years. We set this as the quota. Soon this camp came up with its quota for every prisoner before noon. The men actually volunteered for other work.

Besides being meaningful, a man's work should be in a job he likes. There are some prisons where inmates are given little choice in work assignments. This puts a premium on trouble. Someone must do the disagreeable work, but the administrator who assigns work as close as possible to prisoners' wishes gets better work and has a reduced security problem. Usually we tried to give prisoners at least a choice of jobs. Moreover, we maintained waiting lists for the more-sought-after jobs, and we consistently observed them.

For example, George came to Seagoville from a prison where he had fifty-six disciplinary reports on his record. In our first

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interview we assured him he would start entirely afresh at Seagoville. However, I couldn't help asking him what had been his trouble. His explanation was that he wanted to work on the farm and the officials wouldn't let him. His work record showed no prior farm experience, but when we pointed this out to him, he still said he wanted to work on the farm. So we assigned George to farm work. As it turned out, he didn't like it and soon asked for another job. This time we put him on a lawn-mowing detail, and he never caused us any trouble. We had given him a chance to learn that farm work was not for him.

Leisure-time activity is another essential in good prison management. Idleness is the big trouble breeder where people are locked up for the night at five or six o'clock. Meeting this problem requires energy, ingenuity and planning on the part of the administrative staff. At Seagoville we tried to provide some kind of leisure-time activity for all, and pretty well succeeded.

Prisoners were never locked in at night there, merely required to be in their rooms by ten P.M. After supper they could go to the hobby shop for woodworking, leatherworking, photography or anything else for which tools and materials could be provided. They could go to the library, to the athletic fields, to a game room or to band or theatrical rehearsals for one of the excellent talent shows put on by the prisoners.

Sports proved to be among the best morale builders. We played in one of the amateur baseball leagues and once even won the league championship. Outside teams visited us, bringing their fans, and we played return games. Whereas, in most prisons, the inmates boo their own team, our men were proud of ours. We played under regular amateur-league rules, which meant that deadlines on "recruiting" and our problems in "retaining" players sometimes handicapped us.

It was always a source of pride that our players were treated normally when we played outside. Spectators never razzed our men as "convicts," though we were prepared to take that in stride, and we had the reputation of being the best sportsmen in our league. This sports program gave our men a chance to mingle on a normal basis with people outside. Not one person who played on our baseball teams got into trouble after his discharge.

The effort we made to give prisoners an opportunity for full use of their leisure time materially helped us on one of the worst problems in any prison—sexual perversion. Experienced prison administrators may lift an eyebrow at my statement that we believe we stopped homosexuality at Seagoville. We believe this is correct. Through our total program of meaningful work, fair treatment, trust, ready counseling and leisure-time activities, we kept the men from brooding. We instilled in them a sense of pride.

Our leisure-time activities helped in other ways. Every year we presented a talent show to aid the March of Dimes. It was a very important means of giving prisoners the satisfaction of doing something for others. Most prisoners have this desire to help the society they offended; it lies behind such acts as volunteering for medical experiments, something many prisoners do.

But the cardinal value of leisure-time activities is the one illustrated by the case of a prisoner named Jim. One day Jim told me, "I'm in prison now because I was in prison before." He explained that, in the prison where he had served his last sentence—he was a fifth termer—he and some friends spent their late afternoons, rainy days and nights when they were locked in their cells plotting a bank robbery when they got out. They actually pulled it off, too, got $341, were caught, and Jim ended up at Seagoville. "If I'd had something to keep me busy during idle time," he said, "I'd never have planned that robbery and I wouldn't be here."

Jim was a good prisoner. He liked sports and was on our baseball team. Even though he had spent years in prison, he won a parole, has married and is now leading a useful life. He has told me he found himself at Seagoville because we allowed him the dignity of an individual. If we had browbeaten him or destroyed his developing sense of responsibility, he would either still be in prison or running from some new scene of crime.

Rehabilitation is made easier when as much normalcy as possible is introduced into the abnormality of regimented prison life. Prisoners need a chance to mingle with one another and with outsiders, so they can learn to get along better with people. We brought outsiders in to Seagoville as much as we could. We had forums led by professors from Southern Methodist University and businessmen from nearby Dallas. Contacts with businessmen often helped prisoners get jobs. Many "sponsor visits" were arranged for outsiders to visit prisoners who had no relatives to help them. Family visiting was encouraged. We believed that a person needs reassurance from loved ones while in prison, and we wanted prisoners to maintain family ties to help them in later adjustments. Arrangements were made for a prisoner's relatives to lunch with him in a room set up like an ordinary restaurant.

One of the most helpful organizations a prison can have is Alcoholics Anonymous. I have seen miracles at Seagoville. I expect to see more at Angola, where a chapter is now functioning. We had an engineer sent to us at Seagoville as a third termer because he had written bad checks while he was drunk. The man was highly capable, but he was a difficult prisoner—arrogant and tyrannical. When we got him, his case seemed almost hopeless. Then someone interested him in AA. He became one of the most humble men we had, often going out of his way to help others. He is out of prison today and making good.

Frequently someone from the Dallas chapter would meet a discharged AA prisoner at Seagoville and take him to the bus or train station. A message would be sent to a chapter at his destination. There another AA would meet him and stay by his side until there was no further need for help.

Religion can be a powerful force in a prison under the leadership of capable chaplains. I would like to see our churches devote more attention to this mission field. There is a place also for psychiatry for the few who need treatment as part of a total program of rehabilitation.

Inmates need to share in the responsibility of prison operation. I wouldn't operate one without an advisory council elected by inmates. Through advisory councils they can voice their complaints, see the thinking behind decisions as they are made, and share in the success of the prison management. Wherever there is a well-run program of rehabilitation, you will find prisoners actively co-operating and indoctrinating newcomers with the spirit of the institution.

The big occasion for any prisoner is his D day—the day he is discharged. Many approach it with great uneasiness. We have a number of "Rip van Winkles" in our prisons—men and women who haven't seen the "free world" for years, even decades. They know little or nothing of many things now commonplace in our homes.

At Seagoville we tried many things to help. We often arranged "vacations" for prisoners to release them from normal duties a few days before their discharge, so they could prepare for the big change. We had a series of five conferences each quarter. Federal probation officers met with prisoners nearing their discharge, to explain methods of supervision. United States Employment Service representatives came to discuss job placement; employers to tell what they liked to find in men seeking work; labor-union officials to give tips to those who might want work in union shops; and ministers or laymen to give inspirational talks. With these things to back up the over-all rehabilitation program, the men had a far greater chance to make good.

One of the crucial periods for any prisoner comes just after his release. About 75 per cent of those who commit new crimes do so within the first ninety days after discharge. In most state prisons they are discharged with a few dollars—maybe ten or twenty—and a suit of work clothes, and unless some way of finding work is provided them, they are apt to return to crime. Society has a responsibility to make an extra effort to help people who want to go straight. At Seagoville we had excellent co-operation from many people. We have the beginnings of such interest in Louisiana now; the Employment Service works with us and one civic club is undertaking to assist prisoners from its city.

One way to help is through a carefully administered, nonpolitical parole system. When a prisoner reaches the point where he can be trusted to make a sincere effort to go straight, he should be released under parole and allowed to serve the remainder of his sentence in normal life.

I am often asked if this philosophy of rehabilitation will work in any prison. I firmly believe that it will. To me, there is an inspiring positive answer being given in Louisiana right now.

Angola was a prison which had deteriorated through decades of neglect. In February, 1951, thirty-one inmates slashed their heel tendons in what they said was a protest against brutality. Louisiana's Gov. Earl K. Long appointed a citizens' committee to investigate. It found deplorable conditions and brought them to public attention with help from the press and radio. In 1952, Robert F. Kennon was elected governor on a platform that included a promise to reform Angola.

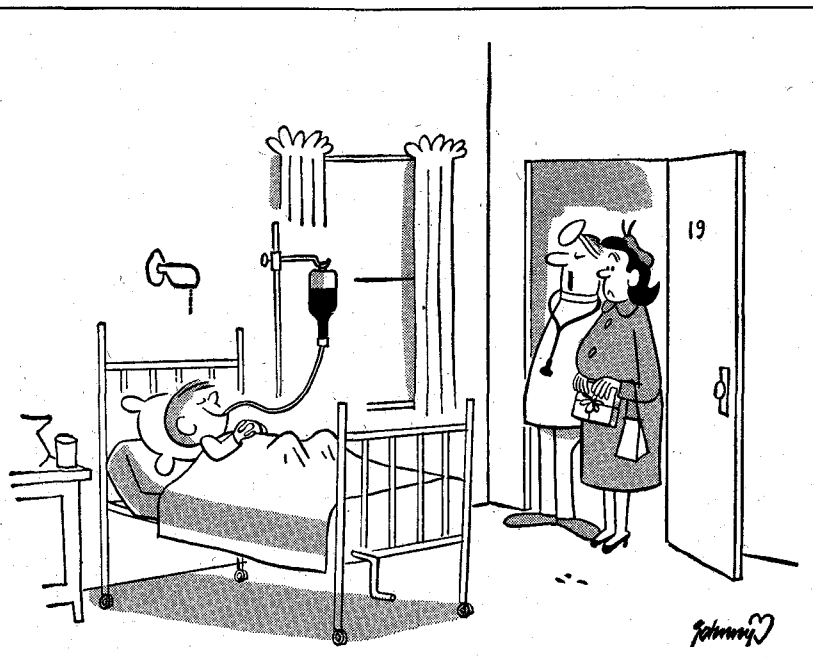
My knowledge of all this was casual until Governor Kennon called me to make a study of the penitentiary for him. Later I agreed to come to Louisiana to direct a modernization program. Angola is a prison farm of some 18,000 acres about sixty-five miles northwest of Baton Rouge. The prisoners live in a number of camps scattered about the rich, flat delta land, where they were originally located so the men could be close to their farm work.

The first step I took was to visit each camp and promise there would be no brutality—no beatings. A number of the prisoners were skeptical. Perhaps they gained a little trust when we ordered an end to the use of "the bat"—a leather strap used to whip prisoners. They gained more confidence a few months later, when Governor Kennon himself took the controls of a bulldozer to push over the "dungeons" at one of the camps. These dungeons were small concrete cells built outside a prison camp to punish prisoners. Only a short man could stand in one of them. They could be shut so that no light got in, and a small pipe at the top was frequently the only ventilation. Quite a cheer went up as the dungeons were toppled, and when Governor Kennon said Louisiana would provide a decent place for the prisoners to live in.

Louisiana, fortieth in per-capita income, is not a rich state. Yet the promise to build a new prison has been made good by the Legislature and people of Louisiana. A $9,000,000 building program has been voted, most of which will be completed by November. Through construction of maximum-, medium- and minimum-security quarters, facilities will be provided for three broad groupings of prisoners. A reformatory for first offenders will be built in a different part of the state. Louisiana will have the plant for a modern penal program.

Good buildings alone do not, of course, guarantee a good program. Riots have occurred in prisons with excellent and expensive buildings. What counts most is the program itself. During construction of the new facilities, for instance, prisoners at Angola have been forced to continue living in overcrowded, substandard and dilapidated buildings. Yet there has not been a major outbreak of trouble since I assumed direction. There were 102 escapes and attempted escapes in our first year, with a few men getting away. There were many fewer the next year. And in the first four months of this year we had only six attempts—at a time when nearly half the prisoners were living in trusty camps.

A rehabilitation program is well under way at Angola, similar to the one established at Seagoville. A force of trained prison workers with civil-service protection is being built up under Warden Maurice Sigler. I strongly believe the present philosophy will be so implanted in career personnel that the Louisiana penitentiary will continue its progress regardless of political changes. What Louisiana is doing can be done by any state. THE END



"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Hooker, it's just root beer."

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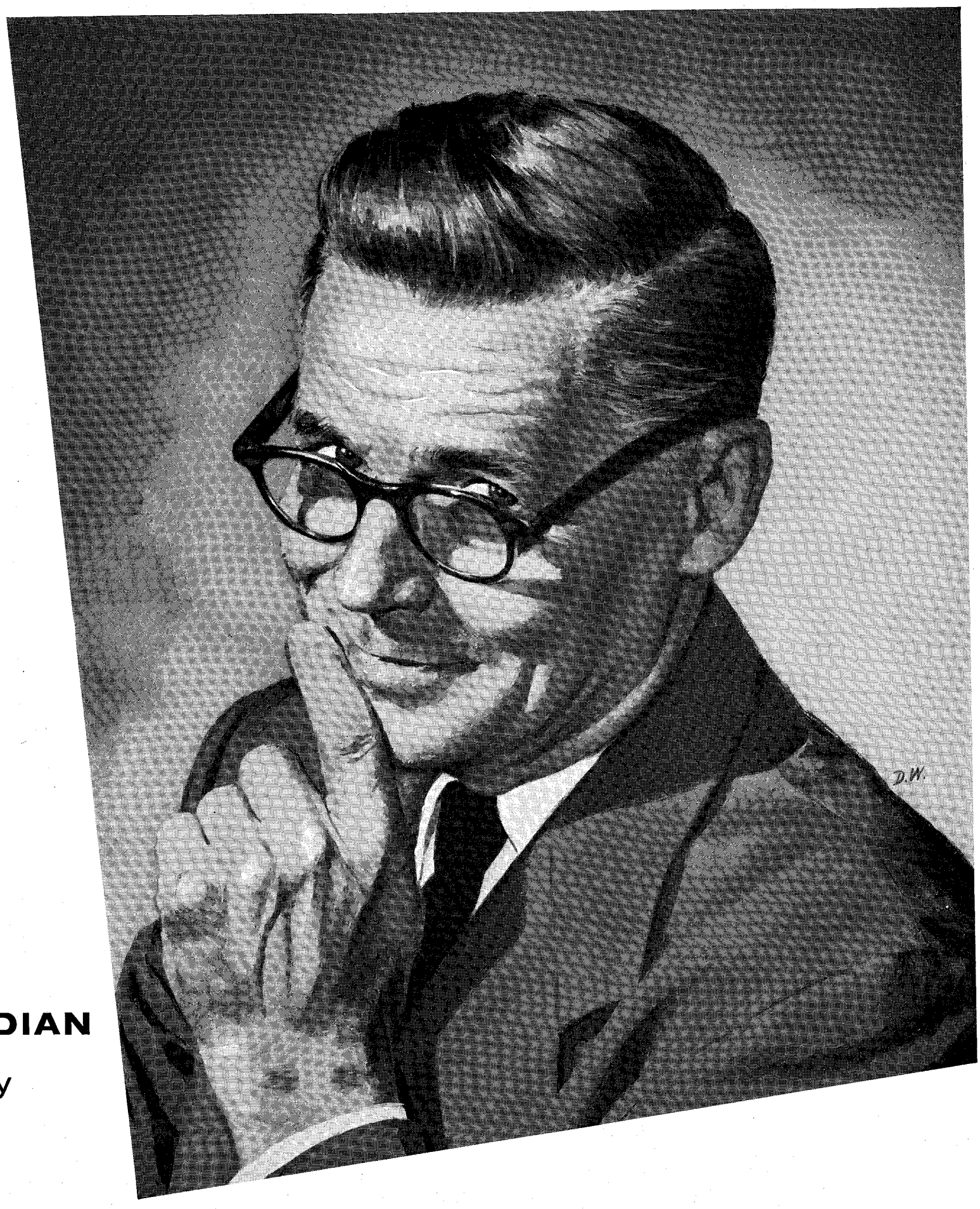

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Underworld U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 43)

time and effort expended. They imposed these working conditions upon him. They had no confidence in themselves when they were trapped. They had to have confidence in him. As he saw it, he had no other choice.

Out of the same situations prevailing everywhere came the first ironclad consolidation of loosely associated syndicates into a national syndicate, a subgovernment within a republic that would wield enormous power and survive in spite of law-enforcement agencies and congressional investigations.

Organized crime has two classes of enemies always active—the police of all jurisdictions—Federal, state and local—and the unorganized criminals who plague and prey upon the syndicate. The problem of the unorganized criminals as they affect the syndicate defies solution even as the unorganized criminals defy classification. There are in every city teen-age hoodlums and vandals who commit crimes for which the syndicate is blamed. Sometimes police and district attorneys pin the crimes of unorganized hoodlums upon members of the organized syndicate.

There are independent criminals who want no part of the syndicate and would not associate themselves with it, made up of the lone-wolf type, operating solo, without partners or assistants, for various personal reasons. Some feel that it is safer and more secure to work that way. If an unknown criminal approximates the techniques of a known criminal whose prints, pictures and record are in a bureau of criminal identification, the latter is charged with the crime and often found guilty because his record established that he committed just such a crime in the same manner once, twice or several times.

A known criminal charged with a crime like breaking and entering, appropriation of an automobile or armed holdup, where the facts establish that he is unquestionably guilty can easily be persuaded to plead guilty to a string of similar crimes by arrangement with a harassed district attorney to clear his docket of a number of crimes that he knows cannot be solved. For doing that, the criminal gets preferential treatment in the selection of the jail in which he will serve and usually a substantial reduction in sentence. If the single crime in which he is unquestionably guilty would draw seven to ten years, for pleading guilty to a whole string of them he gets three to five with time off for good behavior in a country-club prison. He is inevitably labeled a member of the syndicate, and the syndicate is in no position to deny it. Imaginary auto rings and crime waves have been broken by just such a device.

There are amateur criminals and novices, bunglers who confuse the crime picture in any area. There are one-time criminals, men of character and reputation who are one-shot offenders—those who commit one crime and never repeat. Because they got away with it, it becomes another statistic charged to the responsibility of organized crime. The most important of these are the rejects of organized crime, ex-convicts who by habit, disposition or temperament are unfitted for organized crime; the chronic double-crossers characterized by syndicate leaders as "rats"; the squealers, the singers, the big mouths who tell all they know, stool pigeons, ex-convicts who made important enemies among syndicate men when they served time together, and others whom syndicate leaders do not like for personal reasons. Earl Connors did not like Fingers Tolland for personal reasons, and it followed that he did not like Fingers' pals, Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender, merely because they were his pals. Hence all three were frozen out.

Small groups of the unorganized of all classes, like the Tolland-Lonagan-Pender trio, ranging in size from two to seven men, were plentifully scattered throughout the city. They were a more active, more dangerous and more destructive enemy of the syndicate than were the police. In some cases, when syndicate mobsters were in trouble, police here and there could be bribed or fixed. If that did not work, political influence might do the trick. If both failed, the mobster got a good run for his money in the courts, with the best legal talent the syndicate could hire.

The independent small groups outside the orbit of the syndicate could not be controlled. If they were absorbed, they became troublesome, fractious, contrary and mischievous agitators creating turmoil in the organization and disrupting it. They could not be killed or beaten and tamed because there were too many of them and syndicates had become allergic to murder. No-shooting treaties had become the rule within and among syndicates.

These roving small bands held the syndicate in contempt. They created crime waves and stirred up the normally passive enemies of crime—the newspapers, churches and citizens' groups. In time they became very costly, a plague for which there was no cure. Incipient independents were becoming cannibalistic, eating their own kind. They held up and robbed bookies, runners and collectors of the syndicate, creating a curious problem for men like Earl. He could not very well complain to the police that his own lawbreakers were being robbed. He could and did unleash his best gangster ferrets to track them down, beat them up and break their arms and legs. That, he found, was just as effective as having them shot, but there were still too many of them willing to take the chance. The idea of robbing a guy without a chance of going to jail for it was too inviting.

The independents went further. They raided gambling joints and made gamblers stand at gun point with their hands up against walls while one of the raiders cleaned up the kitties and stripped gamblers of all money and valuables they had on their persons. In such operations the gunmen always wore masks. As unorganized commandos and rangers, they became, and still are, the biggest problem of organized crime. How to end this nuisance still frustrates organized crime. It explains in part why bodies are found floating and why divers working in granite-quarry pools occasionally come up with a body held on the bottom by feet stuck in concrete.

As independents, Fingers Tolland, Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender did very well for themselves, although Fingers was the most successful of the trio. He did not have to share his take from picking pockets with them. He did that alone, without their help. It was his personal risk and not theirs.

In spite of his success, though, his marriage was deteriorating fast. Marjory finally faced the fact that she never could reform him; that he would always be a criminal. She acknowledged now that Shirley Selkirk had been right in her advice. She was determined to bear no more of Fingers' children. She wanted respectability more than anything else on earth. She was coming to hate her husband. She wanted out from their marriage, and custody of Theresa. Fingers had become bitter because she told him how she felt. She was making life miserable for him, but he did not want her to break it up.

With the characteristic cunning of a crook, Fingers figured out a clever plan to maintain maximum control over Theresa even though Marjory might finally be lost to him. When Theresa was six years old, he suggested that they send her to the convent school of the Sisters of Notre Dame, where she would live and they could visit her weekends. He felt sure that this would appeal to Marjory, because she was a Catholic—and it did. He imposed certain conditions that were at first appealing.

He insisted upon changing her last name for a reason that he finally convinced Marjory was a wise one, and he was entirely sincere in proposing it. "I don't ever want her to know, at least while she is growing up," he said, "that her father has a criminal and probation record. I don't want her to know that I've been arrested, and for what reason. I don't want her to go through life with the same handicap that you and I had—a father who served time in jail. I'm sure the nuns would keep it a secret from her and her playmates and classmates, but I don't even want the nuns to know either. It might affect their attitude toward her."

He proposed that they change her surname to Holland, and even in that the genius of the criminal was apparent. "To do that, all I'd need to do is erase the '*T*' on her birth certificate and all other official papers and substitute an '*H*'. It would change the character of the name and give her an entirely different racial background. She could then write her parents, addressing us as Holland instead of Tolland. The similarity in the names would be so close that letter carriers or others who had occasion to look at it either would not notice it or would dismiss it as a pardonable mistake.

"When we see her or talk to her at the school, she will be a Holland to us and we'll be so known to her. Nobody will ever connect her with my name in newspapers. She will never be known as the daughter of Carlton Tolland. My name on her records will be Carroll Holland and my occupation will be 'account executive.' That can mean almost anything."

Marjory had some mild misgivings, but she agreed to the plan. She knew better than anyone how Fingers felt about Theresa and that he would finance the cost at any risk. She foresaw nights when she would cry of loneliness.

The arrangements were made. Theresa was enrolled, and for the next two years Fingers and Marjory would visit her at the school and summer camp. The nuns never would be entirely taken in by the acts her parents put on during these visits. They thought of Theresa, an apt, bright and good-natured pupil, as the daughter of unhappy parents, and of these they were far more attracted to Marjory than to Fingers.

In April, 1940, when the entries on Fingers' probation record totaled forty-six without a jail sentence since his reformatory term, his weekly visits to Theresa were interrupted. He was arrested and charged with robbery while armed. Two accomplices, who had to be Spider Lonagan and Jerry Pender, escaped and never were apprehended. Fingers was "true to the code of gangland," or, in other words, he kept his mouth shut and did not implicate either Jerry or Spider, for a price. It had to be a stiff one because he had Theresa to think of.

He was caught by a fluke, a sheer accident. Tolland and a companion, according to witnesses, police and newspapers, walked into a construction shack directly behind the superintendent of the job and a paymaster carrying $12,000 to pay off workers on a children's-hospital-extension project. A timekeeper and a clerk also were in the shack. The paymaster was relieved at gunpoint of the bag he carried while one of the gunmen kept the others covered.

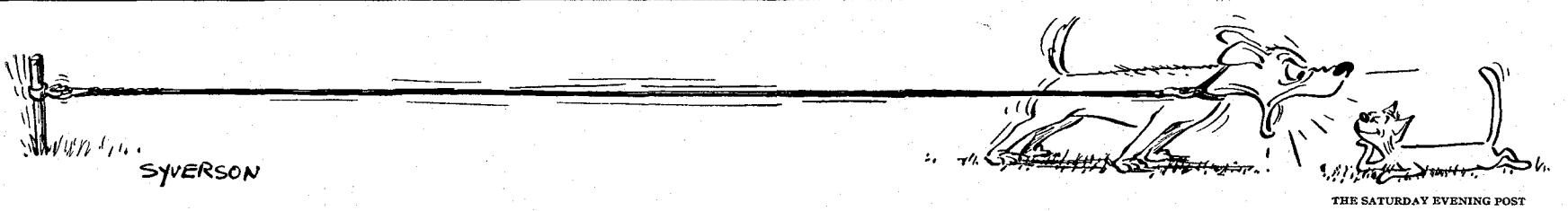
The timekeeper, directly facing one of the gunmen, appeared to be overcome by fright and dropped to the floor. In doing so, he knocked over a sample box of lime on a counter nearby. The lime sent up a thick white cloud. The gunman sneezed violently and blew away the handkerchief mask he wore. Three witnesses got a good look at his face

Later his picture was identified in the bureau of records. The following morning he was positively identified in the line-up. Fingers was arraigned. The judge found probable cause and bound him over for the grand jury. He was indicted, tried before a jury, found guilty and sentenced to serve from five to seven years in state prison. He appealed and was held in the county jail pending the outcome.

The state Supreme Court overruled motions to set aside the verdict, a motion for a new trial and all objections raised on the record by counsel for the defense. It affirmed the findings of the Superior Court. Peter Coughlin brought the bad news to Fingers in the county jail and advised him to put his private and personal affairs in order for at least five years. Fingers had on hand about $14,000 deposited in banks under various aliases. He signed a series of withdrawal slips and gave Peter specific power of attorney in the event that it should be required.

He designated Theresa as his heir and Peter as administrator of his estate; he specified that Marjory should be cared for as long as she should remain his wife. He stipulated that Theresa's tuition and all other expenses including summer camp, should be paid. Coughlin waived his fee until Fingers completed his sentence. Fingers had no hesitancy about handing this responsibility over to Coughlin. He charged stiff fees, but his relationships with his clients were strictly ethical.

How to keep Theresa in ignorance of where he was required a kind of co-operation that Marjory was more than willing to give. She didn't want Theresa to know about it either. Fingers concocted a story that Marjory embroidered somewhat, of his going overseas on a secret mission for the Government. He could not write to Theresa, but he would manage to get notes and letters to her through Marjory. As fiction, it was not too credible, but they felt that at her age Theresa would accept it, believe it and be thrilled by it. She reacted exactly that way.



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When these arrangements were completed, Fingers said his good-bys to Marjory and Peter Coughlin. He could not, under the circumstances, see Theresa. He was led off to a Black Maria in the county-jail courtyard and stepped out of it within the gates of state prison to be re-indoctrinated in a routine that was a reasonable facsimile of one that he remembered.

It was a good jail, judged by any standard. The warden and deputy wardens were humane and reasonable men. The guards were honest and liberal in their interpretation of rules. A prisoner got "solitary" only when he asked for it, and then as a last resort. It had a good library and an excellent hospital, staffed by competent doctors. Its dental department was a model. It had an inmate council elected by the prisoners to collaborate with the warden and his staff. The procedure for bringing the grievances of individual prisoners before them was well defined, and it worked. The prisoners had a sports committee to work out schedules among prisoner teams and civilian visiting teams, a committee to present prisoner talent and to work with the prison staff in arranging guest appearances of sports and entertainment personalities.

Among its changing population of nine hundred adult men, it numbered some of superior intellect—men who were or could be or would eventually be writers, artists, musicians or known in other professions. It had a print shop and a quarterly magazine that sometimes published stories and articles of superb literary quality. The chaplains were kind, friendly and helpful. Prisoners were allowed liberal privacy during visiting hours. They were permitted to read newspapers and listen to radio. Throughout its entire administrative staff the attitude was to treat the prisoners as human beings.

A prisoner of intelligence, with the ambition or incentive to get out of a career of crime or to arrest a long tail spin into it, could get a liberal education in state prison. There were men competent to teach in almost any academic field, and an arrangement through the State Department of Education to provide courses and books on any subject. Roughly twenty per cent of the prison population availed themselves of that service. Fingers Tolland was not among them.

Throughout his first four years in prison much happened in the world outside that would affect him directly inside and outside the prison. He spent most of World War II inside the walls. Some prisoners did everything in their restricted power to help win the war. The inmate council pleaded with the warden to permit the trustworthy and courageous among them to volunteer for certain dangerous assignments. Any lifer in the place would be glad of the chance. Most of them gave blood as often as they could. They submitted themselves as medical or surgical guinea pigs. They offered eyes and skin. The warden was proud of the character of his men, and did what he could for them before the parole board.

Fingers belonged to that small clique within the jail who felt that these heroics were fine for the lifers and long-termers. They had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and he shared the contempt of his friends for what they termed the fakers and phonies, the bootlickers and apple-polishers who were currying favor with the warden, hoping to get additional time off for an exceptional quality of good behavior, and figuring it would mean a lot to the parole board. He sneered at those who had already been rewarded by being made trusties.

For the first three months of his term, Marjory was punctual as a visitor. She was always well dressed and attractive. Fingers knew what might happen. He had never been quite sure that he loved Marjory, and often wondered whether or not he would have married her if he had not been forced into it. He was certain that whatever affection she had for him had died; nevertheless he hated the thought that she could belong to somebody else.

"Met any nice guys lately?" he asked her on one visit.

Marjory was always utterly honest. "Yes, I have," she said.

"Been out with any of them?" he asked.

"You don't expect me to sit alone in the house biting my nails or twiddling my thumbs while you're in here?" she asked.

"You don't love me any more," he said.

"You don't love me," she countered. "If you did, you wouldn't be where you are. I've tried to make you see things my way. I've tried ——"

"I know," he interrupted. "So we won't go into that. Are you going to divorce me?"

"I don't know," she answered. "If I meet the right guy, I might."

"Then the only reason why you're sticking by me now is because you're getting your money every week, because I'm a good meal ticket," he went on.

"That's a lousy way to put it," she said, "but don't you think I'm entitled to that much after all I've been through with you?"

He went back to the shop where he worked, reasonably certain that she would not be waiting for him when he got out. He was even more certain of it when she missed two visiting days in succession. She sent a note the first time explaining that she had a job as a hostess in a cocktail lounge. The next time he saw her, she explained that she was kept pretty busy and was averaging seventy dollars a week in salary and tips. Shirley Selkirk had got her the job. "I didn't like that crack about you being my

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JOLLY TIME BEST YOU EVER ATE POP CORN

meal ticket," she explained. "From here out, I won't be taking any of your money. You'd better save it for Tess. She's been getting expensive tastes lately."

She skipped visiting days more frequently, until he had been in prison eighteen months, and then she came to tell him, "I met that nice guy, Carl, and I'm here to tell you so. I'm suing you for divorce and you'll be served with the papers."

He shook his head and felt a bit empty in his stomach for a minute. He was surprised that it affected him that way.

"I'm sorry, Carl," she went on. "I had to come up here and tell you. I just couldn't let you find out by getting the legal papers. It's too bad, Carl, but we never again could get along together anyway. I'm thirty-one years old. I've still got a good part of my life before me, I hope. I can't live it your way. I must live it my way. I was never cut out to be the wife of a criminal. I saw too much of it in my father, and I know what it did to my mother."

"That's all right, Marjory." He found it hard to say the words. "I don't blame you. You deserve a nice guy, and I hope he is one."

"He is," she said with feeling.

"Good luck, kid." He stood up quickly and turned to walk away from the cage.

"Don't you want to know his name or anything about him?" She stood and called after him.

He shook his head without turning it, and walked to the door leading to the cell blocks.

Fingers was released in April, 1945, into a world that had changed so much for him that he faced a personal problem of readjustment. World War II was ending. Theresa was now a very pretty blonde of fifteen. Marjory had revealed nothing to her concerning her father. She supposed that he had been on a foreign mission for the Government. They met as strangers, but she threw her arms around him and took him to her heart. Marjory was now very happy to be Mrs. George Webster, the wife of an electrical contractor, and the mother of two additional children, which accounted in part for her occasional neglect of her first-born, Theresa Holland.

Fingers was all but broke. He had to do something fast to recoup his finances. Spider and Jerry had both served short terms for breaking and entering. They had been waiting to meet him in the Central Hotel bar, where they first discussed ways and means. Within three weeks after his release, in four out of eleven holdups, a total of more than $14,000 was taken. Two of these holdups followed a pattern familiar to Fingers, Jerry and Spider. The proprietor of a night club, closed at midnight on Saturday in accordance with a Sunday-curfew law, discovered too late that three men were parked in a car directly behind him. They relieved him of more than $5000—the receipts from the time of opening on Friday until Saturday closing.

On the next Saturday night the proprietor of a wholesale-liquor company, leaving his place around 6:30 P.M., was held up and robbed of around $6000 in the same manner. Twice during those weeks, runners for Earl Connors' bookies were held up and robbed of a total of $3000. Gangsters, racketeers and gunmen around the city had reason to believe that the Tolland-Lonagan-Pender combine was working again. Fingers needed money badly. He had found, too, that his fingers had lost none of their nimbleness; his eye was just as accurate and his hand just as steady at pool tables. There was no doubt that he was back in business.

From 1945 until 1951, Fingers added no less than thirty-nine entries to his probation record, and yet he never served a day in jail or prison for any of them. He paid fines, was given suspended sentences and charges were filed or dismissed. Cases were nol-prossed or did not come into court for want of prosecution. Peter Coughlin was doing the same masterful job for Fingers as he was for countless other criminals. Throughout that time Theresa would grow to womanhood, a pretty young blonde with blue eyes, a trim figure, wearing expensive clothes in the fashion of the day, a mink coat and driving a convertible. She would be graduated from the convent school with honors and matriculate into a college of great reputation. Fingers adored her. Whatever she wanted was hers.

That did not restrain him, though, from marrying Marian Marsh. Her name, according to Marian, had been a translation from the original either in the language or idiom of one of the Balkan countries. Fingers would never experience the trouble with her that he had with Marjory. He installed her in a tastefully furnished apartment. She knew and appreciated Fingers for what he was, and on the rare occasions when she was to meet Theresa, she was very careful.

On Tuesday, May 15, 1951, Traffic Officer Joseph Flaherty, standing in his pulpit in the middle of busy Dorset Square, noticed an armored car parked opposite a taxi stand at the railroad terminal nearby at about nine-thirty in the morning. He thought little of it, except that each time he turned to beckon traffic he could see its steel body rising over the tops of passenger cars. It did not move and, after about a half hour, he wondered why. He looked up at the big clock high on the terminal at ten-thirty and estimated that the armored car must have been parked there for at least an hour.

At eleven-thirty a squad car was passing; Traffic Officer Flaherty whistled to attract attention. The squad car stopped by his pulpit and Flaherty called down to the driver, "That armored car has been parked there for a couple of hours. How come?"

The driver nodded, relayed the message to his partner, and they pulled up behind the armored car. They found it securely locked, peered through the bulletproof window on the rear door and found that no one was in it.

Each cop looked at the other indifferently. They could see no danger. "These guys must be around here somewhere," the driver said, meaning the guards and driver of the car. "Let's give them a little more time and if it's here on the next go-'round we'll call headquarters."

His partner nodded. Neither would think of calling headquarters needlessly.

At eleven-thirty that morning, Fingers Tolland met Jerry and Spider by appointment in the bar of Central Hotel facing the terminal. Jerry and Spider were there before him, and when he arrived they were sitting at a table studying two uniformed guards and a chauffeur standing at the bar. Jerry and Spider were wide-eyed with interest, listening to the trio talk baseball.

As Fingers sat down, Jerry looked at him, shaking his head, his lips pursed, a wide question in his eyes. "How do you like that?" he said softly. "Smokey"—the bartender—"tells me that they've been here since before ten o'clock this morning tying on packages—and they're getting stiffer by the minute."

"Where's the armored car?" Fingers asked.

Both Spider and Jerry shook their heads. "Don't know," Spider said. "We just got here. Haven't had time to look around."

Fingers joined the study and contemplation of the three uniformed men, eavesdropping as intently as the others.

"Think you could find out which one has got the keys?" Jerry asked Fingers softly. "This may be it." He was suppressing his excitement. "This may be the big heist, the

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one every guy dreams of. Think of it—an armored car, loaded!"

"I'm thinking," Fingers said. "It's easy enough to get the keys, but would the car be loaded? Chances are it's empty. They wouldn't leave a loaded car and get stinko, would they?"

Spider and Jerry thought about it. "Maybe it ain't and maybe it is," Jerry said. "It's the gamble we take."

Fingers was more cautious. "Wait a minute," he whispered. "We've got a big chance here. Don't let's blow it. Let's figure it out. If I lift the keys and we find the car quick, do we drive it away?"

"Sure," Jerry said.

"Where to?" Fingers was exploring it. "We're not ready. Wait a minute." He put his hand up to silence interruption. "You can't tell when one of these guys may come out of it. Suppose we grab the keys and he misses them pretty soon; every squad car would have it on short wave before we got far—especially when we don't know where

... ...

Suited

By JANE MERCHANT

There are days when living
Doesn't fit just right.
Sometimes it billows loose,
But mostly it's too tight.

Your friendships pinch a little,
Your love's inclined to cling.
You feel a taut, uneasy
Restraint in everything.

But that's of small importance
When days come (and they do)
When each detail of living
Seems custom-made for you.

... ...

ve're going. Three guys like us, no uniorms, sitting in the cab of an armored ruck. We'd be sitting ducks and cops vould be shooting to kill."

Spider nodded. "You got something here."

"Wait a minute!" Fingers was inspired. 'Suppose I lift the keys, take them across he square to Hermie's Hardware, where hey make duplicates while you wait. I get upes of all the keys, and then we follow hem—not today but after we case the job nd know when they're loaded."

"You got it, Fingers." Jerry was enthusistic. "Go get 'em."

Spider and Jerry had glasses before iem. "What are you drinking?" Fingers sked.

"Ale," Jerry answered.

Fingers went up to the bar, stood behind ie three uniformed men and called to mokey, "An ale, Smokey."

Smokey was surprised. He sensed that mething was up. Fingers, he knew, never rank, and why should he stand behind the iree men when a length of the bar was are? He drew it and Fingers had to lean er between two of the men to get it in s hand. He returned to the table and put e glass down.

"I've got the keys," he said. "We've got work fast. I'm leaving to go to the men's om. When you finish your drink," he dicted Jerry, "put the empty glass at my ace and then start drinking mine."

Jerry nodded. Fingers left through the bby. He returned in about ten minutes. here were two additional drinkers at the r now. The noon-hour rush had not yet begun. Fingers picked up the empty glass, walked over behind the three men, called Smokey and handed him the glass.

"Fill it up again, Smokey," he said. He leaned between two of the men while handing over the empty and receiving the full glass, then returned to the table. "The keys are back where he had 'em," he said, and turned to Spider. "Better go out and scout around. See if you can find the armored truck," he directed. Spider nodded and left.

While he was absent two squad-car patrolmen came into the bar and spotted them. "Is that your armored truck?" one of them asked the three men at the bar.

The driver, in a half stupor, looked at the cops. One of the guards answered, "Yeah! Why?"

"Better give me the keys," the cop said. "I've got to drive it back to the Townsend Armored Car garage."

"You ain't going to drive no car," the guard said, reaching for his gun. The cop was swift and took it away from him.

"Listen, you guys," the cop said. "We carry guns, too, and we're a lot more experienced using them than you are. Now, pipe down, all three of you." He took the gun away from the second guard. His partner relieved the sleepy driver of his.

"Hand over the keys," a cop told the driver. He did so.

"You're on private property now, and you're none of our business," the cop went on. "You'd better get a room here and sleep it off or grab a cab and go home. Don't give us any trouble. You work for a living like we do, and we don't want to give you a record—not even for drunk. Be good and maybe you can square it with your boss tomorrow."

"I'll take care of them," Smokey assured the cops. "They're regular customers."

The police left with the keys; as they went through the door, Fingers and Jerry got up and followed them to the car. Spider returned to find Fingers and Jerry missing and Smokey talking to the hotel manager, urging him to put the three uniformed men in a room for a few hours so that they might sober up. The manager agreed and herded them through the lobby to an elevator.

"What happened?" Spider asked, and Smokey explained.

Fingers and Jerry returned a few minutes later and the three sat at a table again. "The cops knew where the armored truck was parked," Fingers told Spider. "We weren't taking any chances. We thought you might not have time to find it. I've got the registration number and company car number from the side of the truck."

"So have I," Spider said. "I found it."

"Me too," Jerry said.

They weren't taking any chances on this one. Fingers suddenly remembered. He walked over to Smokey at the bar. "You told those cops these guys were regular customers?" he reminded him.

Smokey grinned. "Never saw them before in my life," he said. "I didn't want them taken out of here. It might give the place a bad name."

Fingers nodded. He understood and went back to the table.

"What's now?" Jerry looked across the table at him.

"Now is a lot of work," Fingers answered. "We've got to park or stand or sit outside that garage without being seen for days. We've got to find out what time our truck goes out in the morning, where it goes, where and when it picks up, and where and when it delivers. Before we're through we've got to know as much about that truck as the guys who ride it, and we've got to find it out without being spotted. That's the setup. Let's face it and do it, no matter how long it takes—beginning tomorrow at eight o'clock in the morning. We drive there, look it over and then decide who does what and where."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Too Old to Work? Not Me!

(Continued from Page 45)

What does "anything" mean? Red Cross, Girl Scouts, Den Mother, first-aid instructing, church suppers, airplane spotting, PTA, faculty women's clubs. To do something, apparently, you had to get paid for it.

Why, yes, I had been a census taker for three weeks, in 1950! In eighteen years of married life, that was all I could show. So I replied, "Nothing, except being a wife and mother."

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Unquestionably, Mr. Pate thought my qualifications meager to try to fit into an industrial picture, but he did not say so. He told me a bit about the job and said that I must pass both a physical examination and an aptitude test. I told him that I was game to try, if he was, and he gave me a bunch of forms to be filled in. I worried about the physical—those forty-seven years had begun to weigh me down. But when I took it the next day, it was very simple. The physician made the necessary tests, noted that I am right-handed and have all ten of my fingers, and wrote in the space reserved for "Remarks" that I was a "Healthy Female."

The mechanical-aptitude test was a different matter, and before I was done with it, I began to understand what the young personnel director meant when he spoke of stiff fingers and poor co-ordination. My confidence slipped several pegs in a very short time as the test progressed. I took it along with fifteen or twenty other job applicants, all very young, very serious and very adept. I thought it was very silly.

It began with the nuts-and-bolts-and-washers test. You screwed the nuts and washers upon the bolts standing upright on boards using both hands, as fast as possible. My ten fingers promptly became ten thumbs. We were then asked to identify numerous kinds of tools and operations; I would have thought that I knew that, but I had to do a lot of guessing. The block test, which was intended to spot inspecting ability, had me cross-eyed in about five seconds, trying to count tiny squares in cubist patterns. There were tests of perception, of vision and of accuracy. Everything, of course, was done—or supposed to be done—at top speed, which rattles you before you ever begin. The examiner with her stop watch had a voice of doom. "Your time is up. Put down your pencils." On the office-vocabulary test I did manage to beat the stop watch to the finish, but that turned out to be the one test that had nothing to do with factory work.

I was as limp as a wet rag when it ended, and quite sure that my career as a factory hand was over before it had begun. But somehow, after countless more forms to be filled in, there came a day when I was hired by the United States Navy under Civil Service as an inspector of ordnance, at the Elgin National Watch Company plant in Lincoln, Nebraska. The work that I do is classified under the security regulations of the Department of Defense, and cannot be described here. With several other Navy inspectors, girls and men, I work alongside the regular company employees on the assembly lines. We keep the hours and regulations of the factory. With a few exceptions most of the people with whom I work are young enough to be my children, but it has never occurred to me that my extra twenty-five years are a liability. In some ways they are an asset.

It would have been hard to find anyone less familiar with the industrial world than I, on the bright October morning when I first stepped into the production area of the plant. It was the first time that I had ever seen an assembly line. The noise that a factory makes hit my ears for the first time with a din that I never got used to. I knew nothing of staking machines, gauges, time clocks, coffee breaks, punch presses. My family are all either preachers or teachers, and mine had been a very different world. Mr. Pate had made the job sound simple. He had no idea how much I had to learn.

But there I was, with three other neophytes, swearing to execute the duties of the office to which we had been so recently appointed to the best of our ability, and with no mental reservations whatsoever. I had mental reservations, all right—plenty of them. How in the world could I ever adjust to this madhouse? How was I ever going to learn the names and uses of the gadgets which I had been shown and told would be the tools of my trade? And how was I ever going to get myself in hand to be on the job at 7:30 every morning five mornings a week, fifty weeks a year, less six paid holidays? The academic world, with its flexible hours and with its vacations in the summer, at Christmas and in the spring, seemed very far away that morning.

But learn I did—and learning to be an inspector wasn't all of the job. I also had to learn factory fashions. I bought blue jeans and cotton shirts and bobby-sox, and put on the factory "uniform." The total aesthetic effect of several hundred women in blue jeans is dubious. Who cares? Blue jeans are comfortable, cheap and easy to launder. The clothes problem for factory hands is simple. And it's fun, when you occasionally meet your fellow workers outside. Most of them are pretty good-looking gals.

There isn't much formality on the assembly lines. First names are the rule, regardless of age or rank—except perhaps for those exalted wheels who are the managers. One of the engineers who is young enough to be my son usually greets me, "Hi, kiddo," and I also answer to "Chum," "Pal," "Kid" and "Toots." One amiable foreman I always call "Blue Eyes."

The average age of the girls is only about twenty-four, and many of the youngest-looking have two or three youngsters at home, farmed out to baby-sitters. Adequate child care during working hours is a major problem for the working mother, and unless her sitter is a reliable one, she is a poor employee. I often wonder if these young mothers aren't missing something that even their big pay checks could never replace—the little stages in the growth and development of their children, so quickly come and gone. Norma reported daily on the progress of her first little girl, and then one morning came to work almost in tears. The baby had taken her first tiny steps alone the day before, while Norma was at work. The relations between worker and sitter become complicated at times too. Rose, for instance, faced with the prospect of going on "shifts"—three to eleven P.M., every other week—decided to quit. The sitter who looked after her three preschool boys was horrified—she needed the money! Rose went on working, shifts and all. "I hadn't the heart," she told me. "The poor old thing had just bought a freezer and had to keep up the payments."

Some of the girls are there for the same reason that I was—putting hubby through a college degree. Some are divorcées or incipient divorcées. And it will be a long time before I forget Tony. Tony made no bones about why she was there. She wanted a husband. She was a first-class operator, whose fingers flew with incredible speed and accuracy at a precision job, but her mind was very definitely elsewhere. She was a very well-stacked gal. One day she was toasting her shapely upper mid-section in front of the electric hand dryers in the women's washing-up area. Hugging herself as she was on the way back to her station, she met Leo.

"Touch me, Leo," she commanded. "Aren't I nice and warm?" What was Leo to do?

For the first three or four months, learning to do the job took all of our time. But after the routines were established and adjustments to factory life had been made, I began to look about and reflect on this strange world which was such an intimate part of my life. We worked with our hands. We became skillful, but it required only a small degree of mental effort to keep on the track. It was then that I began to learn about boredom, about the dangers of monotony, about the incessant gossip that rules the factory. And I began to wonder about those youngsters who are the industrial backbone of America. Some of the things that I found out were very heart-warming. Some others disturbed me greatly.

Boredom is the archenemy. Although when you come right down to it, most of the world's work is routine. Think of housework! I noticed that the younger and more full of beans the kids were, the louder were the gripes about the job, the foremen, the union or the lunchroom. As responsibilities pile up at home and the installment payments increase, the determination to hang on to the job just a little longer in spite of it all is more evident. One day I was chewing the fat with Donna and she came up with a different angle.

Donna was a company employee in her middle forties who had worked for nine years at the same job. She was an educated woman who had been, among other things, a teacher, and who had two children in the university. I asked her how she ever stood the job.

"Stand it? I love it!" Her surprise was genuine. "I do an A-One job. My bonus is big. I never earned so much on any job before."

"But don't you get sick of doing that?" I was watching her hands. They were working in perfect rhythm, but they were never missing a beat.

"Percival has a very inquiring mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Sure I do. But I got sick of teaching too. And of pounding a typewriter in an insurance office all day. Makes me sick when these kids complain—they are just too young to know what's good for 'em. They get the best pay in town—big bonuses—good hours. They never had it so good. I think it's a damn good way to make a living!"

"Well, it's a way—that's for sure," I replied. "Don't you ever get bored?"

She shrugged. "What if I do? I've got lots to think about, and plenty of time to think it in. And things here don't get on my nerves like they used to in my other jobs."

Score one for the middle-aged. Then there was Marty. Marty'd been around a long time, and nothing seemed to ruffle her equanimity. It doesn't take much to raise one's hackles. One girl scraped her chair every time she moved, and the sound was incredibly irritating. It didn't help that she did it mostly out of sheer orneriness. One day Marty presented her with four glass coasters and a funny little drawing. She didn't use the coasters, but she did stop scraping her chair. And it was Marty who on two different occasions told girls that they ought to take a bath more regularly. I told her once that she would surely get an extra star in her crown someday. She laughed.

"Oh, kid," she said, "when you've been around as long as I have you get to know how to take these kids. They gotta have someone to look after them. They don't mean nothing bad."

The young ones may be quick and have good eyesight. But a leavening of Martys and Donnas supplies a welcome steadying influence.

Monotony is dangerous too. When you do exactly the same thing a hundred times or more an hour, eight hours a day, you get very skillful, but you can also get very careless. There is nothing like woolgathering to spoil a safety record. One young worker has a unique entry somewhere on her record of service which reads as follows: "Burned on left hand and left breast." Seems she was using her soldering iron to emphasize a point in a story she was telling her neighbor. She accidentally touched her hand with the hot iron and was so startled that she jumped, and the iron flipped upward. Safety engineers have devised an infinity of ways to protect the manual worker from his own carelessness—it is not only humane, it is good business. An absent-minded employee who forgets her safety glasses and ends up with a piece of metal in her eye or one who neglects to check the safety trips on her staking machine and smashes her fingernail to a bloody pulp costs a great deal of time and money.

Then there was gossip, and its sister, rumor. Nothing new about these two, either, women being women—and men being men. Most of it was innocent. Some of it was funny. Once in a while it became cruel. But it was never absent.

The thing of prime importance on the job is, of course, the pay check. Close behind come hours of work and seniority. Tamper with these and you've stirred up a hornet's nest.

"You know what I heard? Everybody goes on shifts in two weeks! I'll have to quit—my husband won't let me work shifts!"

"Chuck told me he heard everybody who hasn't got ten months' seniority gets laid off next Wednesday."

"Did you hear we're gonna have to take a two-week layoff after vacation?"

"I heard we gotta work Christmas Eve! That stinks! They can't make us do that!"

Sometimes during my second year a strike was threatened. That was real excitement: As Navy inspectors, we were unaffected bystanders, but we could not help hearing all the variations of all opinions, even though we knew none ourselves.

"Well, the union won't back down this time—it'd better not!"

"They say the company's gonna close the plant if there's a strike, and move it out West. Then where'll our jobs be?"

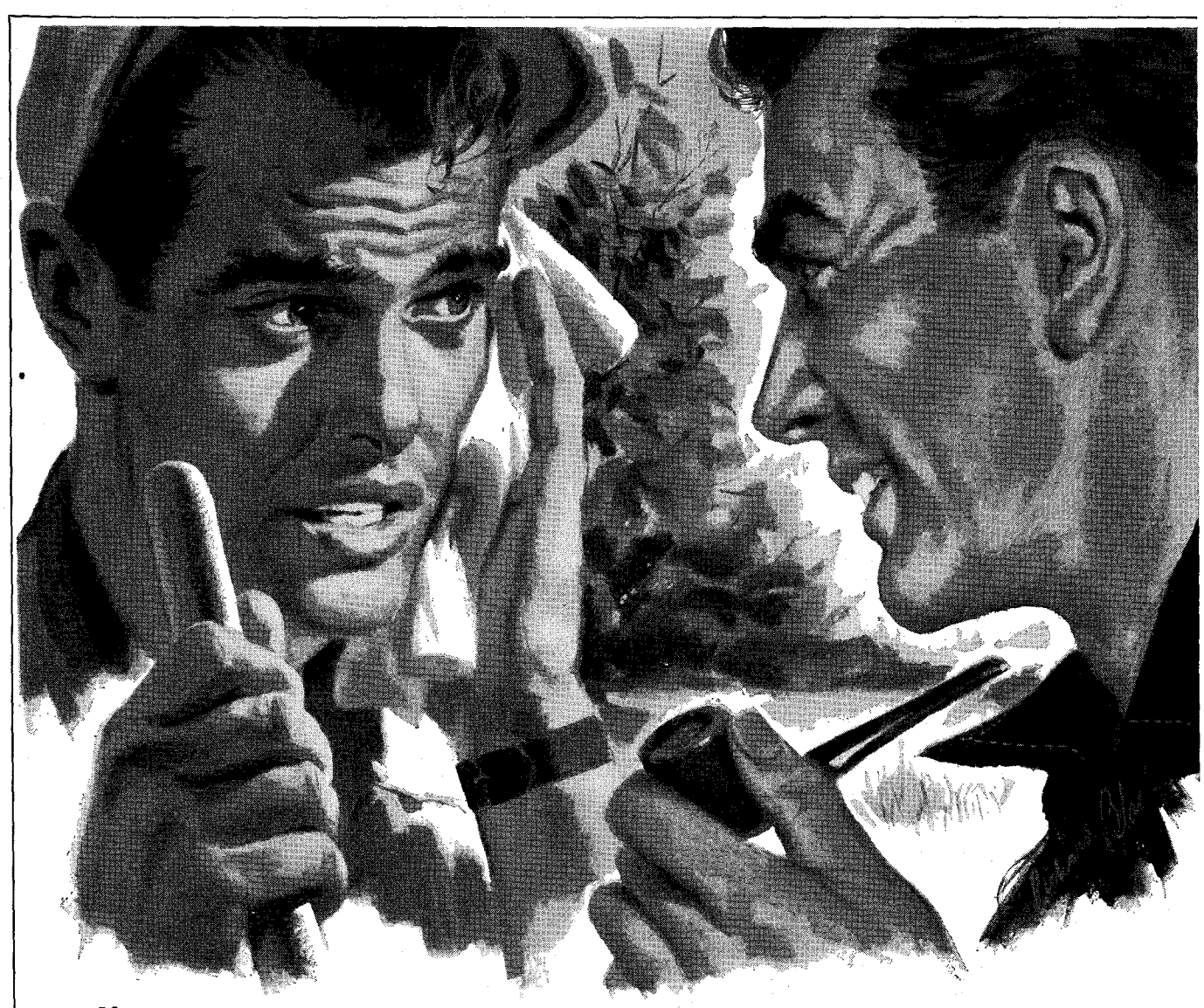
"I heard they got two thousand workers coming into town by bus to take over our jobs if we strike." (This was about as preposterous as a rumor can get—even though there was something intriguing about the vision of 2000 transplanted workers streaming into town to snatch up vacated jobs.)

"Strike's set for one o'clock today. Boy, can I use the afternoon at home!"

Curiously enough, most of the girls had only a vague idea of what it was all about. Something about They—meaning management—and a new contract. Something about five or eight cents an hour more, "retroactive"—a lovely word that suddenly everyone was using. Something about seniority. The union's national president flew into town and met with Them, and the new contract or whatever it was was peaceably signed, and nobody got even half a day off!

Life in the factory wasn't all boring and monotonous. A bunch of kids can provide fun and companionship even with their gripes, and there is always something heart-warming about any shared experience. Long after I have forgotten to use a snap gauge I shall remember Maggie and her love affair. The day Maggie finally married her Air Force boy was almost a plant holiday—we had followed for so long the blow-by-blow accounts of that romance.

We watched Bob come back from a crippling attack of polio—first in a wheel chair; then, on crutches; finally erect and alone with leg braces. When Aggie, Bob's wife,



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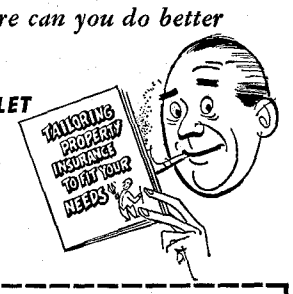

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left to return to their four children at home, and Bob was at last again the support of his family, the whole plant joined up in tribute to their courage. They were some of the things that made the job—for me at least—something a little more than just a pay check.

Perhaps the greatest shock to the professor's wife was listening to the girls talk. What has happened to education? If these young men and women who make up the payrolls of America's industry are fair examples of its effects, then it is failing, and failing badly, in at least one important way.

They are tough, resilient, smart kids. They are full of fun and energy, and their humor is broad and uninhibited. They think that they know everything.

In reality, they know very little although the majority have fulfilled the legal requirements of school attendance, and at least 75 per cent are high-school graduates. Reading a book is almost unheard of as a pastime—and to read a book to learn something from it is beyond their comprehension. TV figures largely in their conversation, but rarely can they adequately describe a program they have seen. Since I don't have a TV, I found myself on the fringe of innumerable conversations which ended up helplessly, "Well, you should've seen it. You'd've died!"

The threat of atomic war hangs over them, of course, but only vaguely. They vote as their parents vote, often with no idea at all of the issues associated with the men for whom they vote. They are uninformed, and what is more frightening, uninterested.

And the way they talk! Free-wheeling sentence structure seems to have become a habit among these youngsters. If the users ever were exposed to good spoken or written prose, it didn't take. Ginger bought a new house and was busy settling in. One morning I asked her how things were going. "Well," she told me, "me and Earlses room is about did, but I ain'ta did the boyses room yet!" Our supervisor took a short trip and sent us a picture post card. When he returned, Helen showed him the card and asked, "This ain't where you was at, is it, Oliver?" We were discussing a former employee one afternoon, and Jane said, "Since Mary got her divorce I ain't never ever heard from her no more." (The statement appeared to be a compound triple negative.) Apropos of menus, Pat remarked, "I ain't never ever ate shrimp. Are they good?" Janet, looking bleary-eyed one morning, announced, "I didn't sleep so good last night till I got up and took a sediment." These girls, incidentally, are all high-school graduates within the last ten years, and all come from what we are accustomed to call "nice homes." "At" hangs ubiquitously from the end of every possible sentence: "Where's my pencil at?" "It's laying over there on the table." "Frances, where's Oliver at?" "Where did you buy that hat at?" I kidded them about this, and Edgar, doubtless wishing to please, came up with "Whereat is Oliver?" But what happens to "any more" really threw me. I'm puzzled about "any more" myself, now. I don't know where to use it, any more. We were discussing the relative merits of gas vs. electric stoves one afternoon, and Joanne, who had just bought a new stove, announced happily, "You can buy a gas stove with an electric timer, any more!" What did she mean? Some of it rubbed off on me. My husband—who is a purist—was shocked one night when I said, "Movies hurt my eyes, any more."

How did I and my contemporaries stack up alongside the young ones? Women of my age were in the minority, although there were several long-time employees around, piling up seniority and a tidy sum in the retirement fund. Their quotas and their bonuses were as high as those of the younger girls, their fingers just as nimble. On the whole, physically and mentally, they were more serene. If we older women are able to work at all we are often more durable and less susceptible to minor ailments than our daughters, and our home problems usually are less demanding. Most of my Navy inspector co-workers had to take time off during bouts of measles and chickenpox at home. Those days had been long forgotten in my family. I got tired on the job, sure. So did the kids. On the whole, I complained about it less than they did. My attendance record was above average and my yearly performance rating exactly the same.

I do not wish to be accused of petulance over inescapable middle age. I have no desire to be twenty-five again. Many of us, however, want to work, and we have a lot to offer. At fifty, my contemporaries are, for the most part, far younger mentally and physically than were our mothers and fathers at the same age. We are by no means ready to be put on the shelf. We have lived through an era of great history. Like many of my friends, I remember my father going off to the battles of the first World War, and my husband and brother went to the second. My son, I hope, will not be called to fight a third. We were married and started our families during hard times. The thirty-five years since we were teen-agers have been tough ones, and have given us a maturity of judgment and a willingness to face crises that should not be lightly discounted. We don't feel old, and we aren't old. We can pull our weight—even though there is more of it than when we were married—for a good many years, and be happier, and therefore healthier citizens in so doing. For those of us who want it, the chance should be given.

I have no regrets. It is a grind—many days an almost unbearably tedious one. The monotony does nearly get me down, at times. But I learn a great deal, and the Ph.D. is partly mine, too, although I shall never be called "doctor." This job is finished, but I intend to go on working, and if a future employer tells me that I am too old, I shall look him straight in the eye and say, "Phooey!"

Woodchuck! It's War!

(Continued from Page 47)

startlingly sharp focus, so that it seemed only a short distance away. It was busy eating, pausing now and then to sit bolt upright above the short young grass in suspicious alertness to possible danger. When it dropped to all fours it was almost invisible.

Golden lowered the glasses to hang by the strap around his neck, and picked up the powerful .220 rifle with telescopic sight mounted above its action. "It would be foolish to risk a shot from here," he thought out loud, "so let's get closer to it."

He set out in the lead, down across the fields and then behind the cover of a dense fence row beside the road. The woodchuck was still there when we reached a spot from which we could watch it again with glasses, although concealed from its view. Mert steadied the rifle against a tree and took aim. The distance was nearly 300 yards. If that doesn't mean much, try to imagine shooting at a piece of brown paper two inches square—the approximate size of a 'chuck's head—set in grass 300 long steps away from your place of aim. Haste is unthinkable in such shooting, so it seemed as if Mert was never going to fire as the seconds fled by. I practically held my breath.

The rifle cracked sharply, and I flinched enough so that I couldn't see the hit through the glasses, but seeing wasn't necessary. A woodchuck on the receiving end of a bullet fired by an expert marksman like Mert Golden might just as well be dead before the trigger is pulled, because a hit is as certain as human perfection of firearms, ammunition and optical instruments can make it. There are misses, of course, but they are due to poor aim, wind deflection of the rather light bullets, an intervening twig or some other factor, and not to the precise equipment.

When Golden slung the rifle strap over his left shoulder and walked down through the alfalfa field to retrieve his trophy, he was representative of the complete modern woodchuck hunter. Because of the growing ranks of men like him, the woodchuck—or ground hog—has become one of the most important "big-game" animals in America although it ranges only from seven to about fifteen pounds in weight. It is hard to believe that this burrowing rodent, considered a pest by farmers and almost completely without protection under game laws, could advance from its status as a varmint a few decades ago to its present prominent position as game, but it has. No other animal has had greater influence than it on recent developments in the arms and ammunition industry, in the sale of field glasses and telescopic sights, and in the supply of hunting accessories.

The farm boy still hunts woodchucks with the .22-caliber rifle. The meat hunter gets his with a shotgun. But the dyed-in-the-wool woodchuck hunter is a specialist, an artist among gunners, and more fully equipped with precision gear when he ventures afield than an elephant or lion hunter in Africa. He's a small-game hunter on a big-game scale, who scorns any shot much under 100 yards, and who can get all the thrills of big-game hunting almost in his back yard. Despite the accuracy of his weapons, he still must find his game, often stalk it, and then kill it at long range. His prey is small and wary, so it actually requires greater skill to hunt it than to kill deer, bear, elk or moose. The expert woodchuck hunter considers himself the aristocrat among gunners.

There are other good reasons for the booming popularity of 'chuck shooting and the booming sales of "varmint" arms and equipment. Woodchucks are found from Hudson Bay south to Alabama and Georgia, from the East Coast west almost to the Rocky Mountains, and northwest through Canada to Alaska. It can be hunted from early spring to late fall, when nearly all other game is out of season. It often is the only game of any importance left in hunted-out regions, and apparently is increasing despite increased hunting pressure. Unlike other hunters, the woodchuck marksman is welcome on almost any farm, as land owners want the crop-eating, ground-burrowing rodent kept under control. Few laws hamper the woodchuck hunter. And, finally, it makes good eating, as its vegetable diet is better than the best beef cattle get.

How many are killed annually or how many persons hunt for them is anyone's guess. Pennsylvania has an annual kill of some 330,000, indicating a population somewhere in the millions. New England, where conditions are ideal for both woodchucks and hunters, has a population of 22,000,000, according to one estimate, and adjoining New York State is pockmarked with their burrows. They prefer grassy fields

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with overgrown fence rows and wood lots or heavily vegetated banks and gullies.

When Golden returned to the road where I lazily awaited him, he suggested that we mosey around a bit, since we had already come so far from the car at the farmhouse. So we set out to find another 'chuck, following fence rows, skirting grain fields, pausing now and then to look far ahead with the glasses or just to talk. At one place we came upon what amounted to a colony of dens, but Golden paid little attention to it. "These 'chucks have all moved out," he said, after a brief inspection. "They left as soon as the farmer plowed the land and sowed it in spring wheat. See, there's no forage for them. For some reason, they don't like grain crops such as wheat and oats, but they love clover and alfalfa."

We had been spending several days cruising through the rolling farmland near Pennsylvania's capital city, and Golden had imparted considerable woodchuck-hunting lore in that time. And one thing I learned is that woodchuck hunting has come a long way since I used to gun for them as a farm boy not too many miles distant from where Golden practiced his art. There was no finesse in earlier days. You planted yourself near a burrow with a .22 rifle or a shotgun and waited. When a ground hog—by which name they are commonly known through most of Pennsylvania—showed its nose, you fired away. It was more a matter of self-defense against their depredations than sport. I spent one hot spring day on the farm setting out and watering cabbage plants, and next morning nearly every one was neatly snipped off. Tracks in the dust showed that ground hogs, and not rabbits, were responsible, so I set out on a war of extermination. Many long hours and days later I had a few ground hogs killed—which we ate as a welcome change from the interminable chicken diet of a farm in those days—and the knowledge that there always would be woodchucks on the farm if eradication depended upon my hunting.

> All men may be born free, but only football players can go through college that way.
>
> FLOYD R. MILLER

We even tried digging them out, a back-breaking job certainly not worth the results. A woodchuck burrow consists of a plunge-hole entrance, always surrounded by a mound of earth, which leads down to its underground chamber, where it drowses most of its life away. Branching out from this chamber are other burrows, usually from one to five in number, which lead to exit holes on the surface. These escape holes are more or less concealed and never have the conspicuous mound of earth around them. When a 'chuck digs a home, he moves all the earth out one hole.

Digging involves finding and blocking off all the escape holes and then using pick, mattock and shovel for hours. The quarry, when finally reached, is a cornered, growling animal with a mouthful of sharp teeth. Farm dogs, attracted by the excitement, add to the confusion by leaping in and, usually, leaping out again with cuts in their hides. Since ground hogs are solitary creatures, ordinarily living one to a burrow, the digging results in only a single kill unless it is done in the spring, when the mother 'chuck may be nursing her litter of two to nine young. Some farmers, even in those days, drove their cars into the fields, ran tubes from the exhaust pipe into the burrow after blocking off the escape holes, and poisoned the 'chucks. Professional exterminators use poison gas where 'chucks have become outright nuisances. One 'chuck can eat or trample down half a ton of alfalfa or clover in a year, and their earth mounds in the middle of a hayfield can break or damage the blades of a mower. When horses were used to pull farm machinery, they sometimes broke their legs by stepping into hidden 'chuck holes. Cattle and human beings still suffer leg injuries from ground-hog holes.

Golden's hunting is a far cry from my own earlier, primitive methods. Mert Golden is a man of fifty-three, with the icy calm and placid temperament so necessary to precision shooting. In his unruffled way, he has collected so many pistol-shooting championships that he has more than 600 medals and scores of trophies—including one for the Canadian national championship of 1952—stored away in boxes at his home in Reading, Pennsylvania. He works in Harrisburg, where he is supervisor of the Farm-Game Co-operative section in the Pennsylvania Game Commission setup. Until he was moved into the Harrisburg office about five years ago, Golden spent most of his time in field work for the Game Commission during twenty-six years of association with it. He led an active outdoor life, both in his work and through hunting deer, bear, small game and woodchucks, with pistol shooting as another avocation.

"I suddenly realized I wasn't getting any exercise after moving into the Harrisburg office," he said, during one of the evenings of talk which are as much a part of 'chuck shooting as the actual hunting. "Pistol matches are fun, but no physical effort is involved, and most hunting seasons are short. So I turned to 'chuck hunting. It often involves a lot of walking, but a good 'chuck hunter never hurries—just takes it easy, stopping now and then to look around. It's an ideal exercise without being strenuous, and maybe that explains why so many men are taking it up. It's better than golf. I had always liked it, but it took on a new importance."

Today he and his car are completely equipped for woodchuck hunting at a moment's notice. We sat down with paper and pencil and figured that he takes almost $500 worth of equipment along on each trip. "That includes a rifle costing around a hundred and twenty dollars," he mentioned, "a ninety-dollar telescopic sight with a twenty-dollar mount for it, a sixty-five-dollar pair of field glasses, special clothing to make me as inconspicuous as possible, and a red cap to make my head as conspicuous as possible." He laughed shortly. "I don't want another hunter to mistake my hair for a ground hog. I've sat in as a referee on too many such accidental shootings to take chances. I remember one case where a hunter shot his wife right through the eye and killed her, because he thought her reddish-brown hair was a 'chuck resting on a fence post. She had just leaned against the post to wait for him as he came up through the fields.

"You can add another ten dollars for the portable icebox I carry. I put my lunch and cold drinks in it at the start of the day, and bring home the cleaned and skinned 'chucks in it in the evening. I have two gun rests costing about ten dollars, one for prone shooting in short grass, and one high one for when the grass is taller. No good 'chuck shooter tries offhand shots with a ten-power 'scope sight like I use. You can't hold it on the target for long. You must rest your gun on something or steady it in some manner. Then, I find shoes are very important for summer hunting, and spend around twenty-five dollars for bird-shooter models, and have another pair handy with rubber bottoms for wet going. I also have a special hook for carrying 'chucks and for hanging them up for skinning and cleaning, which I do as soon as possible after killing them.

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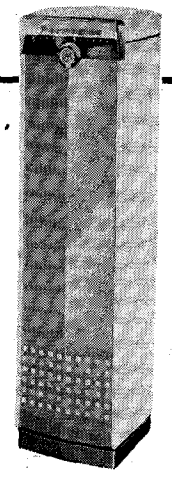

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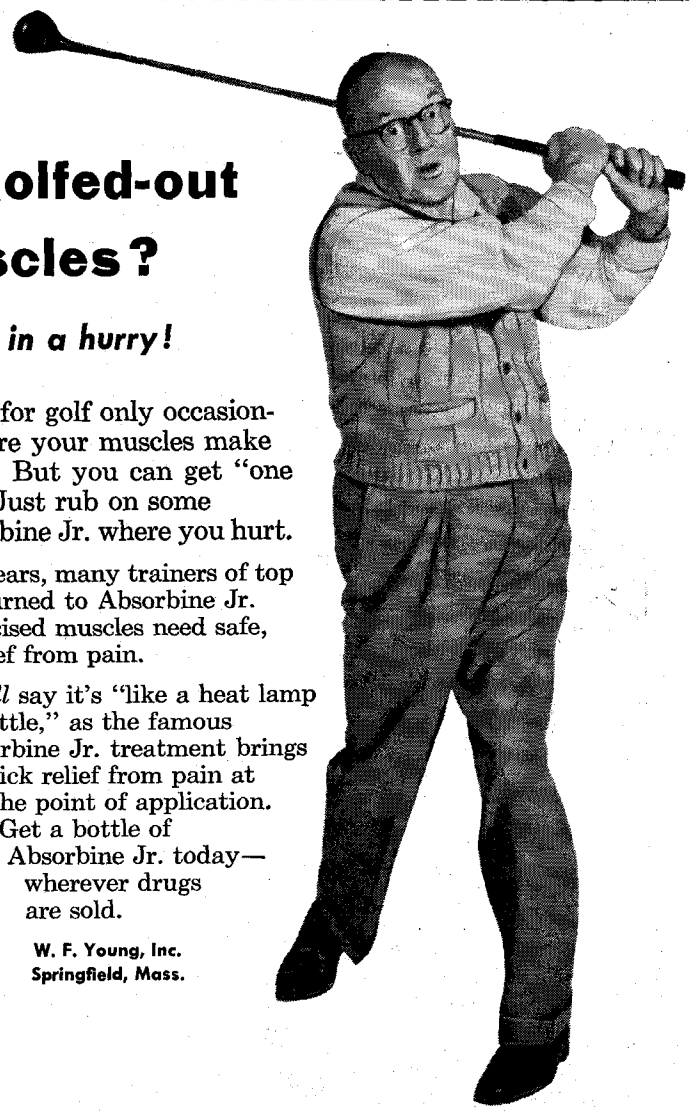

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Their hides are mighty tough, although almost worthless as fur, and I have especially good skinning knives and carry a sharpening stone. Since I hand-load all my ammunition, both for economy and greater accuracy, I have nearly a hundred dollars in loading equipment at home, in addition to what actual hunting gear I carry in the car."

He uses more than one gun, but prefers his Winchester Model 70 chambered for the .220 Swift cartridge. Most 'chuck hunting is done with superglorified .22's, but any resemblance to the old, familiar short, long and long rifle .22-caliber cartridge of boyhood days is not even coincidental. The only similarity is the width of the bullet, which is roughly .22 of an inch. The .220 Swift, .218 Bee, .22 Hornet, .222 Remington, .219 Zipper, .22 Savage, and the like, are approximately .22 calibers, but they are high-powered center-fire affairs entirely unlike the little .22 rim-fires. Although used for crows—I saw Golden shoot a crow at almost exactly 300 yards—for coyotes, prairie dogs, foxes and other so-called vermin, they were developed primarily as woodchuck cartridges. They have big cases, packing a lot of powder and power, and send their tiny missiles of death zipping across the country in the straightest, flattest path possible. Contrary to what might be expected, their extreme power is a safety factor, because they usually shatter upon hitting any kind of obstacle, whereas the heavier, slower, solid lead bullets of even the lowly .22 will ricochet and bounce from one object to another.

The telescopic sight, so essential in this precise shooting, is a Lyman ten-power Wolverine with a dot that covers exactly one half an inch at 100 yards, one inch at 200 yards, and so on. If sighted in correctly, it will help put the bullet right on the mark. "One thing should be made clear," Golden said during our cost computations. "My gear represents an accumulation over a number of years, and it doesn't cost that much to get started in 'chuck shooting. There are cheaper, and satisfactory, rifles, glasses, telescopic sights and everything. Lots of deer hunters, in fact, use their deer rifles for 'chuck hunting in summer, to keep their eye in and get shooting practice. However, once you get started, you keep getting better and better equipment."

Thus outfitted, Golden starts a safari with the rifle, unloaded, on the front seat of the car, its muzzle resting in a special rubber shoe he has devised for it on the floor board. At times he pauses to survey the landscape with his glasses, to investigate any suspicious moving brown spot against the green fields. Sometimes it is only a cock pheasant or a crow, but occasionally it is the familiar bear-in-miniature silhouette of an upright woodchuck.

"I usually turn off the main roads on a small dirt road and cruise around," he explained on one of our trips. "When I see something or enter what looks like promising country, I get out and pussyfoot up through the fields. I never hurry. It doesn't pay. Once, up in Susquehanna County, where 'chuck shooting is about best in Pennsylvania because of the abandoned farms planted only to hay crops these days, I shot a 'chuck across a valley. A good 300-yard shot. Finally I walked over to pick him up, but, on the way, stopped to use the glasses. Through them I saw a 'chuck come out of its burrow, mount a stone wall and climb about nine feet into a tree. They climb, you know, and are pretty fair swimmers, although they don't go in for climbing or swimming as everyday practice. Well, I shot the second 'chuck too. The best shot I ever made was three hundred and fifty yards, paced off. Longer shots have been made, but luck and, maybe, truth stretching enter into them."

The one thing he didn't mention is probably the greatest lure that woodchuck shooting possesses. It is purely aesthetic. The 'chuck hunter has an excuse for going afield at a time when few excuses exist. Even on a hot summer's day, the fields are interesting, especially to a person with a pair of field glasses, and, willy-nilly he becomes a bird watcher, a nature spy and an observer of all that goes on. We watched a blackbird bedeviling a crow one day, dive-bombing it into ignominious retreat. I followed a hawk in the glasses, soaring above the fields, and watched the spring-nesting antics of many birds. Careful examination of any fence row or woodland border in search of 'chucks or their burrows will reveal some interesting incidental details of nature. All wildlife haunts such spots.

Sometimes, too, a hunter like Golden forgets he is hunting and simply watches the antics of his quarry, thus learning more to aid him in future hunting, as well as being entertained. Although the 'chuck is extremely wary, he finds that it has another, often fatal, trait. This is an oversized bump of curiosity. It can't resist looking out of its burrow soon after it has been frightened into it by the approach of a hunter. "I've even seen their noses sticking out of the burrows as I walked quietly past," he says. A sharp whistle sometimes will make a retreating woodchuck sit straight up for a look-around. Adults live pretty much to themselves, except during mating season; the young leave their mother's den after a few months. Young 'chucks have little caution. I have often looked up from fishing a stream to find a young 'chuck regarding me with curiosity from the top of a log on the bank, and, on one occasion, a youngster watched another angler and me as we set up tackle, then followed us down to the stream and gravely reflected on our casting skill as it waddled along beside us.

In addition to "woodchuck"—a corruption of Indian names for it, and having nothing to do with wood—and "ground hog," it is known scientifically as *Marmota monax*, a member of the marmot family, with an oversized relative in the hoary marmot of the Rockies; it is called *le siffleur* in French Canada and is nicknamed the "whistle-pig" in a few places. The latter two names come from its habit of occasionally making a whistling sound. This is not a signal to other 'chucks—it doesn't like others of its species—but a sound made when alarmed. It will fight other 'chucks for possession of a den, but not for feeding areas. It will not roam for food, but will travel some distance for water, and it may have several dens scattered around a good area. In addition to its six-month-long hibernation, it will doze in the sunshine whenever the coast is clear, and in warm weather it slumbers a lot in its den, emerging chiefly for its morning and evening feeding hours. During its hibernation or when it abandons a den, other animals share its burrows—foxes, which also try to eat it, skunks and rabbits. Without its burrows, game technicians estimate that the rabbit population would not be so great as it is, because a rabbit will pop down a woodchuck hole when hard-pressed.

Its least claim to distinction, although its best-known one, is as a long-range weather forecaster. Persons who have never seen a ground hog nevertheless know that it comes out of its hole on ground-hog day—February second—and looks around after its winter hibernation. If it sees its shadow, bad weather is in store and it retires to sleep another six weeks. If there is no sun and no shadow, mild weather is ahead. The only animal honored with a special day on the calendar, it nevertheless can't be trusted as a prognosticator. When it emerges from its winter-long nap it can't see much of anything, including its shadow. It's nearly blind.

THE END

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The World's Newest Army

(Continued from Page 30)

Between the two stands the politician, seldom a scientist or soldier, and never both; the man of power who controls the money, the policy, the secret programs, the ultimate decision for war or peace.

This article is concerned primarily with the problems of one of this trio—the soldier. The soldier has to take and make do with whatever weapon, however horrible, comes out of Hell's Kitchen, and they are coming in a steady stream. The soldier has to take, and make do, with the orders, the mission and the money the political leaders grant him, and these are not always in harmony. And yet on the one subject he knows most about—the theory and practice of land warfare—he surely deserves a hearing, doubly so since what he has to say, if it doesn't give a silver lining to the mushroom cloud, seems at least to offer a way out of the woods of despair.

The soldiers I have been talking to, career officers of the American Army, are unanimous in agreeing to the following three propositions:

1. If war comes on the central European ont, it is bound to be an atomic war. Not only because the use of such weapons is necessary to counter the mass manpower of a Soviet attack—a sufficient reason unto itself—but for other, equally compelling reasons. There is a certain way of deploying the new weapons with troops, and an entirely new way of deploying old weapons with troops, and once this strategic stance is adopted, there is no easy or practical way to reverse it.

2. All talk of "banning" tactical atomic weapons is not only nonsense, it is pernicious nonsense which, by knocking from the American soldier's hand the best weapon he now has, increases the risk of war, and precisely the kind of war the West would be bound to lose. The plea to outlaw nuclear weapons has already come from several scientists, from certain prominent politicians in the Western world, but most of all it comes, and persistently, from Moscow, which strips it of its humanitarian overtones and shows whose ox is being gored. Our soldiers take a poor view of efforts to ban a weapon, any weapon, once it exists in the field. "Weapons," they reason, "are only tools—the tools of our trade, war. War in turn is only an instrument of policy, the resort to force as the *ultima ratio*. So if anything is going to be banned, let it be war itself."

3. The third proposition—and the soldier's attention is today riveted on this—is that as the world moves into the second uneasy decade of the atomic age, the decisive question may no longer be "How huge the next bomb from the scientist's lab?" but "How small the next shell that can package an atomic warhead?" The big bombs and the madly mounting stockpiles may become so vast as to cancel one another out, the retaliatory penalty too prohibitive. But atomic shells and rockets—tactical weapons in the hands of soldiers—are bound to enhance the power of field armies, and in the final payoff it is the army in the field, and only the army in the field, that can assure military victory or "prevent defeat"—if war comes.

The super A-bomb, the H-bomb, the cobalt bomb, the U-, or ultimate, bomb—soldiers are not simply ignoring them or blithely assuming they will nowhere be used. But they are ignoring them as battlefield weapons. Common sense dictates that no combatant is going to drop an H-bomb over a battlefield, where a slight shift in the breeze could annihilate his own forces and leave the enemy army, in part at least, intact. Where the "area weapons" will begin to wreak havoc against field armies is behind the battlefield, beginning with army headquarters, back through the communications zone, to the ocean supply ports and to the industrial heartland.

To speak of a revolution in land warfare is to understate the case. In all previous military history, it has usually been one surprise weapon that carried the field, at least until the day the inevitable counter-weapon was devised—the British longbow at Crécy, the Prussian needle gun at Sadowa, the first British tank at Cambrai. Today there is a whole series of unorthodox weapons, with more to come, a chain reaction in weapons producing equally important changes just about everywhere you look:

There are, firstly, radical weapons firing projectiles of fantastic new firepower—the 280-mm. atomic cannon, the faster-than-sound Corporal guided missile and the Honest John free-flight rocket. The American Army has only a few score atomic cannon, they cost $750,000 each and are not battle-tested. But they have in storage thousands of eight-inch howitzers and tens of thousands of the Long Toms. And it is reasonable to assume that it won't be long before atomic shells exist for this conventional artillery.

Together these new weapons and old weapons with new shells are called atomic artillery, but that seems really a misnomer. The prime mission of conventional artillery has always been, and will remain, to support the foot soldier and the tankers. But clearly, with these homicidal weapons in the field, commanders more and more will try to use tanks and infantry to create mass enemy targets for the superweapons. This is not only a dramatic reversal in tactics; it may mean the addition of a special combat arm to the usual combo of infantry, tanks and artillery. Someone has suggested the nostalgic title "Atomic Cavalry."

The fourth phase of the continuing revolution is the changed role of known weapons; above all, the tank. Because of certain intrinsic qualities, all of them designed for quite other purposes, the tank's survival qualities on an atomic battlefield rate high. It has mobility, the *sine qua non* of future war. Moreover, the recent dramatic test at Yucca Flat showed that M-48 tanks of Task Force Razor, their steel walls highly impervious to heat, blast and radiation effects, could operate within 1000 yards of Ground Zero, probably closer, and within minutes after the blast. And the M-59 armored-infantry personnel carrier, coming up from just a bit farther back, was able to "marry up" with the tanks and ride into battle.

And finally, there is the revolution in the shape, size and conception of the battlefield. Even to envisage it boggles the imagination, and one can best begin by listing the old familiars of World War II that must now vanish. Gone will be the continuous front, and gone the T-formation with the long, plump supply tail. Gone the big sprawling headquarters, gone the mass replacement depots and reserve areas, gone the bulging echelons of supply, the Red Ball highways, the whole mammoth apparatus designed to roll *matériel* from the beachhead to the front.

The battlefield proper—the area of contact and combat from Division on down—will have a radical new look, although perhaps not so radical as what happens behind Division, and the most recognizable formations will be in the front line—the engaged battalions themselves. How this peculiar result comes about lies in the nature of the new superweapons and calls again for an analysis of what they can do, but with emphasis this time on certain important things they cannot do. At Baumholder, operating under rough field conditions, ground soldiers have discovered several things not known or not fully appreciated when these weapons were first designed.

Firing Time Lag: The 280-mm. atomic cannon was the first ultra-weapon to be put through its paces under simulated battle conditions, in 1954 maneuvers. It took eleven and a half hours to fire it. Not just to press the firing button, but to lay a shell on an observed target. Even in conventional warfare, not many tactical targets loaf about that long. General McAuliffe, at that time 7th Army Commander, called the boys together and gave them a blunt briefing: "Get that time down to thirty minutes, or you have a useless parade-ground weapon on your hands." Beginning here at the 2nd Armored Division, a new FSCC—Fire Support Co-ordination Center—was created at division level, to streamline and hustle procedure.

This FSCC got its first workout in the late autumn free-maneuver West Wind. The chief of staff of 2nd Armored commanded the Blacklandia aggressor forces, using one combat command of this division and other special troops, against Bluelandia—the 5th and 9th Infantry divisions, plus separate tank battalions. Allotted three atomic rounds on the attack, six on the retreat, Blacklandia forces managed to knock out

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One traffic hazard the experts can't eliminate is the attractive pedestrian in shorts.

KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM

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the 5th Division command post, badly crippled one regiment, trapped another in a city, chewed up several rear concentrations of reserves and supplies. (This was still the period of "atomic scarcity.")

Soldiers drew several important conclusions from this maneuver, pointing up the strength and weakness of the 280-mm. cannon: it can be fired within thirty minutes—ten for dismounting the gun and bringing the package up, twenty for clearing "friendly air" (No plane was able to deliver over a target in less than three hours); a unit that suspects it has been spotted, bunched up, has thirty minutes of grace in which to scramble or disperse, and no armored unit was badly hit; it is thus unlikely, for some years to come, that the 280 can ever replace normal divisional artillery, which can be over the target in four minutes.

Dual-Purpose Fault: All three of the superweapons were designed to fire a conventional as well as an atomic projectile, and for routine range firing this helps. But in real warfare it is a distinct drawback. The Corporal, firing an HE—high explosive—missile, would not do the job as well as a bomber with a World War II blockbuster. The Honest John conventional warhead is a 600-pounder, but the Honest John is a free-flight rocket, a euphemism for aiming "by guess and by God."

But it is with the 280 that the dual-purpose capability is a most serious flaw. Once this gun fires, even a conventional round, it will be instantly spotted by enemy radar, flash and sound-ranging devices. Then, too, the 280 has its eccentricities. One day a 280 was engaged in off-range firing here at Baumholder—conventional rounds—when a shell exploded smack over the village of Kusel. Artillerymen still don't know whether it hit a bird, was struck by lightning or had a faulty fuse. Luckily no one was killed or this incident would have ranked with the atomic-blast fall-out over the Japanese ship, The Fortunate Dragon.

Mobility: With the tremendous accent on mobility that these new weapons have themselves created, their own mobility—their ability to keep moving with the rest of the combat troops—is not ideal. Two of the three, the 280 and the Corporal, are essentially roadbound, nor can they use every road. Once down in Bavaria, a 280 gun was badly ditched swerving to avoid a fat woman on a bicycle, another once sideswiped a corner *Gasthaus* so hard it plunked a potted geranium into a stein of beer. Near Baumholder, there is one bottleneck village the 280 cannot pass through, and another it has to go through backward. Because of its tremendous wheel pressure, its chief enemies are soft soil and small culverts under roads over streams. That is why the Army is considering a plan to use its conventional eight-inch gun as a replacement for the 280 eventually.

The Safety Zone: Nothing affects tactical doctrine so much as the simple fact, so simple that even many soldiers did not grasp it at first, that the very killing power of the "hot round," softly dubbed its "wide-effects radius," precludes its use within one mile of the front. No commander is going to call for an atomic shell that will knock out or even seriously jeopardize his own front-line troops. Because of blast, burn and radiation effects, and possible delivery error, Ground Zero will have to be at least 1500 yards deep into enemy positions, and the same remorseless logic cuts both ways. No enemy commander, except a most ruthless one in a desperate situation, is going to write off one of his own regiments to clobber one of ours. The bright idea of pulling your own troops back at night, just before firing an atomic round, would not work against an alert enemy. He would move in fast, and keep moving.

Although there is no humor in this horrendous subject of atomic warfare, it has its vast ironies, and this "*cordon salutaire*" is one of them. In any next war, the chiefs of state will be cringing in hideaway capitals, defense workers will be sweating in underground factories, the gals the soldiers left behind them will have to write their "Dear John" letters from air-raid shelters, general-staff officers will come to know the Purple Heart, ComZ Commandos will wear helmets and dig foxholes with a purpose. While up front, Jackson, the Dogface, molested by nothing more than routine shrapnel, machine-gun and small-arm fires, will be able to read about the horrors of A-war in The Stars and Stripes. (If anybody can find a safe place to print it.) At long last the PBI, the poor bloody infantryman, has found the better hole.

This "crust," or "shell," at the front really determines the nature of atomic battle. An attacking—or counterattacking—force creates it by having plopped a hot round about two or three miles back, hoping to have knocked out Division artillery and Division reserve. Now he must fight his way through this fringe of isolated but entrenched troops before his tanks and armored infantry, rolling across the blast area toward their objective, can really cut loose. Moreover, a skilled and resourceful enemy corps commander will be rushing up his reserves on the far side of the blast area, and it is precisely here that the real payoff battle should develop. Who will be in the best position to fire the second atomic round, and the third? Other things being equal, it should be the defense.

The picture—the probable image of the atomic battlefield—begins now to emerge, not without much paradox and with a distinct military dialectic or bind, forces which seem to pull or operate against each other. Atomic warfare certainly calls for mobility, and we have the tankers reviving the old *Blitzkrieg* slogans—Patton's "Haul your tail, bypass, and call for the infantry"; Guderian's "Give us the green light and let us go to the end of the line." But atomic warfare has also brought a tremendous jump in firepower, and it is classic military doctrine that firepower is the blocking

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force, the archenemy of movement. Hence we hear the infantry saying "Not *Blitzkrieg* but *Sitzkrieg*, of a kind." There is the logistics headache—the intimate relation between the flow of supplies and the ability to move. Where is the armored division going to get the 55,000 gallons of gas per diem that gives it its present mobility? And overlayed on all these problems, dominating them all, is the major tactical revolution. These atomic weapons were not brought overseas just to backstop traditional troop formations. These troop formations have been ordered to tear themselves apart and start regrouping around the magic weapons.

By going up to the NATO level, we actually bring this problem down to earth. For the NATO alliance is a specific alliance, in a specific place, against a known probable enemy. It has no aggressive mission to march to Minsk; only to fight, and fight well, if attacked, and preferably near Magdeburg on the Elbe rather than Châlons sur Marne. The high commanders of SHAPE—and more and more in the past few months—have been talking about the "forward strategy" atomic weapons have allowed them to adopt. If they now feel they can fight closer to Magdeburg than Châlons, what the reader will most want to know is "How?"

To find the answer, one has to refer back to a minor but important maneuver here in Germany last year, Operation Battlemace, run off by soldier-philosopher Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin and a crack group of American Army advance planners. Starting with the basic assumption that atomic weapons had destroyed the linear battlefield—an assumption familiar to airborne generals like Gavin anyway—they evolved a strategic concept known as the "cellular battlefield." This concept was further developed in the larger maneuver West Wind, and by the British Army of the Rhine in similar exercises. From these field exercises and skull sessions came such new concepts as "hedgehog defense," the "checkerboard battlefield," "mobile strong points," the "shoulder concept"; and it is less confusing when, upon analysis, one discovers that all these new words mean precisely the same thing.

Soldiers now feel that the best deployment of atomic weapons, for defense of the long NATO front, is to gather them inside "flankless islands"—areas of geographical advantage where full use can be made of their ability to reach out and smash any massed, advancing enemy. The superweapons will be able to dominate, by their field of fire, all important valleys, river crossings, natural approaches and routes of march. These terrain features will thus not have to be held by troops, although mobile troops within the hedgehog should be able to sally out and mop up the remnants of any army reckless enough to try to push through. These hedgehogs would exist in depth, creating a battlefield perhaps 150 miles deep.

No conventional army—and despite many rumors to the contrary, the Red Army does not yet appear to have tactical atomic weapons in the field—is going to try to march itself through all these gantlets of atomic death. If peace is assured at least until the moment they do have such weapons, what then? Wisely, NATO planners from the beginning, while fully intending to keep and exploit the advantage they now have, have assumed that any attack they may someday have to meet will be an atomic attack, with weapons similar to those the American Army already has. Meanwhile, they maneuver their own weapons, or more precisely against their own weapons, in order to make the hedgehog concept valid both ways—that is, a superior place to fight from with atomic weapons, against an advancing enemy who also has them.

It can be done. Going back to the original idea of concentration versus dispersion, and remembering the seeming paradox of mobility versus firepower, we discover how the soldiers have managed to square what seemed a vicious circle. Obviously, in terms of military real estate, each hedgehog position will have to be expansive enough to allow complete freedom of dispersion and maneuver. It will have to offer, in terms of forest, varied terrain and natural camouflage, the chance for concealment. It will help solve the pressing logistics problem through underground storage, will have roads leading into it over which supplies can be trucked at night, will be a defended drop zone for air, helicopter and glider supply, and—one hopes—it will have local air superiority.

Always, each NATO hedgehog will bristle with atomic weapons. Close to the center will be the Corporal, able to reach out sixty-five miles in any direction, flanked by the Honest John batteries. The 280 atomic cannon, since it wants to have two thirds of its range out beyond our own troops, will be inside the division rear. The hedgehog will be ringed with troops ready to move out at any time in "aggressive defense."

The ideal tactical formation of the future—to support, protect and exploit these magic weapons—would seem to be a mobile battle group, tankers behind their steel-plate protection, infantry riding in armored personnel carriers. This unit would have two or three battalions—about 3000 men—but be smaller and less rigid than the infantry regiment. It will use radio as its primary means of communication, have a mobile command post and be officered by aggressive young commanders, able to think fast, operate independently and make critical, split-second decisions. Its troop component will be flexible, so that units may be tacked on or lopped off for each task mission. In other words—and this is why today one finds the tankers of the 2nd Armored so full of beans and vinegar—the ideal unit of the future remarkably resembles something they already have—the armored division's combat command.

This is the NATO revolution, the explanation of the "forward strategy"; this is why soldier optimism percolates all the way up from platoons on the Elbe to Supreme Headquarters outside Paris. The revolution is already advanced in the American 7th Army in Europe, an elite army of six divisions—closer to eight divisions if one adds up the various special units here and hereabouts. It is beginning in the crack British Army of the Rhine, with its three hefty armored divisions plus infantry. It is coming for the French Army, which numbers less than the promised fourteen divisions, many today drawn off to North Africa. (Artillery is a topic that always inspires the French, and an elite battle force, not a mass army, is what France today most desires.) And finally, the keystone in the defensive arch, those upcoming twelve German divisions—or will it be forty-eight "battle groups"? One notes in passing that the new German Army begins to come on the scene at precisely the time when the atomic revolution will make it the most modern, probably the most streamlined, in the world.

NATO is fast becoming an elite army, part of it already here, a revolution programmed to be complete in two, maybe three years for the new German units. The NATO shield is unlikely to be attacked in the interim, since the enemy has no tactical atomic weapons. And by the time the Red Army does, and learns to use them, the NATO army should be invincible. For its mission is defense. An attacking force needs a superiority of at least three to one in mass, and six to one in firepower, and that in conventional warfare. For atomic warfare an even superior ratio is called for, and where are the Soviets going to whistle it up? Those 175 Soviet divisions—why was it never 174 or 176?—that have been the nightmare of Western Europe for ten years, the Russian high command can now go to bed with them. There has been a new deal, and the West holds the trump cards of atomic weapons.

That the Red Army high command has drawn the proper military conclusions from the NATO revolution seems to be the real explanation of the much-trumpeted new look in Soviet diplomacy. Strategically, the best and surest way to undermine the NATO field forces would be to force the American Army to withdraw from its advanced positions in Central Germany and to block West German rearmament. Despite all the waltzing in Vienna, all the fraternal boozing of Khrushchev in Belgrade, all the new sweetness and light at Geneva, all the plans to neutralize this or that, what the Soviets really want to neutralize is the NATO atomic-weapons superiority. The new voice in Soviet diplomacy may be the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

There is a second threat that could cripple this potent order of battle we now have in Western Europe, and if it has been left until last in this report, it is because the writer is still haunted by the memory of how, ten long years ago, we Americans dismantled the greatest field Army we ever had in Europe, and of how it has taken ten long and painful years to recover the position of strength we then so blithely threw away. There is an old American proverb about the white man and the Indian [white man fool Indian twice, shame on Indian] worth recalling before raising the politically loaded question: "Do atomic weapons seem to call for more troops or fewer?" I spent one full month asking that question of professional soldiers who are earnestly trying to find the answer, and am convinced that at present, and for two or three years to come, there is not and there cannot be any easy answer. Politicians shouting panaceas of push-button war are jumping the atomic gun.

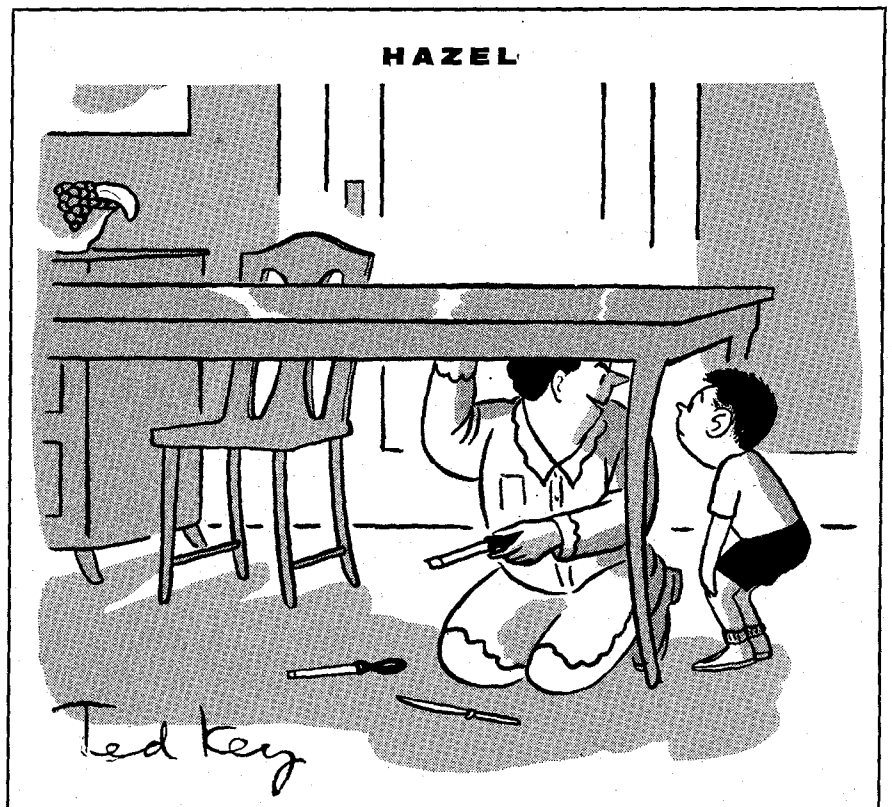
For there is some very complicated military calculus involved, and all that is today clear is that as the new strategy of land warfare unfolds, there will be substantial man power savings in certain arms. Artillery i the obvious example, little or no saving in two other arms—infantry and armor—and certain branches—medics surely—who will need "more bodies" to do an adequate job in atomic warfare.

The artillery saving is substantial. When the gunners have a hot round on the ground, and only then, they will be able to dispense with one of the four FA battalions organic to the division, and all four of the Corps FA battalions used to back up a division. This represents a saving of about 2800 men in the "division slice." Moreover, atomic artillery promises a substantial ordnance saving in the future. Conventional ammo has a life span of about eight years, has to be "worked over" every three. The "half-life" span of fission shells is estimated at fifty years—in military terms an eternity. All along the line, from the arsenal to the gun positions, less handling will be needed.

But the imperatives of atomic warfare cut both ways. Signal troops will have all the old jobs and several new ones brought about by the high premium on dispersion and concentration. There will be more Signal Intelligence units. The Quartermaster Corps, if they have to split every large depot into twenty small "retail" ones, will need more men to do the same job, for all the new austerity and "supply discipline." There will be an increased load on the medics—casualties in A war may be more or fewer, but they will be locally dreadful and concentrated. Helicopters—"choppers"—will be used more and more, to transport troops, drop supplies and to bring up the "atomic package." They need trained ground crews. The infantry riflemen? It is the opinion of the infantry that the American Army has always been short on infantry, and there is nothing in A war to make them obsolete.

As these last words are being written, the news comes from Geneva that peace has broken out all over. There is something suspicious, and something familiar, about this kind of peace by conference. Just ten years ago this summer, at a place called Potsdam, major disagreements between world powers were hidden in the small print. A peace was lost precisely because there were too many vodka and bourbon toasts to the principle of peace. After Potsdam came the "Bring the Boys Home" movement, the complete dismantling of visible American military power in Europe. After Geneva? The least that can be said is that this time it is the other fellow's turn, Ivan Go Home.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. O'Donnell.



"You know nothing, of course, about this gum."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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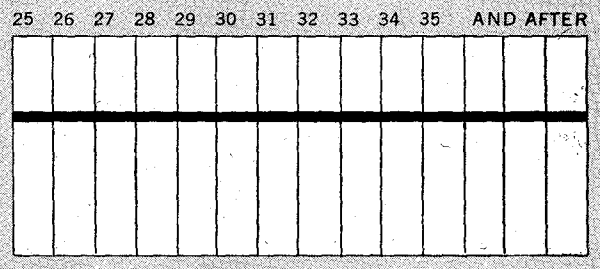

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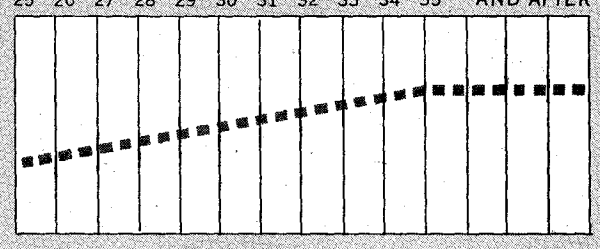
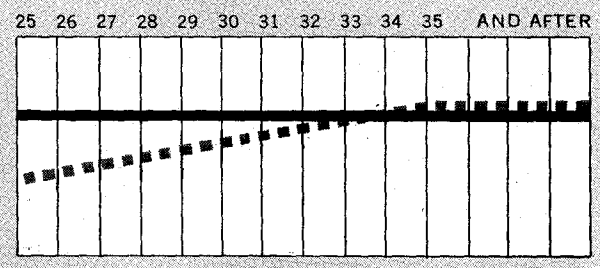


3. Now put one chart over the other, like this, and see what happens:



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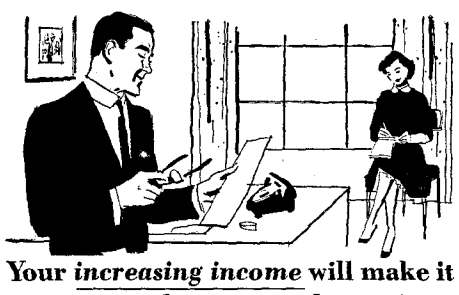

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Keeping Posted

A Pretty Girl Is Like a Magician

Harold Martin, right center, in São Paulo; his haircut is explained below.

Harold Martin presents an anecdote about a pretty girl. His daughter. It seems that Martin had been doing a bit of traveling in Brazil (page 19), the Argentine, Ireland, France, Spain and other climes for the Post, and was lonesome to see his kin. So on his homeward journey to Atlanta from New York, his oldest daughter, Marian, a student at Sweet Briar College, arranged to board his train at Monroe, Virginia, and ride with him to the next station. But alas, when the train stopped, a northbound express pulled in between the father and the station. "However, never sell a pretty girl short," reflects the parent of same. "As I was steeling myself to scramble under the train to get to her, bless my soul, it parted right before my eyes, and across the track came Marian on the arm of a young brakeman." Then the young brakeman reunited his train, and the Martins pulled out. The lass said he was *such* a nice brakeman—all she had to do was ask him to disconnect the train for just a second. Later Martin found himself wondering whether for some reason they always open that train at that spot, but common sense reassured him that it was just plain Southern chivalry.

In the photo we see Martin and other guests at the beach house of Mrs. Marjory Prado, center, the São Paulo, Brazil, social leader spoken of in his article. Regarding Martin's haircut, he wishes to explain that he does not speak Spanish or Portuguese much, if any. Every time he told a barber he wanted his hair to grow out, the barber would smile graciously, nod, and advance closer to the skull.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Happy Chandler Rides Again"

Called a has-been, this effusive politician bounced back with a mud-slinging campaign appalling to everyone save a majority of Kentucky's Democrats. Now he's out to get the men who, he says, did him out of the Presidency.

Oh, to be in a New Orleans Restaurant

Children's hour in the Kalshoven home.

Not long ago James Kalshoven attended a convention in Nashville which included two banquets and a luncheon, each sponsored by a different group. Apparently the groups didn't talk it over beforehand, for Kalshoven was sad to discover that at each eating affair the menu was fruit cocktail, roast beef, Idaho potatoes baked in aluminum foil, apple pie, cheese. Feeling weary of this fare, Kalshoven, who teaches journalism at University of Tennessee, started home to Knoxville in his car, paused for dinner in a small-town café, and you're wrong—he did get a choice, country baked ham or roast beef. He reminisces, "While washing down the ham with my choice of milk, tea or coffee—it evidently had been baked in melted rock salt—I was suddenly overcome with a vast nostalgia for the delectable dishes of New Orleans." Not being in that delicious town, he had to content himself with being overcome by a short-story plot located in a New Orleans eatery and on page 26. He does not know how a clarinet got into his plot, as his daughter takes piano lessons, but maybe it was because his plot requires that a musical instrument be baked in an oven along with some pizza pie, and a piano is so unhandy for that sort of thing.

The Prison Doors Closed, Then Reopened

Back in 1951, Gov. Earl K. Long, of Louisiana, named Edward W. Stagg and others as a committee to probe alleged brutality in the Angola penitentiary, and the committee really went to town, mad- it a goldfish-bowl exposure of deplor conditions. A result was that the pr doors were then shut to reporters. So publisher of the New Orleans Item wrot Long asking permission for Stagg, one of his star journalists, to continue checking on conditions in Angola. Long replied, in

Mrs., Mr. Stagg; Sherry, Brian, Sandra.

a published letter, that "I must admit Stagg is one of the best and most sincere newspaper men . . . however, that does not necessarily altogether recommend him." He explained, "Reporters are looking for something sensational and newsy with no regard for the people who suffer from their newsy, made-to-be-sensational stories." Well, the reporters did get back into Angola; a new governor, Robert F. Kennon, made the eminent prison expert, Reed Cozart, head of the state's system, and open swung Angola's gates to newsy writers. "I have absorbed much of Mr. Cozart's philosophy of penal administration," Stagg comments, and on page 17 the two old friends present that wonderfully effective philosophy. Recently, Cozart became a government attorney in Washington, and Stagg, after serving for a brief period as secretary to Governor Kennon, accepted the position of Information Director with the Public Affairs Research Council of Louisiana. Superior citizens, those two.

Would you guess that everybody in that family snapshot, except father Stagg goes to school? When the youngest entered kindergarten in 1952, his mother re entered Louisiana State University as a senior to finish her education; so at last report, there were Staggs hitting the books in second grade, fourth, junior high, and university postgrad. This would be a neat paragraph if the father an alumnus of Southwestern Louisiana Institute, were taking night courses there

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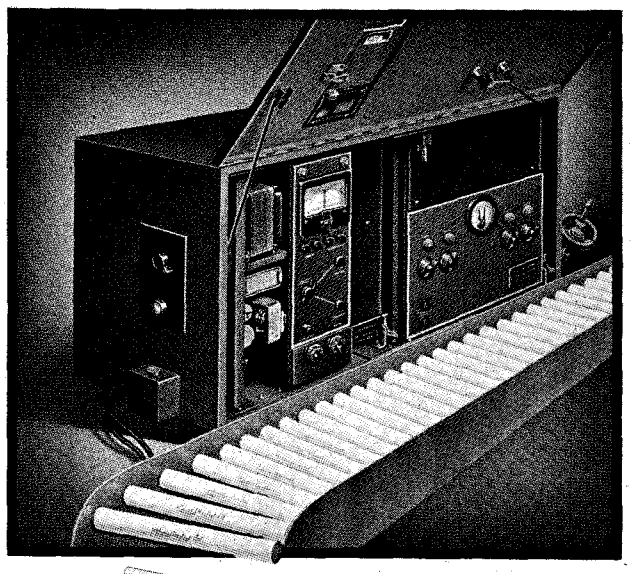

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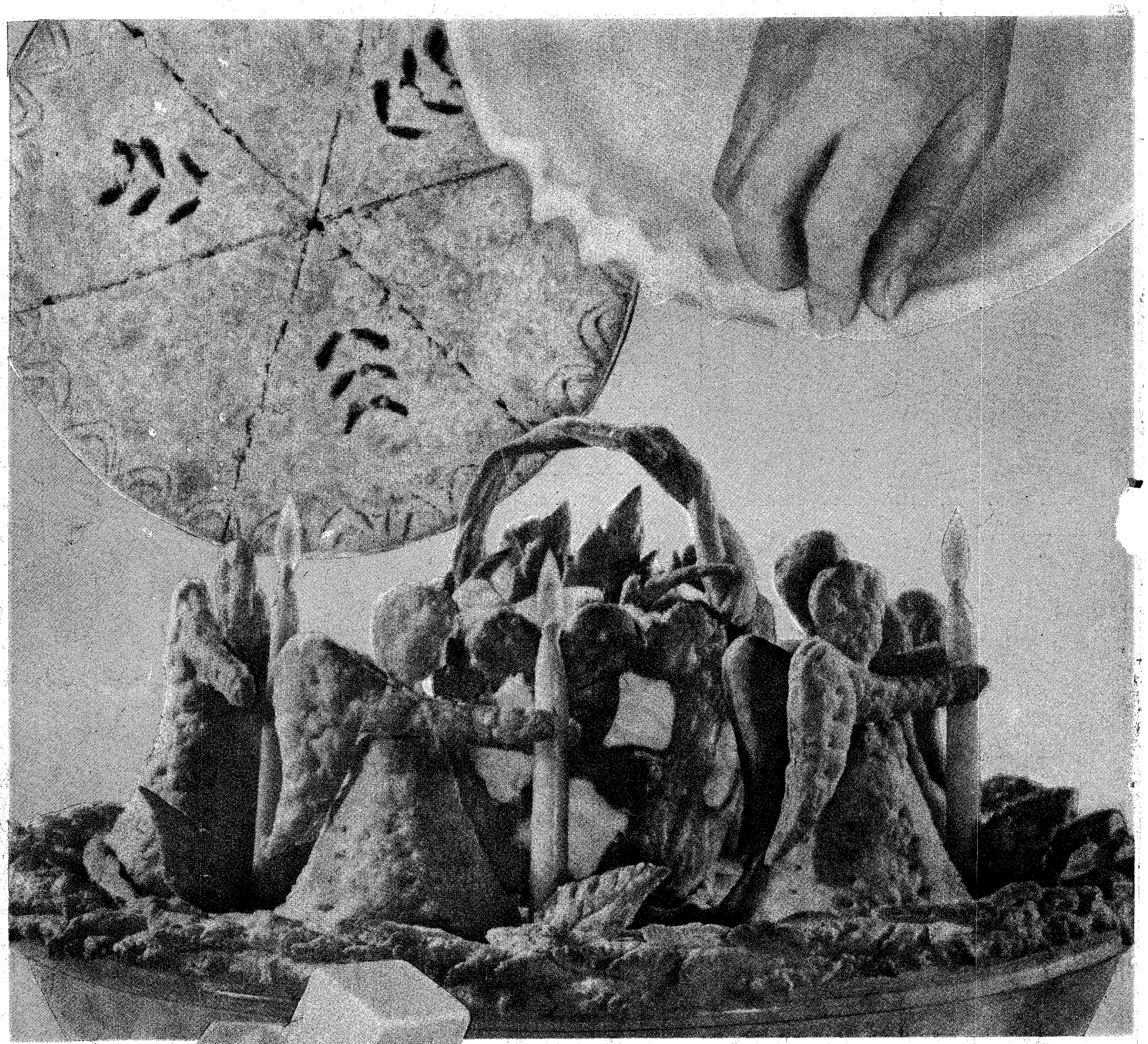
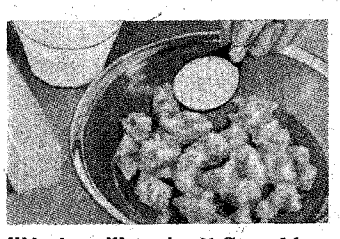
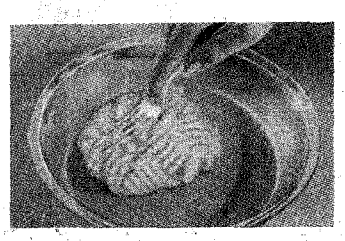


"Go as far as you like with this pie dough, you cannot make tough crust! Yes, *finally*, here's pie dough you can relax with. Because we've *homogenized* it, so that no amount of handling bothers it. Do what you will, the crust bakes into layers of delicate flakes!"

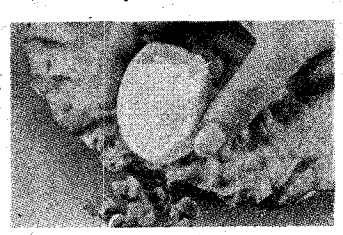
Betty Crocker



"No-bowl" method! Crumble the stick, add the milk, right in the pie pan, if you like.



The more you mix it, the better it gets! Mix with fork 'til pan is clean.



So tender an egg shell could crush it. This pie crust *can't get tough!*

Betty Crocker *Homogenized* Pie Crust Mix

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